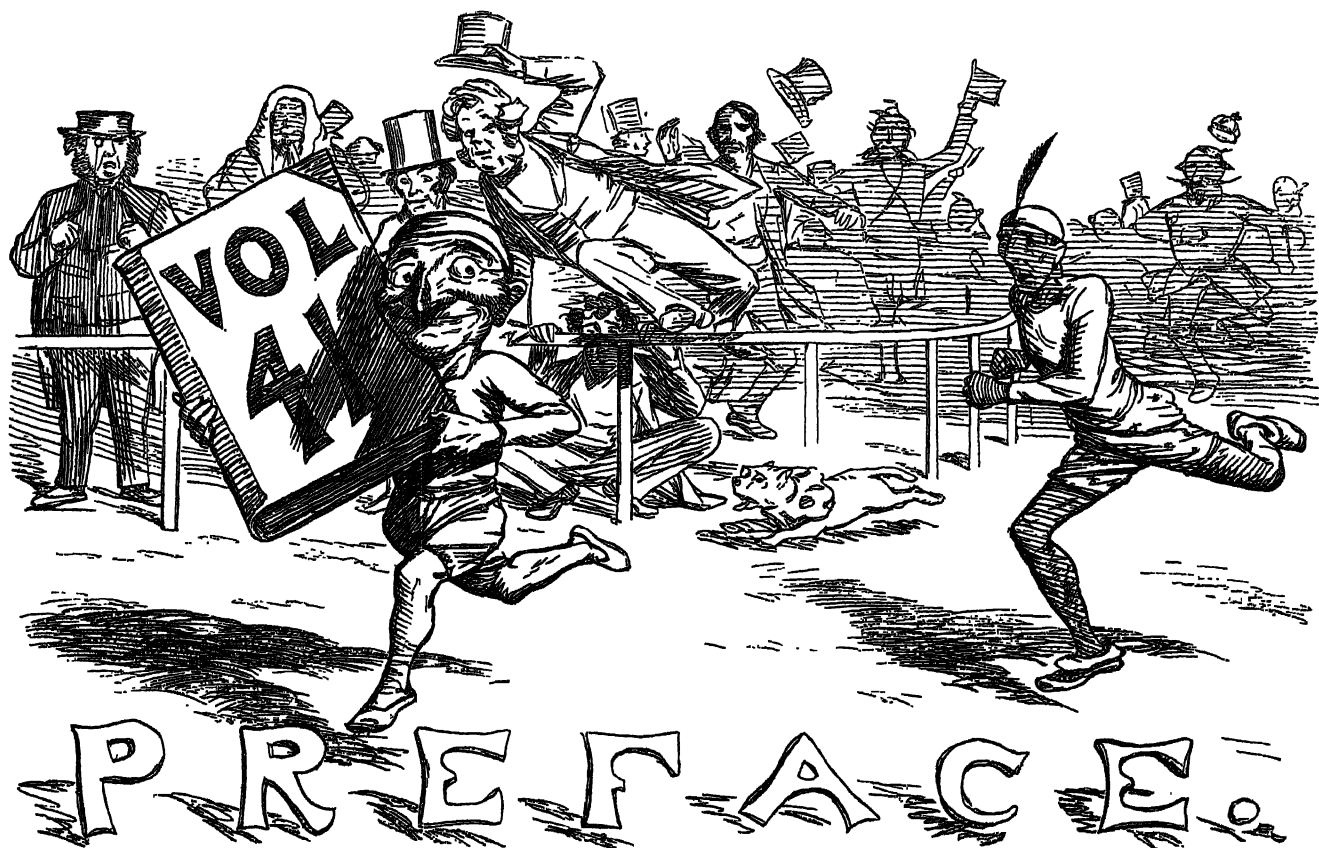




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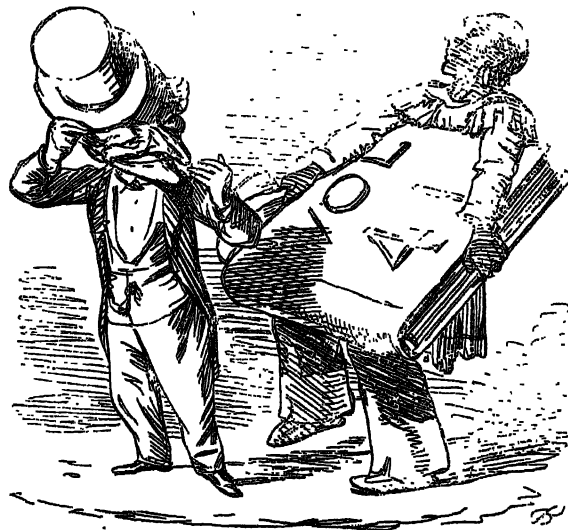
RABELAIS IN FLEET TREET.

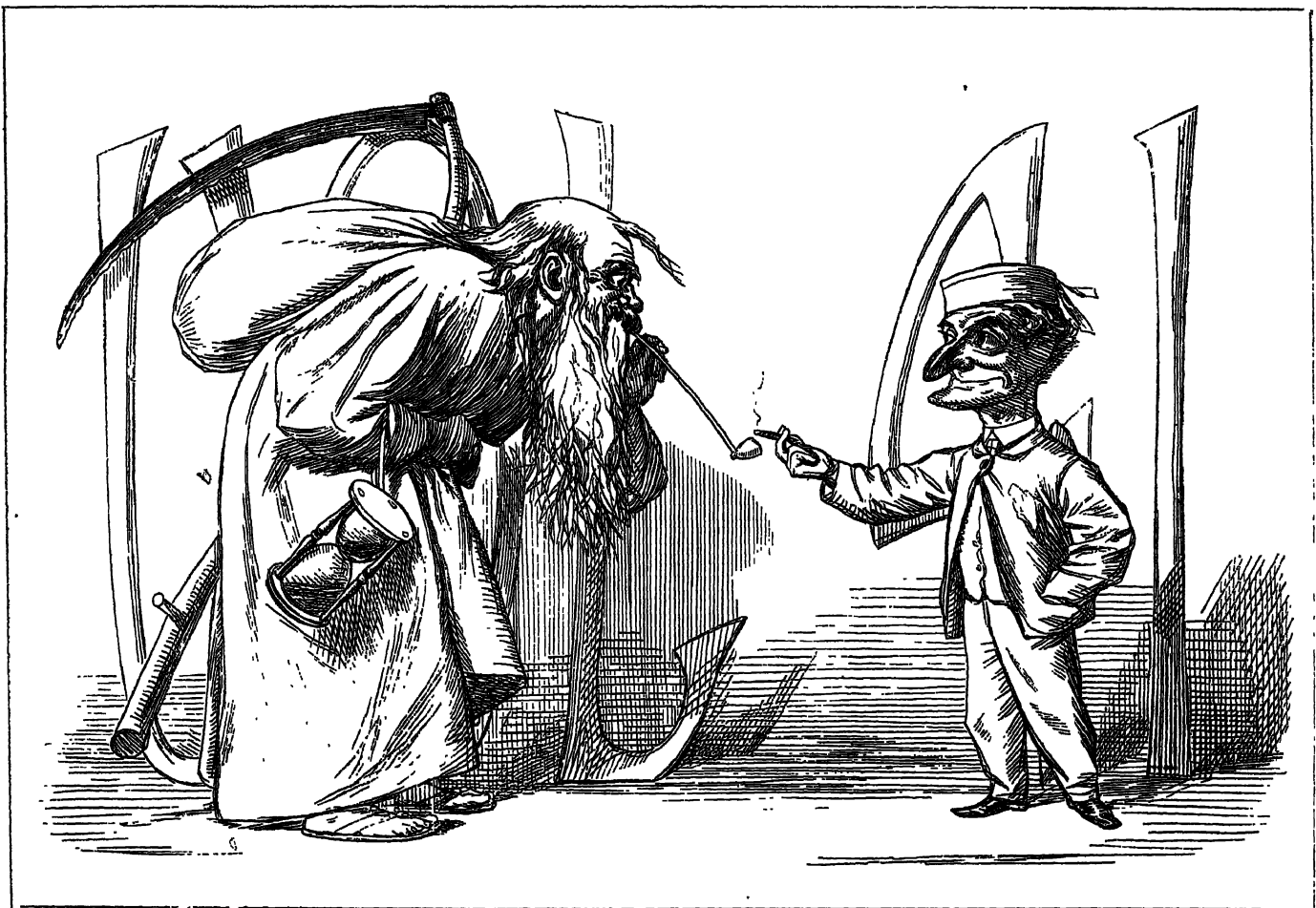
HOW A STRANGE INDIAN WOULD RUN BEFORE PUNCHAGRUEL, AND WHAT CHANGED,
AND THE VAST REWARD WHICH THE INDIAN WON THEREBY.

NOW the good PUNCHAGRUEL keeping his Christmas with joy and delight, as ever was his fashion, and casting forth to those about him, yea, and to all the world, myriads of diamonds, pearls, emeralds, amethysts, rubies, topazes, garnets, opals, chrysolites, brilliants, carbuncles, sardonyxes, jacinths, and other glorious and glittering things, which the Greeks did call epigrams, from the verb which signifieth to inscribe (as Cox of Finsbury, Member of Parliament, well knoweth), there came to him a message that a strange Indian, called DEERFOOT, coveted speech with him. "Bid him not covet," said the virtuous PUNCHAGRUEL, "and bid him enter." Whereupon there leaped forward a wondrously bedizened Indian, bounding in such sort that his last step carried him four hundred and eleven thousand yards, or that I may not lie unto you, three inches and a quarter less, and he had to walk back again for seventeen hours or more, until he regained the place where stood the noble PUNCHAGRUEL. Then, kneeling on his brown knees, the Indian set forth, humbly but succinctly—first, that he was a Seneca Indian; secondly, that he was a great runner; thirdly, that he had beaten all runners beside; fourthly, that though loaded with prizes, he desired but one, namely, the praise of the mighty PUNCHAGRUEL; and fifthly, that he would be made happy for life if he might run before that potentate. The mild PUNCHAGRUEL smiled affably, and said unto his friends, "SENECA is not too heavy nor PLAUTUS too light for me." Then, improving the occasion by speaking of that which was by no means in question or to the purpose, as his manner is, he discoursed to them the history of SENECA, reciting many thousand lines from his tragedies and comedies, and reducing his imputed wealth, namely, three hundred thousand sestertia, into pounds, shillings, pence and farthings, and then into napoleons, francs and centipedes,

and again into the coinage of all the nations in the world. At length the Indian, being somewhat tired with standing during so many hours of discourse, prayed that he might have an answer. "Thou would'st run before me," said the noble PUNCHAGRUEL. "Nay, that were impossible; but thou may'st run after me, an thou wilt. Go it, thou cripple!" Then flew off the Indian like an arrow from the bow of ULYSSES, or a Yankce of the North when he hears that a Government post is to be given away. He ran with all his heart, yet the calm PUNCHAGRUEL stirred not, but stood narrating to his followers the most recondite anecdotes of all the great runners of the world, and their history, and discoursing so sweetly of ATALANTA, CAMILLA, and I know not what others, that the hearers fell asleep with ecstasies of admiration and delight. All this while the Indian kept running like unto that hour on the dial which is signified by a unit, or as if he had received a pedal impulse remitting him into the centre of the proximate hebdomadal period. "Ha!" said the wise PUNCHAGRUEL, "it is said that he who runs can read. Let us show this benighted Indian that he who reads can run." And darting forth with one measureless and inconceivable rush, that clove the air like the wind of an ARMSTRONG shell, and caused innumerable birds to fall down from the sky, or celestial azure, the swift PUNCHAGRUEL flew along like the whirling chariot of Phœbus, when that god has lost time in flirting on his road, and putteth on the steam lest he keep the dinner-table of Olympus waiting. He speedily caught and passed the straining and despairing Indian (who nevertheless ran valiantly), and smiling affably upon him, did keep ahead of him until DEERFOOT, throwing up his arms, exclaimed with a loud voice, "*Rabbyshackle par dendron slapanikos boo dingy?*" which signifieth in the Seneca tongue, "*Who can contend with the Wonder of the World?*" and he fell flat upon the earth. Then the kind PUNCHAGRUEL caused them to raise him, and administer consolation and brandy; and when he was recovered, gave him so many jewels, medals, banknotes, and other rewards, that the Indian staggered under the weight thereof. Then the gentle PUNCHAGRUEL said, "Would'st run against me, brown-face? DOST NOT KNOW THAT IT IS MY DESTINY TO RUN FOR EVER?" And beside the presents, and as a more precious donation than all, he gave him, in memory of the day, and for his glorification and joy, his

Forty-first Volume.





PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, June 24. The appearance of a new Lord Chancellor is an event almost worthy to inaugurate the appearance of the First Number of a new Volume of *Punch*, and the more so that at length the Great Seal has been caught by a sportsman of first-rate abilities. **SIR RICHARD BETHELL**, the son of a physician, and the descendant of the old Welsh family of **AP-ITHELL**, now sits upon the Woolsack (when he has not a more comfortable seat this hot weather) as **BARON WESTBURY**, and Westbury is a place in Wiltshire. *Mr. Punch* has just done himself the pleasure of smiling at and bowing to the new Chancellor, and of remarking that though he may be called **FELIX**, neither in look nor attitude does his Lordship resemble the *Felix* over his head, nor, to speak the truth, did *Mr. Punch* detect any very strong likeness between the pictured orator who is addressing the uncomfortable pro-consul and any of the mumbling gentlemen who were taking this early opportunity of obtruding their views of equity upon **LORD WESTBURY**. *Mr. Punch* begs heartily to congratulate his noble and learned friend, **B. C.**, and, by way of a delicate allusion to his Cambrian ancestry, signifies *Mr. P.'s* hope that during the intervals when his Lordship ceases to be bored by Chancery babble, he will make any swaggering ancient (or modern) *Pistol* in the House of Lords or "elsewhere," eat the leek which he will be a bold man to mock.

The Parliamentary chronicle of the week, however, commences with the tribute paid by the Upper House to the memory of **LORD CAMPBELL**, whose sudden demise took place in the morning of the previous Sunday. His Lordship had on the Saturday presided in the Court of Chancery, where he had "reserved a judgment" never to be delivered by himself, had attended a Cabinet Council, and had in the evening received friends. "Fortune for him had thrown the Treble Six," but he had laboured long and well to deserve his gains. The House adjourned, after addresses from **LORDS GRANVILLE, BROUGHAM, and ST. LEONARDS.**

In the Commons, on Monday, it was elicited that the French Government are considering whether they shall let British salt into France. If they would freely admit Attic Salt, at six sous per measure, direct from 85, Fleet Street, it would be a tenfold greater boon to the Parisians, who must be bored to death with the *naiseries* and naughtinesses of their own fettered satirists. **SIR G. LEWIS** made another attempt to justify himself in the matter of the Swell who behaved like a

blackguard at Cremorne, and whose punishment was so indulgently remitted, but **SIR GEORGE** succeeded only in making **MR. ARNOLD'S** conduct appear still more praiseworthy than before. The Home Secretary actually laid stress upon the fact that the police did not press the case. The police press the case against a Swell with discreet friends! "Why, there be exclamations of laughing, as, ha! ha! ho! ho!" not to add, "hee! hee!" Then came another debate upon the ejections in Donegal by **MR. ADAIR**. Divers Irish Members abused him for them, and other Irish Members defended him for them. **MR. ADAIR** believed that in making a wholesale clearance of tenantry he was crushing out a piece of the Ribbon conspiracy, and his assailants deny that he had sufficient grounds for such belief, and say that he ought not to have inflicted suffering without more proof. But half the business of the scoundrelly Ribbon conspirators is to take care that there shall be no proof of their crimes. The Government did not approve of **MR. ADAIR'S** operations, but refused to remove from the commission, as demanded, a landlord who had in no way violated the law, about obedience to which, by landlords, the Irish are so uncommonly particular.

We send 3000 soldiers to Canada by the *Great Eastern*, a prudential measure which of course afforded material for some pleasing carping, not much to the discomfiture of the **VISCOUNT PALMERSTON**. **LORD JOHN RUSSELL** intends to prevent, if possible, any new war between Spain and Morocco, and rejoices in the increasing prosperity of the former. In spite of **MR. BUCKLE**, Spain intends, she says, to resume her old position as a leading power. *Bon*—we trust to have an **ELIZABETH** ready.

Tuesday. The Lords said that it was a hot evening, and went away. The Commons had a little battle in the morning over the Bill for making London pay, out of her coals and wine, for the Embankment, but a majority of 160 to 5 showed that the House thought that any sort of settlement of the question was better than none at all. At night, **MR. T. G. BARING** defended the cruelty of making soldiers march over-dressed and overloaded under a broiling sun, and the defence was charmingly official: "Another detachment had made the same march, and no harm was done." Who was it, Wiscount, who said something about the small wisdom with which the world was governed? Take it easy,—try your mnemonics,—Stern—ox—ox's stern—OXENSTERN. Good boy!

ABDUL MEDJID, the Sultan of Turkey, died, and was buried

in the Mosque of Achmet, Constantinople, this day. His brother and successor, ABDUL AZIZ, immediately published a Hat, declaring that he means to adhere to the policy of his predecessor, but to avoid his extravagance. This is a very good Hat, and we hope it will keep its shape, and especially will not require improving by a French NAP. It is said, however, that the new Shadow of Providence is a believer in the Koran, and means to go in for bigotry, in which case the Bosphorus, *pro quo male scribitur* Bosphorus, may one of these early days have to carry him and his amiable and accomplished wives over the way, and the Scraglio may be to let. LORD STRATFORD DE THERAPIA, who knows everything about the East, has heard that the new Sultan is a man of "an arbitrary temperament and decided turn of mind," and his Lordship recommended that good advice should be bestowed upon him. *Mr. Punch* may probably go round for the purpose, when Parliament rises.

Then came a Military Debate; that is to say, the comparative claims of the Enfield and Whitworth Rifles were debated, and LORD PALMERSTON said, truly, that such a matter must be left to the Executive, and was not for Parliament. To be sure, if Members like to remain in Town after the Prorogation, they may be supplied with guns, and may practise along the interminable passages of the Houses, and so be ready to report in February. Eh, Gentlemen, come, this would be nobler than slaying grouse on the heather,—who puts down his name first? Palace Yard will be a pleasant promenade in the close September evenings, and very good wheelks may be bought in the corner by the new Bridge.

Aldershot came in for awful denunciations, as a useless place, and an unhealthy place, and a haunt of vice, and all sorts of bad things; and MR. BERNAL OSBORNE lost his temper at being chuffed by LORD PALMERSTON, and accused the latter of repeating a joke which he made six years ago. Good gracious, BERNAL, who but *Mr. Punch* can escape that sort of repetition?

Wednesday. A new writ was moved for Wolverhampton, vacated by the elevation of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to the Woolpack. Here it may be convenient to record that the Solicitor-General, SIR WILLIAM ATKINSON, is not thought strong enough for the place of Attorney, so he is to be sent up to the Bench, and SIR ROUNDSELL PALMER (*Punch* knights him offhand, to save bother) is to be the successor of SIR RICHARD. SIR ROUNDSELL was a Peelite, is an able speaker, scholar, gentleman, and so on; and if he will divest himself of a certain prigishness (O! *Mr. Punch* fears neither Attorney-Generals nor any created beings) he will do very well. MR. COLLIER will make him an excellent coadjutor; and as the first is for Church-Rates and against Ballot, and the other is for Ballot and against Church-Rates, the unanimity of the Ministry will not be disturbed, as the two lawyers can pair off together, and go and smoke comfortably when either question comes on.

A Bill for enabling Masters and Operatives to settle disputes by arbitration was lost; but this object is a good one, and ought to be followed up. The difficulty is that the parties cannot be compelled to submit to the decision of any such tribunal, whereas the French *Prud'hommes* have authority. For some reason, the Government are afraid to interfere with the ridiculous and iniquitous Court of Jersey, so that nuisance continues to be as full-blown as the toads of the island.

Thursday. Introduced by LORDS BROUGHAM and CRANWORTH, LORD WESTBURY took his seat. The only proceeding of interest was a discussion about the TURNER pictures, which are not being treated in accordance with the will of the painter-testator. LORD GRANVILLE thought that their being exhibited at Kensington was the best *interim* measure that could be adopted, and PROFESSOR FARADAY says that the gas does them no harm. The only danger is that from conflagration, about which peril, perhaps, the nervousness of noble Lords was justifiably awakened by the tremendous fire which broke out near London Bridge on the previous Saturday, and which was still burning while they talked.

In the Commons—India.

Friday. There is a Dublin dispute—there, dearest readers, don't throw down the paper,—consider that it is *Punch* who speaks, and you ought to listen whether you like it or not—"Apollo's oracle never speaks in vain"—there is a Dublin dispute about the opening some gardens to the public on Sunday afternoon. Into the merits of that particular Irish question *Mr. Punch* is not going now, but inasmuch as the BISHOP of CARLISLE is reported to have asserted in the debate, that persons who wish to afford the humbler classes the means of harmless enjoyment in fresh air, on the Sunday, are "seeking to undermine the sanctity of the Sabbath," DOCTOR—what's your *protégé's* name, SHAFESBURY?—DOCTOR WALDEGRAVE reminds *Mr. Punch* of the condition of the boxer, who, after a stunning round and fall, came up "looking nine ways for Sunday." These new Bishops do not know much, but must surely have read THOMAS SCOTT, or MATTHEW HENRY, or DR. DODDGE, or HARTWELL HORNE, and must have discovered that Saturday is the Sabbath, and that Sunday is the first day of the week, and not the Sabbath. *Mr. Punch* will overhaul them, at a competitive examination, one of these fine days.

In the Commons, a Bill for improving the law affecting the settlement of the poor was opposed, but sent into Committee by 187 to 44. SIR JOHN VILLIERS SHELLEY, who was cheered, made objections to the measure, as did others, but the common sense of the House was the other way. MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE talked some nonsense against the Garibaldi fund, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL said, contemptuously, that it was scarcely necessary for him to make any observations in reply, but did make a few, and put Cross-bearer BOWYER in a rage. These convertites! A long debate about nothing, in which much good sense was uttered in deprecation of wasting time in talking, brought on Army and Civil Estimates, and a good lot of money was shelled out up to about three in the morning, when Members thought they might as well go home.

Mr. Punch subjoins an extract which the *Morning Star* gives him. It illustrates his last week's mention of LORD ROBERT MONTAGU's vain attempt to keep a House while he was muddling over the Schleswig-Holstein question.

"The *Dagbladet* of Copenhagen pays the following tribute to the speech of LORD ROBERT MONTAGU in the House of Commons on the 18th instant, in reference to the Schleswig-Holstein question:—"We have never met with so many incoherent dates, unintelligible misconceptions, and false and absurd deductions as in the confused mass of nonsense which the noble Lord displayed to the House. The explanation which the witty *Punch* put into the mouth of an honest Paterfamilias, endeavouring to make the Danish question clear to his youthful heir, thirsting for information, was very much more accurate, and infinitely more intelligible."

Of course it is. We pardon our Danish friend for comparing us for a second to LORD ROBERT MONTAGU. Our friend should hear that Bobby. But we may mention that LORD ROBERT's attempt, on the 18th, was elevated into respectability by the infusion of party malice. It is intended, when the House will listen, to try and fix upon LORD PALMERSTON the charge of having cut sixteen hairs off the head of the KING OF DENMARK, or done something to somebody's heirs, in order to please Russia, and of having denied that he had done so. The business is said to have been done about nine years ago. Will the *Dagbladet* take his dagger-bladed knife, and give the right party a slight prod?—*Punch* will put the pepper into the hole.

FOREWARNED IS DISARMED.

A Coo from a Dove.

Oh! don't be afraid
That the French will invade
This land without any occasion;
Give them all their own way,
And I make bold to say
They will ne'er trouble us with invasion.

Supreme on the seas,
They will do what they please,
And therefore 'tis clear our right course is,
If we would have peace,
To let them increase
Their fleet, and cut down all our forces.

A FEW SCRATCHES ON PAPER.

EVERYTHING in Japan, if we are to believe one fractional part of what travellers tell us, appears to be made of paper, from a pocket-handkerchief down to a dog-kennel. The very banks may, for what we know, be built of paper, as many a discount, or bubble-bank is with us. If a conflagration once broke out, spreading from house to house, and running on from one hedge to another (for we are informed that the hedges even are cut out of coloured paper, and so wonderfully imitated, as actually to deceive the Japan sparrows), and so communicating gradually from village to village, the mischief might in time extend over the entire kingdom, which, the sooner it is steeped in a solution of alum, the better it will be for its safety.

There is but little doubt that the whole place once ignited would burn "like a house on fire." It is questionable even whether the inhabitants would escape, for with so much paper all over the place, there is no gainsaying whether the Japanese themselves may not all be men of letters, and if so, they would perish not less easily than the contents of a wastepaper-basket. It may be from paper entering thus largely into all departments, that Japan itself has for centuries past remained so stationary.

Fanning the Flame.

On the Boulevards (according to MR. KELLER) they have been selling fans with the five portraits of the EMPEROR, the EMPRESS, the PRINCE IMPERIAL, VICTOR-EMMANUEL, and GARIBALDI. The omission of one fancy portrait certainly surprises us in such a place, and that is, that of the Italian General FAN-TI. This sixth portrait would have appropriately completed the series of *Portraits de Fan-ti-sica*.

THE DOLEFUL BALLADE

OF

YOUNG BILL OF BANKRUPTCIE, AND YE CRUEL LORDES.

THE Lawyers they walke in Lincoln's Inn,
Sae do they in Westminster Hla',
Sae docs the Members o' Parliament
Quhan they play at the jaw.

But o' Lawyers and Members is nauc so proud
As SIR RICHARDE YE BETHEN to see,
Wi' his briefs three-piled, and his ane faire child,
Young BILL o' BANKRUPTCIE.

"Now gae and play, my ain younge BILL,
Shapelicst o' shapelic bairns:
Lang ere they'll see the match o' thee
Turned out by HUGH o' CATRNS."

Then awa' and awa' went that bonnie BILL,
'Twas its father's bairne I trow,
To the cock o' the nose and the lisp o' the lip,
And the brass upon the brow.

Oh, proude it ran and proude it raide,
As who'd say "Here I am;"
The smooth it stent, and the rough it leapt,
To the Lordes' House till it cam.

Then oot cam ST. LEONARDS—that cruel Lorde,
Said, "Come in, my BILL so fine;
We'll busk thy brow, and dight thy mou',
And trim you claws o' thine."

"My brow is buskit, my mou' is dight!
Nane claws o' mine maun trim;
My father, I wcen, hath graitht me right,
And wlia mends after *him*?"

Then oot and cam the LORDE CHELMSFORDE,
Black WENSLEYDALE oot cam he;
They hac lured the younge thinge in, wi' worde
And act o' curtesye.

They hac ta'en out each a little ponknife,
And split him hair by hair;
They hac twined the younge thinge and his life,—
Wi' their cuts sae sharp and sair.

And oot, at each job, cam the flick, thick bluid,
And oot at each cut the thin;
They hac hocked and gashed, and snipped and slashed,
Nor left whole inch of skin.

They streikt him oot upon the borde,
And dressed him fair and fine,
And laughing said, "Gae now and greet
That modest father o' thine."

They hac rowd him in the parchment scroll,
And tied him wi' the tape,
And east him in at a pigeon-hole,
Wi' bitter jest and jape.

Whenne prayers were read, and wi' wig on head,
The SPEAKER his seat had ta'en,
Then ilka Member had his younge BILL,
But SIR RICHARD he had nane!

He rolled his gray cyne round about,
And he prayed (?) not loud but deep;
And he ran unto the Lordes' Office,
Quhair the clerkes were all asleepe.

"My bonny younge BILL, my pretty younge BILL,
I pray thee to me speik."
"Oh, father search the fourth pigeon-hole,
Gin ye your BILL wad scik."

SIR RICHARD ran to the fourth pigeon-hole,
And knoit upon his knee,

"My bonny younge BILL, an ye be here,
I pray thee speik to me!"

"The Lordes were wondrous cruel, father—
Their cuts are wondrous sair;
There's ST. LEONARD's his penknife in my hert,
And WENSLEYDALE's in my hair.

"It's ne'er a judge BROUGHAM gars ye have,
Nor LYNDHURST a trade assignee;

They hac hit my flaws, and pared the claws
Ye trimmed sae fair to see.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my father deir,
Tak nae mair heed o' me;
I'm no the BILL that ye sent oot,
Sae blithe and bright o' blec."

Then it's up and spak SIR RICHARD,
And a grisly oath he swore,

(The rest of the MS. is wanting. Diligent search is now being made for the conclusion of this very curious old ballad among the MS. and printed treasures of the Cottonian and Pepysian libraries.)

It is apparently founded on the same occurrence as the ballad printed in PERCY's Collections under the title of *The Jew's Daughter*. On the same incident CHAUCER has founded his *Priores's Tale*. The Percy ballad, like the one *Mr. Punch* has given above, is a fragment.)

PITY THE POLICE.



THE Horse Guards have, in the matter of accoutrement, a body of formidable rivals over the way. These are the authorities who preside over the equipment and clothing of the Constabulary Blues in Scotland Yard.

The boots of Policemen have long been objects remarkable for their excessive clumsiness and disproportion. They are obviously uncomfortable; that we see, although none but the wearer can know where the shoe pinches. But the head of the Policemen is even worse clad than his feet are, though the demerits of his hat are less conspicuous than those of his highlows.

The objectionable peculiarities of the Policeman's hat are chiefly its extreme hardness and excessive weight, which is greatest at the crown, so that the thing is not only heavy, but top-heavy. It gets,

therefore, instantly knocked off in a row, and leaves unprotected the head which it was designed to defend. The glazed top attracts the heat of the sun when that luminary presides over the beat of the wearer. Thus rendering him hot-headed, it necessarily hinders his obedience to the standing-order of his corps, which requires that, "a Constable should on all occasions execute his duty with good temper and discretion."

The hat of the Policeman has been compared to a chimney-pot, wherefrom, however similar to it in shape and weight, it differs in the important particular of not allowing the heat and exhalations which ascend into it to escape. In want of elasticity, its resemblance to that other cylinder is perfect. Hence it effectually resists that expansion of the Policeman's cranium which is a condition requisite to accompany the progressive mental development of an intelligent officer.

By night, when the path of the Policeman's duty is irradiated by the silvery moon, or the refulgence of the gas-lamps, the glimmer reflected by his glazed hat-cover enables thieves to recognise him at a distance, and elude the vigilance of their pursuer. The glazed hat thus answers a purpose which could not be more effectually served by appending a contrivance to the tail of his coat like the apparatus which Nature has attached to that of the rattlesnake.

The necks of Policemen are moreover constricted with high stiff collars and rigid leather stocks, deserving the name of black chokers, which necessarily cause congestion of the brain. This organ of the mind, thus overgorged with blood, undergoes a baking process within the head enclosed by the glazed hat. Such stocks might serve for the punishment of evil-doers, but should be banished from the uniform of those whose vocation it is to take offenders into custody. The police force is not too numerous, but it may be truly said to be overstocked.

The stock of the Policeman is no light grievance, and the hat is still heavier. The Commissioners of Police are respectfully solicited to take stock, and hat also, with a view to necessary reform in both particulars. They will not, surely, after this appeal, continue to expose themselves to the too well-merited banter implied in the popular question, "Who's your Hatter?"



CRUEL!

Young Swell (log.). "I SAY, THOMPSON, DO YOU THINK I SHALL EVER HAVE ANY WHISKERS?"

Thompson (after careful examination). "WELL, SIR, I REALLY DON'T THINK AS YOU EVER WILL—LEASTWAYS NOT TO SPEAK OF!"

Young Swell. "THAT'S RATHER HARD, FOR MY PAP—I MEAN GOVERNOR—HAS PLENTY!"

Thompson (facetiously). "YES, SIR,—BUT F'EAPS YOU TAKE AFTER YOUR MA!"

[Total collapse of Y. S.]

DAUGHTERS TO SELL.

Sung by a Lady of Fashion.

DAUGHTERS to sell! Daughters to sell!
They cost more money than I can tell;
Their education has been first-rate;
What wealthy young nobleman wants a mate?
They sing like nightingales, play as well:
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Here's my fine daughters, my daughters, oh!
German, Italian, and French, they know,
Dance like Sylphides for grace and ease;
Choose out your partner, whichever you please.
Here's a nice wife for a rich young swell:
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Beautiful daughters, dark and fair!
Each a treasure to suit a millionaire,
Or fit to pair with any duke's heir
At St. George's Church by Hanover Square.
Hoy! you that in lordly mansions dwell,
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Buy my dear daughters! Who wants a bride,
That can give her a carriage, and horses to ride,
Stand an opera-box for his fancy's queen,
And no end of acres of crinoline.
Ever new furniture, jewels, and plate,
All sorts of servants upon her to wait;
Visits to Paris, Vienna, and Rome,
In short all that she's been brought up to at home.
Here are girls for your money—if out you can shell.
My daughters to sell! My daughters to sell!

IN THE NAME OF CONSCIENCE, IT IS MOST
WONDERFUL!

HERE is the greatest marvel we have met with in print for a very long time:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of bank-notes to the amount of £80, on account of Income-Tax from 'Two Lawyers.'"

We have always been told what an insurmountable difficulty it was to get any money out of a Lawyer, but here is not only one, but actually two Lawyers, voluntarily (and that constitutes the greatest part of the wonder!) parting with money! Of course, it wasn't their own. The fact, however, is so far pleasing (if anything can be pleasing in connection with the law or lawyers), as it now satisfactorily settles beyond all cavil, the long-disputed point of "Whether a lawyer has a conscience or not?" We are only afraid that these "Two Lawyers" (who have only just escaped immortality, the rogues, by not publishing their names) must have been terribly uneasy in their consciences to have parted with so large a sum of money as £80! They must have had many sleepless nights before they came to the resolution of parting with it! What hideous crime, or crimes, have they jointly committed?

Cockney Conundrum.

WHAT'S the difference between the late Sultan, ABDUL MEDJID, and his successor?

ABDUL MEDJID is ABDUL as was, but the present Sultan is ABDUL AZIZ.

LOST ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE, £10,000.—Whoever will bring only one-tenth of it to the loser, is perfectly welcome to keep the remainder. Apply to C. D., Whitecross Street, at any time most convenient to the finder.—N.B. No further reward will be offered.



NAUGHTY JONATHAN.

“YOU SHAN’T INTERFERE, MOTHER—AND YOU OUGHT TO BE ON MY SIDE—AND IT’S A GREAT SHAME—AND I DON’T CARE—AND YOU SHALL INTERFERE—AND I WON’T HAVE IT.”

GRAY'S ELEGY.

(Written in the Rooms of the Geographical Society, in the presence of
DU CHAILLU'S Collections.)

WESTMINSTER Clock proclaims the close of day;
The Secretary's gone to get his tea;
The visitors drop, one by one, away,
And leave the place to silence and to me.

What specimens are these that meet my sight—
What's this collection the apartment holds?
These rude cartoons, where passing human height,
The huge Gorilla his long arm unfolds?

Upon these walls thus vauntingly displayed,
Why should those ill-stuffed skins their places keep?
Shall shallow CHAILLU *our* domain invade,
And into fame as a discoverer leap!

Shall these Gorilla tales that move my scorn,
On MURRAY's page by thousands thus be read?
And Zoologic bays by him be worn
That ought, by rights, to grace another head?

For him no cash shall new editions earn,
Deck'd with engravings cribbed from St. HILAIRE:
No more shall London Lion-hunters burn
With this MUNCHAUSEN their repasts to share.

His borrowed plumes I'll make this jackdaw yield,
Against his credit deal a sturdy stroke—
Drive his o'er-done Gorilla from the field,
Puff out his puffs, and end his tale in smoke.

What though an OWEN set store by his toil,
His credit though a MURCHISON assure?
His specimens I'll view with scornful smile,
Pronounce them known,—nor only known, but poor.

Cannibal Fans in public faith I'll lower,
Who can believe in Ghouls that rob the grave?
I'll make him prove where he spent every hour—
Nor yet believe him—though the proof he gave.

I'll make a mountain of each molchill fault,
And o'er it scientific outcry raise:
Visit his slips with merciless assault,
And damn his merits with the faintest praise.

Believe who will Gorillas beat their bust,
Till three miles off you hear the pent-up breath:
That Tschiégo-mbonvós in leaf-shelters thrust
Their heads (by WOLFF drawn, not from life, but death.)

I can't deny that the Gorilla's made
Too like a man complacence to inspire;
Although, his cerebellum brain-o'erlaid,
Than highest Ape, makes lowest Nigger higher.

But the Gorilla has been known this age
By specimens on each Museum roll:
Men have kept young Gorillas in a cage,
And found them docile creatures on the whole.

Full many a Tschiégo-mbonvó here has been
(Though doomed Chimpanzee's common name to bear);
And Kooloo-Kambas here in numbers seen,
Have made the Zoologic Gardens stare.

With Nyaré, that for bush-cow confest
Tame as an Alderney or Ayrshire stood:
Potamocheerus albifrons, at rest
In Regent's Park, with tusks untaint of blood.

Int'rest of reading thousands to command
From fields of fact to fancy's realm to rise,
To rank as wonders of an unknown land,
And blaze transfigured in DU CHAILLU'S eyes,

Their lot forbade,—nor circumscribed alone
Their reputation, but their limbs confined:
In Regent's Park as common creatures known,
And seen by all, to pay a bob inclined.

Across DU CHAILLU'S equatorial life,
Poor brutes, they have not had the luck to stray,
But pent in cages led a dreary life
Where Sunday loungers flirt the hours away.

For me, who up to all things, live or dead,
Against DU CHAILLU my objections state;
Should you inquire—tow'rds the Museum led—
Wherefore my indignation is so great,

Haply some kind zoologist may say,
"Oft have we known Old GRAY his angry horn
Level at aught that came across his way,
When roused to sudden spite, or spleen, or scorn.

"Running a muck at all within his reach,
The victims of his wrath he'd toss sky-high;
And take uncommon liberties of speech,
For which he would be sorry by-and-by.

"Large was his knowledge, and his soul sincere,
But he had faults of temper to amend;
His logic, often, the reverse of clear,
His language, often, likely to offend.

"No further seek the quarrel to disclose,
Which 'gainst DU CHAILLU bade him raise his rods,
In fight when OWEN, GRAY, and HUXLEY close,
'Twillt right or wrong who shall declare the odds?"

AN ABSURDITY IN THE LAW.

ONE of the Magistrates of Marlborough Street tells us that—

"A Dog might bite any person once or twice without there being any remedy against the owner."

In cases of hydrophobia, we should think that being bitten once would be more than sufficient, and we doubt if even then the poor unfortunate calf, so lacerated, would have much of a remedy against the owner. MR. TYRWITT calls it an absurdity in the law, and—

"He couldn't tell how it had its rise, but certain it is that, through some pedantic rules, it is necessary to show that the dog in such a case was of known ferocious habits."

Such law we call only worthy of *Dogberry*. A man is answerable for any damage done by his servant, by his horse, or his pig, or (to speak like an Irishman) any other member of his family; and why not then for his dog? Does this legal indulgence extend to all dogs? How would it affect the Dog TEAR'EM? Might he bite any one once or twice without there being any remedy against the constituency that owns him, or would he be excluded from that canine privilege, inasmuch as it would be easy to show that he was a dog of "known ferocious habits." In the meantime, it is very comfortable to know, especially as the dog-days are fast approaching, that any dog might bite you, or your child (and the naked chubby legs of children must be very tempting to many a hungry dog), and you would not have a leg to stand upon in court, unless you could duly show that there was a big dental incision in each of them. Perhaps your best chance of relief would be to appeal to the "Society for the Protection against Cruelty to Animals." Your claim would, of course, be under the head of "Calves."

At it Again, you See!

THE WISECOUNT is ever apt at an absurdity. A friend of his the other day was talking of America, and saying that to set the slaves all free without injuring their owners would be almost an act of magic. "Magic!" chirped the WISECOUNT. "Well, I don't see that exactly. But it might certainly be called an act of negro-mancy!"

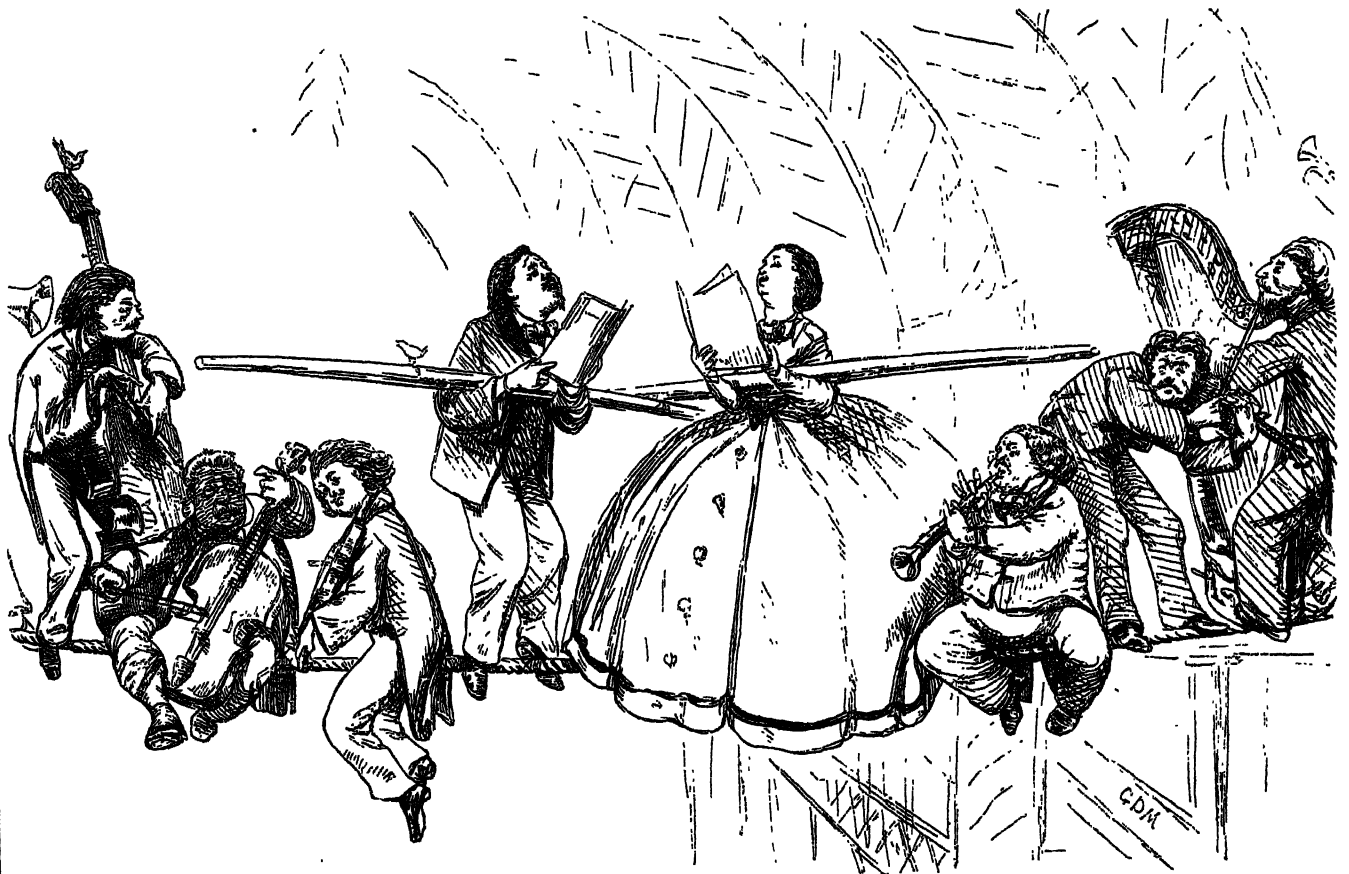
POLITE LETTERS IN THE POLICE FORCE.

COMMISSIONER MAYNE is about to publish his Memoirs. He has appropriately taken up the well-known French title, "*Les Chroniques de l'Épil-de-Bœuf*;" modifying it with no small brilliancy, which reflects the greatest credit on his *lumières* as a literary character, into "THE REVELATIONS OF A POLICEMAN'S BULL'S-EYE."

Church-Rate.

THERE is one Church-Rate we should like to see abolished, and that is the shilling one is compelled to give to the Pew-opener on the Sunday before you are favoured with a seat. When we think of the many rates we have paid in this way, our virtuous indignation against the system, and our horror of the extortion, are such that we cannot help exclaiming, "Proh Pew-door!"

INFALLIBLE RECIPE FOR HOT WEATHER.—What is the best way to prevent meat turning? Eat it straight off.



A SUGGESTION.

How to make the Crystal Palace Concerts pay.—Hint to the Directors: Verbum sap. (N. B. The Conductor is higher up, on a Flying Trapeze.)

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

“MR. PUNCH,

“HAVE you heard PATTI?” “What do you think of PATTI?” These two questions one is asked at every party that one goes to; and as operatic ignorance is not always bliss, I am glad I now can answer the first in the affirmative. When I hear the second query, I am rather cautious in wording my reply, and am apt to sound my hearers and ascertain their bias somewhat, lest they misunderstand me. In speaking of a young *débutante* like ADELINA PATTI, one cannot be too careful in expressing what one thinks of her. If language was invented to conceal one's real thoughts, in no way is this notion more easy to be acted on than in venting an opinion on some musical moot point. One may speak in general terms such as convey no special meaning, and may murmur forth mild adjectives like ‘charming,’ and ‘delightful,’ which, now that critics have recourse to such superlative laudation, may be accepted as amounting to faint damnatory praise. Or if one wishes more completely to mystify the questioner and keep secret what one thinks, it is easy to resort to musical slangology, and talk scientific nonsense about ‘quality of tone,’ and ‘breadth of vocal colouring,’ terms which none but connoisseurs affect to comprehend.

“After but one hearing who can form a fair opinion of a singer? and who will blame me if I hesitate in telling what I think? Enough to say that I was pleased, though perhaps not quite so much so as the newspapers in general had led me to expect. That a mere girl of eighteen at once should take first rank among Italian *prima donnas*, and be regarded as the equal of LIND, MALIBRAN, and GRISI, was a tale that might find credence t'other side of the Atlantic, but which would meet with few believers in our cooler-blooded clime. Yet our critics followed suit in singing almost unmixed praises; and some of them have poured forth such exuberance of eulogy as makes one fear they are leaf-taking from the Transatlantic press. No one who has heard her, and who has not *Bottom's* ears, can dispute that MA'AMSELLE PATTI is a wonderfully clever and highly accomplished singer—considering her age: indeed, with this consideration, if one said *too* highly accomplished, it would not be far from truth. Over-cultivation may be fatal to young voices, just as over-training is destructive to a horse;

and though I would not say that PATTI has been over-taught, I think her voice shows traces of having been too early somewhat over-worked. Clear and sweet it is, and may grow more full and strong: a girl of eighteen scarcely has come to her full strength. But it lacks that thrilling sympathy and tenderness of tone which is a gift of nature rather than of art, and I almost doubt if a too early education may not be destructive of this nature-gift. The joyous cry of MALIBRAN when waking in the last act in *Sonnambula* was certainly not singing, but it was something better; and however excellent PATTI's style may be (and I give her special praise for discarding the *vibrato*, which is now so fashionable, and I think so foolish), I would willingly lose hearing of her most finished phrases to catch but one of those outbursting nature-notes of JENNY LIND, that stirred one's soul within one, and, not pleasing the ear merely, went straight to the heart.

“Foreigners are fond of saying that we English have no taste for music, and the truth of this remark is most abundantly made manifest by the fact that all this season the *Times* has daily had two columns of musical announcements, and the Opera has been open four or five nights every week. Even this, it seems, has failed to satisfy our wants, and the Lyceum has been furnished with an operatic company to catch the overflowings from the house that GYE built. Whatever be its faults, the rival management is quick in the performance of its promises; and taking into thought the scratch way in which it started, I think it should be posted as the winner of some praise. I saw *Martha* t'other evening very creditably played. TRITENS and GRUGLINI were both in glorious voice, and have rarely pleased me more than in this English, Irish, Polish, and Italian opera, as it may, I think, be not unfairly called, for the scene is laid near London, the chief air came from Ireland, the words are all Italian, and the composer was a Pole.

“Reflecting upon things in general, the philosopher remarked, ‘There's nothin' new, and there's nothin' true, and what there is don't signify.’ Now these wise words might now find echo in our theatres, for except that the Lyceum has been turned into an Opera-house, and that a fairish squad of Frenchmen may be seen at the St. James's, nothing new of consequence has since my last been visible. Without the aid of splendid scenery and gorgeous gettings up, MR. FECHTER still succeeds in filling the Princess's as fully as was done by his great

tragic predecessor, who upheld the British Drama by the force of the upholder, and with SHAKSPEARE, plus swell scenery, improved the British mind. At the Haymarket the *Overland Route* has been revived, with all its fun and merriment, and, I must add, all its faults. There's such exuberance of drollery in the *Overland Route* that all meretricious ways of winning half a moment's laugh might surely well be spared in it; and I think it is in some degree the duty of a manager to prevent the British drama from being found offensive to the most fastidious taste.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

EATABLE BOUQUETS.



ACUSTOMED AS WE ARE to startling revelations, with which the penny papers are continually providing us, we own we felt a tingle of surprise the other morning at reading that a process had in France been lately patented, whereby flowers were made edible, and bouquets were made bonbons most exquisite to taste. How the magic is achieved we have not yet been informed, and we don't pretend to guess; but that nose-gays should be eaten is such a novel notion, that we m^d

tend to lose no chance of catching by the button some scientific friend, and extracting, if we can, a description of the process. At present, carniflowers are the only sort of flowers that we have ever eaten, and although we have in eastern writings read of feasts of roses, we have never met a traveller who has actually partaken of them. We should almost as soon have thought of having a feast of tea-leaves as of sitting down to breakfast, lunch, or dine off roses; and as for eating a whole nose-gay, as it seems may now be done, we should about as much have dreamt of supping off boiled handboxes, or of having pickled goosequills or stewed spectacles for lunch.

We are of course accustomed to see flowers on the dinner-table, but we have never yet regarded them as part of the repast. Now in future we shall fancy they are put there to be eaten; and we shall ask, if we so choose, for a small helping of pcony, just as we might do for half a slice of pine. Crocusses and cream will take the place of strawberries, and one's mouth will very likely water for geraniums as it now sometimes does for grapes. Now that flowers are found edible, there's no telling what queer floral dishes one may dine off, queerer even than the entrees of chopped tea-leaves and salt cucumbers, which are among the dainties of a dinner *à la Russe*. A *plat* of grass-plant served *au naturel*, may take the place of salad; and for something hot and stinging, as a tickler to the palate, a dish of devilled nettles may be cooked in lieu of curry, after which one will luxuriate in dandelion ice. If flowers have as sweet a taste as they have smell, how gourmands will delight when violets come in, and wait with growing gusto for the early cabbage roses! Hashed calf's head in future will give place to mashed marigolds; and aldermen who now are satisfied with turtle, will be heard singing the praises of good sunflower soup. A haunch of venison will be followed by a bunch of fresh verbenas; dahlia dinners down at Richmond will supplant the Greenwich whitebait, and cold cactuses for supper will quite supersede hot tripe.

The only thing we fear is if young ladies take to carrying eatable bouquets, there will be an end to all the sentimental feelings with which a fond adorer begs a flower from his fair one, that he may put it in his button-hole or press it to his heart. Instead of doing this he would, if it were edible, be very much more likely to put it to his mouth; and after having vowed that he would treasure it for ever, he would scarcely be a moment in gobbling it all up. Moreover too the language of flowers will no longer be suitable for purposes of sentiment; for, now that nose-gays may be eaten, a lovesick swain will shrink from so declaring his fond feelings, lest his gift should be returned to him, and he be reduced to eating his own words. And just imagine the despair of a sentimental youth, who, after having carefully composed a declaration in the form of a bouquet, should find his ANGELINA munching his fond phrases, just as coolly as she would a bit of bread and butter, or a mouthful of dry toast!

FRENCH DIPLOMACY IN PLAIN ENGLISH.

M. THOUVENEL has addressed to the Spanish and Austrian Ambassadors a despatch in reply to their invitation requesting France to co-operate with their respective Governments in upholding the temporal power of the POPE. From the general style of this document, and particularly from the subjoined piece of it, we conclude that its presentation to their Ultramontane Excellencies was accompanied by a polite intimation to the effect that they might put that in their pipes and smoke it:—

"The gravest dangers which now menace the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See proceed, it is true, from without, and if the occupation of Rome provides for the necessities of the present, the future remains exposed to hazards which we sincerely wish to avert."

This is just a diplomatic way of saying:—"Now mind, you two blockheads, the immediate danger which the sovereignty of the POPE over the City of Rome stands in just at this moment, is no doubt that of annexation to the Kingdom of Italy, by the Government of VICTOR-EMMANUEL. For the present, perhaps, France may manage to sustain the Papal chair on the points of her bayonets. That is all very well for the time being, but this state of things won't last, and what you have to fear by-and-by is, the dissolution of the Papal monarchy from internal causes. The probability is, that the temporal subjects of his Holiness, tired of the coercion to which they are subjected for the supposed interests of religion, will at length begin to listen to the arguments of those who maintain that his claims to infallibility, and the vicariate of Christendom, are all bosh. The conviction that the POPE's spiritual supremacy is a humbug, growing in Italy, could only co-exist with submission to his temporal rule, under a pressure which France would find it daily more difficult to exert. In short, the whole papacy would ultimately blow up; and this is the catastrophe which we want to avert if we can, though we are afraid it must happen sooner or later. Let your master and your mistress know what we say, and tell them to be quiet, and not allow their bigotry to induce them to act like fools."

NOT EXACTLY ROSEWATER.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* gives the following directions for deodorising that substance, which is the principal component of hotbeds:—

"If those who have stable manure will take 4 oz. of sulphuric acid and two gallons of water, and mix them in a garden watering-can, with the rose on, then sprinkle the contents over the manure every evening (supposing it to be a cartload) it will counteract the unpleasant smell."

The writer then goes on to explain that the graveolence of the fertilising compound is destroyed by the sulphuric acid in fixing the ammonia which that compound contains. Beginners in gardening should understand that the deodorising process is effected solely by the sulphuric acid, otherwise they may form a misconception on that point from being informed that the materials to be made pleasant are to be sprinkled with the contents of a watering-can which has the rose on.

APPEAL EXTRAORDINARY.

INDIA now and then gives the highest tribunal of the British Empire some strange work to do. The other day, for instance, —

"The Judicial Committee of Privy Council sat on Saturday. An Appeal from Bengal, 'LAMB AND WISE v. BEJOY KISHEM DOGS,' was heard."

What can have been the matter in dispute between LAMB and Dogs? The bone of contention was perhaps one which Dogs had appropriated, but it can hardly be conceived to have belonged to LAMB, though a mutton-bone might have been the bone of one of LAMB's ancestors, and the property of WISE. An illustrated paper the other day published a portrait of a little dog named "Looty" found in the Summer Palace at Peking. Looty is a nice Indian name for a dog; but let us hope that it is one not applicable to the Dogs BEJOY and KISHEM.

The Way to Win Him.

A FAST Girl fails to catch a lord and master,
Because some other girls are rather faster.
And ev'n a fast man fears to take a wife,
If fast, who 'll be bound fast to him for life.

TO NATIONS EMBARRASSED IN DIFFICULTIES.—As the French are about to vacate Syria, the EMPEROR NAPOLEON would feel obliged to any Kingdom, whose affairs are temporarily embarrassed, and stand in need of a satisfactory settlement, to apply to him immediately, without reserve, as he is extremely anxious to give his army some fresh occupation.



A SERIOUS DRAWBACK.

Hilarious Old Lady of Fashion (with Plain Daughter). "CHARMING BALL AT SIR CHARLES'S LAST NIGHT! EVERYBODY THERE—GOOD ROOMS, NOT OVERCROWDED—CAPITAL SUPPER! DEAREST BARBARA ENJOYED HERSELF PRODIGIOUSLY! I DON'T SEE, HOWEVER, HOW I CAN WELL AVOID ASKING HIS SISTER AND NIECE TO MY BALL, NEXT WEEK, HE IS SO FOND OF THEM; AND YET YOU KNOW THAT THEY ARE PEOPLE WHO DO NOT GO OUT NEARLY AS MUCH AS WE DO, AND ARE NOT AT ALL IN OUR POSITION IN SOCIETY!"

TRIP OF ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

THE flash of electricity that courses along the telegraphic wire occasionally makes a shocking mistake. There are reasons for trusting that a grave blunder is involved in the subjoined telegrams despatched, the other day, from the Eternal City:—

"No improvement has taken place in the health of the Pope.
"Reactionary agents have been sent to Umbria and the Marches."

If the former of the two announcements above quoted stood alone, it would afford too much reason to apprehend that his Holiness the POPE was seriously ill. But it assumes the character of a mistatement when taken in connection with the latter. Put this and that together, and you will then see good cause for supposing that to be a blunder. The information that reactionary agents have been sent to Umbria and the Marches is rather inconsistent than otherwise with the news of the implied illness of the POPE; for, if it is true, there is fair ground for hoping that the Sovereign Pontiff is at least well enough to attend to business. At the same time, the mission of reactionary agents to foment disturbance in the newly-constituted Kingdom of Italy, is, on the other hand, a fact which not only agrees with, but confirms, the telegram relative to PRO NONO, corrected in accordance with reasonable conjecture. "No improvement has taken place in the ideas of the POPE." Such, no doubt, is what the message would have been if rightly transmitted. Let us, therefore, rejoice in concluding that his Holiness is bodily in good case, and, barring infatuation and obstinacy, has nothing the matter with him, but is all alive and kicking.

"A SOUND CONSCIENCE PRODUCES SOUND SLEEP."—*M. F. Tupper.*

We are told that, "as a man makes his bed, so he must lie in it." It is so with a bankrupt; for we find that, when his balance-sheet is not drawn up all straight, there is generally awful lying in it.

HORSE VEAL.

In the subjoined passage touching a certain one out of a number of young racehorses, that amusing and instructive sporting writer, "ARGUS," has probably afforded some cause of misunderstanding to France:—

"But *Brother to Summerside*, by *West Australian* out of *Ellington*, is the gem of the lot, and without exception the very finest yearling I ever behold in my life, and will make many a poor man's mouth water."

A little further on our author tells us that the *Palmyra* colt "will make as nice an animal as a man would like to look at." We, of course, understand what is meant by a horse that will make a poor man's mouth water, and by one that is as nice an animal as a man would wish to look at. But how will M. DE ST. HILAIRE and the Société Hippophagique of Paris construe such language in application to horseflesh? Surely they will conclude it to imply that we are accustomed to look at horses with eyes like their own, with eyes such as those which, at the Fat Cattle Show, carnivorous citizens may be observed contemplating the prize oxen. Perhaps the Parisian Dogsmeat Association will be induced, by the information above quoted, to send an agent over here with a commission to purchase the animals which, to their apprehension, it will have represented in a savoury character. The Society of Horseaters will doubtless be willing to pay the price that may be demanded for the colts which they would want to convert into equine veal, if they can possibly afford it, which is not certain; for although they may have more money than brains, it does not therefore follow that they are very rich.

"ALL ALIVE, OH!"—Friendship, it must be confessed, is of a far more cannibalistic turn than Enmity. Men are merely bitten by their enemies, but they are eaten up by their friends.

DOWN WITH YOUR STAR-DUST!



UCH astonishment seems to have been caused among the astronomers by the splendid new Comet, which has appeared in celebration of the opening of *Mr. Punch's* Forty-first Volume. It came unintroducted, and has been looked upon, or, rather, up to, as a sort of intruder. As nobody else knows anything about its past history, *Mr. Punch* has not the least hesitation in stating, of his own personal knowledge, that it is one of the two observed by NICEPHORUS, 276 A.C., that it appeared in England, in the time of KING ALFRED, 1337, and again in the reign of JAMES THE FIRST, 1473, and that it will be seen again on the 29th of April, 1984, about ten o'clock in the evening. If any astronomer, or other person, doubt this last fact, *Mr. Punch* is open to an offer of the usual

British method of settling a dispute, and the amount of the bet, large or small, may be deposited at his Office, to await the event. His publisher of that day will hand it to the posterity of the winner on a certificate from the lineal descendant of the Astronomer Royal, whom *Mr. Punch* hereby requests to register the offer in the archives of Greenwich.

CHEMICAL NOMENCLATURE FOR LADIES.

“MR. PUNCH,

It is pleasing to find Pictorial Art linked hand in hand with Poetry and Science; the group standing, so to speak, in the attitude of the Three Graces. This remark is suggested by two paintings which adorn the walls of the Royal Academy Exhibition. In each of them there is a delightful representation of a young female, who bears the interesting name of ELAINE. I say interesting, because, as you know, ELAINE, or OLEINE, is the liquid constituent of adipose matter, and every student of chemistry must regard with interest the idea of that fluid consolidated in such lovely forms as those above specified.

“ELAINE has been well chosen by a great living poet for the name of a heroine. But ELAINE, as I need not inform you, has a sister, STEARINE, the crystalline component of fat: in order to obtain her, you treat mutton suet with ether. Shall STEARINE want a sacred bard to immortalise her? Can't you get one of your young men to do it, *Mr. Punch*?—and, if there is nobody to paint her, at least you might desire a talented artist of your own to draw her likeness on wood; and then STEARINE would be a beauty without paint. Or what say you to giving us a Cartoon, whereof the subjects shall be ‘STEARINE and ELAINE, or the Two Sisters.’ It might perhaps be remarked that ELAINE and STEARINE were the daughters of FATMA. Excuse this perhaps too venturesome suggestion from your philosophical subscriber, “AIRPUMP.”

“P.S. Many pretty names might be culled from the flowery paths of Chemistry; names, like ELAINE and STEARINE, ending in ine. There is GLYCERINE, for instance, and CHLORINE, and BROMINE, which last would be a sweet name for a young lady in the habit of using patchouli.”

Railway Transport of Beasts.

In a letter to the *Times*, “VIATOR” complains that, on the London and Canterbury Railway, he was greatly annoyed by the behaviour of five ruffians who, beastly drunk, were looked up with him in a crowded third-class carriage. That, of course, was not the fault of the Company, which, however, will now, from this time forward, no doubt, take care that its guards shall not inflict blackguards on respectable people. It will set all the other Railway Companies the example of establishing tipsy-carriages, or sot-boxes, in which drunken passengers shall be shut up all by themselves, like pigs.

PICKED UP IN TATTERSALL'S YARD.—Why is an unskilful speculator on the Turf like a pig?—Because he never has anything to do with the Ring but what he has to pay through the nose for it.

DAME DURDEN ON THE BELGRAVIAN DIFFICULTY.

I've got no patience with the gals there's all that talk of in the papers, As runs up sitch tremendous bills at jewellers and lincn-drapers; Their mothers is as bad and wus to bring 'em up with sitch high notions: What man would marry wives like them though tens of thousands was their potions?

A fresh dress on for every meal, for breakfast, lunch, and tea, and dinner, Sitch vanity and pride as that I calls the conduct of a sinner. To think of tea at five o'clock, your “kettledrum,” and dinin' arter, Drat ye, I'd be about your house if one of you was my own darter!

And then your uproars and your routs, although the rising sun gives warning, Yet on you capers, dancin' to the tune *We won't go home till Morning*; What man as likes his nateral sleep would ever think for to incumber His self with her as keep sitch hours in place of right and proper slumber?

But what the most I can't abide is all that Rotten Row paradin', And which it is, I will maintain, unworthy of a British maiden; I wouldn't wish, and never did, to see young gals demure as Quakers, But I will say “Don't talk to me, git out with all them bold horse-breakers!”

I'm told they learnt you fust to wear them pork-pie hats so free and flighty,

A pretty copy to be sure, to set the fashions, highly-tighty! And which is which 'tis hard to tell, you're all so forrad and so jaunty, With crinolines and Balmorals fantastical and gallivaunty.

Ah! there, I know in my young days we never durst a word to mention, Of sitch things now as occupys gals' conversation and attention, Which I declare I'm shocked to hear, their impudence is so amazin, I never thought that I should live to see young women grow so brazen.

And what can their mammas expect, that makes so sad a lamentation? Nobody comin for to woo; who would I wonder? Botheration! The hussies can't get husbands! none, it stands to reason, could endure 'em,

A broomstick or nice rope's end is what I'd take to 'em to cure 'em.

A CRUEL JOKE.

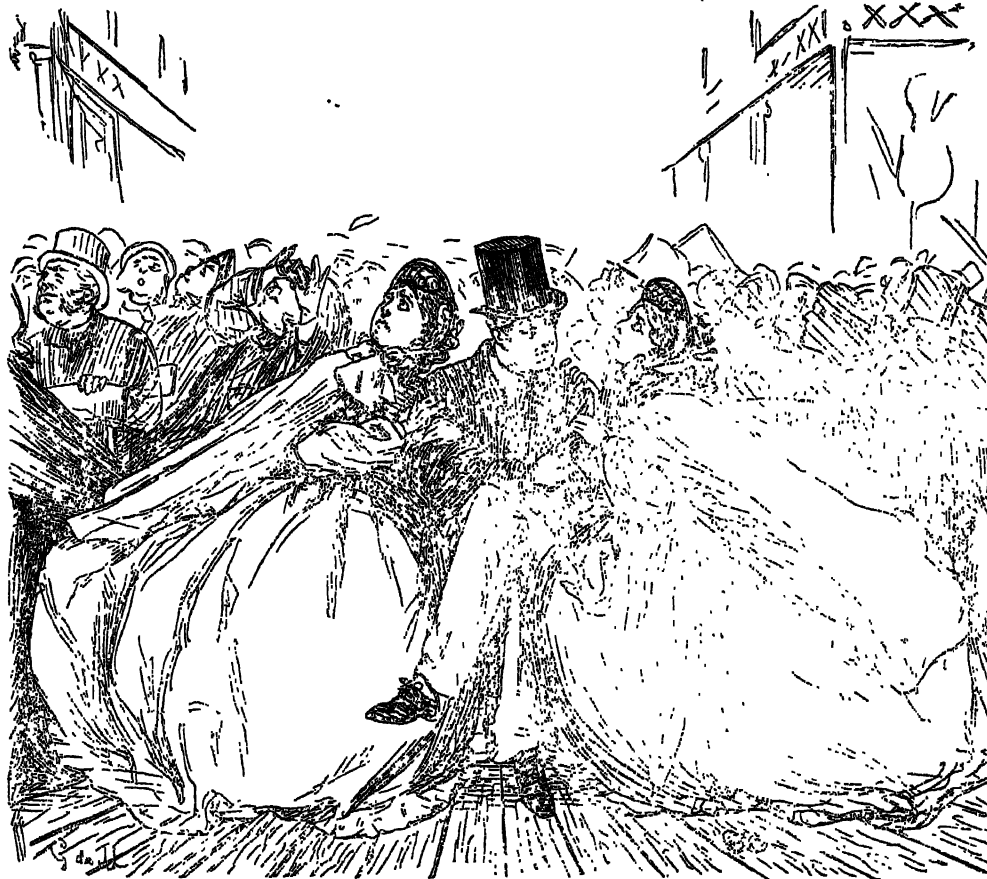
WE are glad to see that the Officers of Health and others are prosecuting the country butchers and salesmen for sending putrid meat up to the Metropolitan markets. At a recent case, tried at the Mansion House,—

“ALDERMAN HALE said he knew there were a class of persons in the country who thought Londoners would eat any kind of meat, and they thought it a good joke if they could only succeed in palming off their bad meat upon the London consumers, and he, therefore, would commit defendant for trial.”

We have no doubt that there is a certain class of country butchers who, in their extreme facetiousness, fancy that anything is good enough for the stupid Cockneys; but we beg to tell these funny gentlemen that such “a joke” may be great sport to them, but it is certain death to those at whose expense the filthy joke is cut. It is all done in the way of jesting; and we suppose, if they do poison a few hundreds, that they must be excused, for they “poison but in jest.” The old saying of “What is one man's meat is another man's poison” becomes thus painfully verified: the “meat” of the country, sent up in this putrid state, is literally the “poison” of the Metropolis. We notice that several of these Poisoners of the Nineteenth Century have been punished with severe fines. Imprisonment with hard labour would be a fitter reward for such jocular depravity. Perhaps they might not consider three months' employment in picking oakum as “good a joke” as disseminating disease through the medium of meat in a corrupt state. To perpetrate jokes of so killing a nature, the minds of the malefactors must be almost as corrupt as the wares they deal in. Their slaughterhouses were never intended for human beings as well as animals. The City Magistrates are to be highly commended for attempting to stop this extension of the butcher's business.

A Very Natural Mistake.

LORD DUFFERIN, the British Commissioner in Syria, has been appointed a Knight Commander of the Bath. As Syria is comprehended in the Ottoman Empire, the Bath with whose order his Lordship has been decorated will, perhaps, be erroneously imagined to be the Turkish Bath.



This is why Charles, who took his two Fair Cousins to see Blondin on the High Rope, did not think it by any means a "Disgusting Exhibition."

MISSED HIS TIP.

ANDERSON, the slave who struck for freedom, is in London, and was welcomed, the other day, at a public meeting, where the righteousness of his act was affirmed by acclamation. But who, does the public think, was chosen as Chairman? No other man than the deadly and declared destroyer of the bug—no other man than the insecticide HARPER TWELVETREES! But he missed an opportunity of puffing one of his wares, and this is strange. Why did he not dilate upon his Patent Miraculous Washing Powder, and declare that by a proper application of that wonderful invention, their friend ANDERSON himself, black as he was, could be washed as white as a lily? "HARPER, thou wert not wont to be so dull."

A Legal Mull.

AT the last Examination in Chancery Lane, an embryo attorney came upon the question, "What is the Act for Facilitating the Acknowledgment of Deeds of Married Women?" He wrote, "I have not bestowed much study on the practice in the Divorce Court, but I surmise that this act is intended to enable SIR C. CRESSWELL to obtain evidence more easily." The portrait of MR. HOLME frowned upon him, and he is not to be let loose upon clients.

WANTED A COURT PENMAN.

ROYAL personages, in answering loyal addresses, of course speak only that which is set down for them. If they made speeches of their own, they would be continually committing themselves, unawares, to this statement and that, and unwittingly treading upon the corns of various people right and left. At least, to avoid making mistakes of this sort, they would have to take an amount of trouble in composing their replies so great that it would very much interfere with their ordinary business, and entirely spoil their pleasure. It is therefore necessary that Princes should be provided with attendants having the office to compose, and put into form, the platitudes in which they are called upon, from time to time, to acknowledge the compliments which are paid to them. But then the platitudes ought to be expressed in proper terms, such as it may become a Prince to utter; that is in language which a decently educated person would naturally use. Now, is anybody who has been brought up in any school better than a Commercial Academy, capable of delivering himself in such a style as that of the subjoined slipslop which the PRINCE OF WALES had to read in answer to an address presented to him by the Kingstown Commissioners?

"Gentlemen,—I most heartily thank you for the gratifying terms in which, on your own behalf and that of the inhabitants of Kingstown, you greet me on my arrival at your port, after a voyage performed with such ease and expedition in the admirable vessel considerably placed at my disposal by its enterprising proprietors."

What gent was it that made up this mixture of pompous vulgarisms? "Gratifying" terms. Voyage performed with such "ease and expedition." "Admirable vessel considerably placed at my disposal by its enterprising proprietors." Why these are all the familiar phrases of puffing tradesmen's advertisements. The last of the foregoing passages relative to the Connaught and the Steam-Packet Company, would lead one to suppose it to have been written by somebody in the interest of that concern. It would probably be unjust to a well-informed and sensible man to suggest that its author was the steward of the above-named vessel.

His Royal Highness is also actually made to say:—

"During former visits to Ireland, and particularly in the course of a tour made

some years ago through the country, I had considerable opportunities of witnessing the beauty of her scenery."

Some clue to the authorship of the preceding instances of haberdashers' cloquence may perhaps be found in those characteristic forms of speech, "considerable" opportunities, and "witnessing" the beauty of her scenery. These are the notorious idioms of that sort of penny-alining which is the least worth a penny. The advisers of the PRINCE OF WALES should cause their own private secretaries to write the speeches which they give the PRINCE to make, and not employ for that purpose the undermost reporter engaged on the *Court Circular*. At least let the QUEEN's son be allowed to speak his Mother's English.

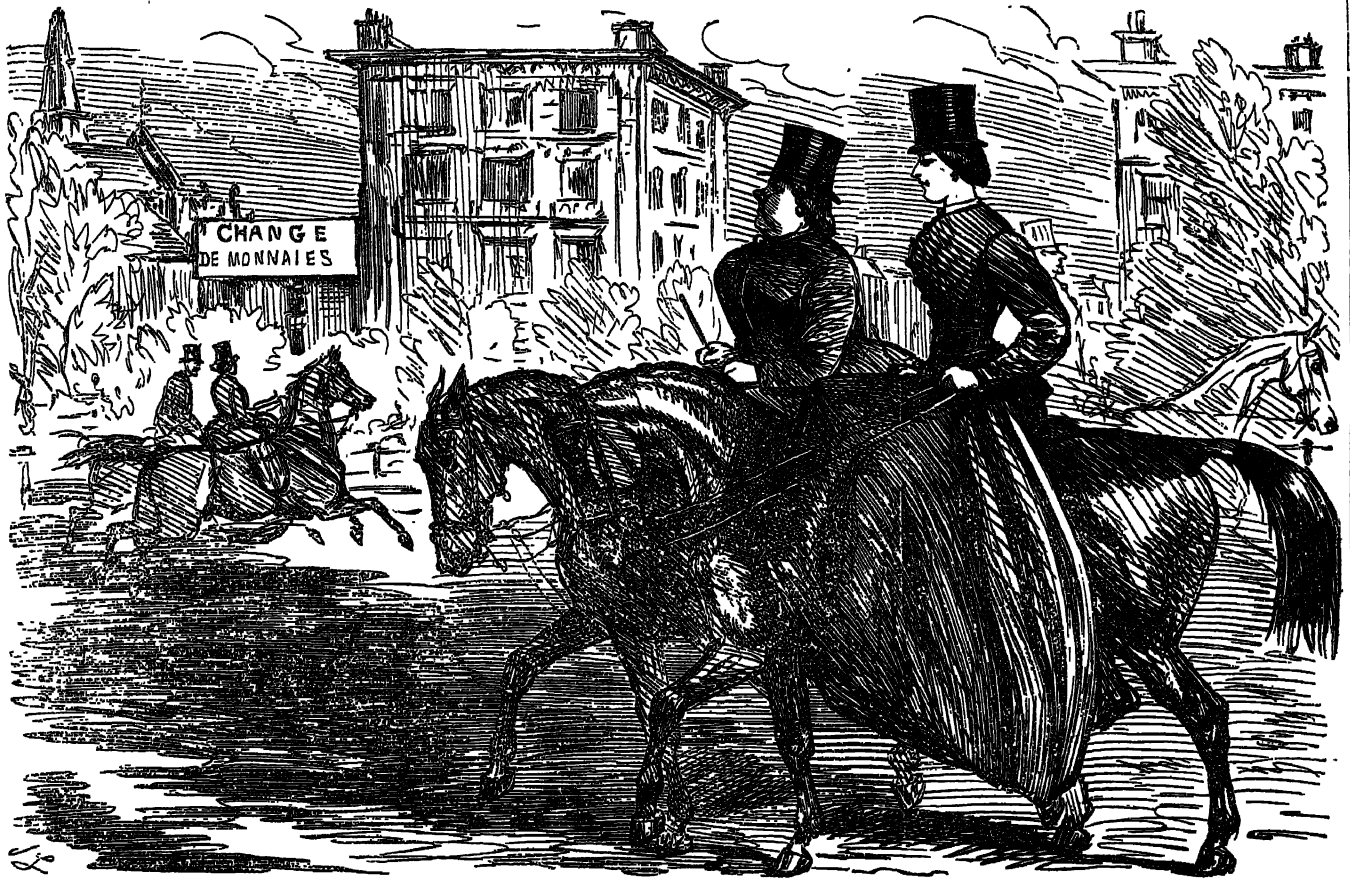
As there is a Poet-laureate, so likewise ought there to be a Royal Professor of Prose, whose office, however, shall not be merely honorary, but shall consist in plainly wording the simple ideas which Royalty is occasionally called upon to express. *Mr. Punch* could mention some young men, who, at a sufficiently high wages, would accept the work.

Old Foggy's Glee.

Oh, the girls that we have seen
All in their time so fair!
Now some are fat, and some are lean,
So much the worse for wear.
To think I see my early flame
In yonder MRS. GRUNDY!
Once I was mad for that old dame!
Sic transit gloria mundi!

Sabbatarians Snubbed.

It is delightful to find that the body of fanatics, constituting a majority of the Royal Dublin Society, who have refused to open their Botanical Gardens to the public on Sunday, have had the vote of £2352, which they wanted, disallowed by the House of Commons pending their Sabbatarian exclusion of the people from that place of moral and intellectual recreation. If these bigots or humbugs are consistent, they must believe that the injunction to "consider the lilies of the field" is one that ought not to be observed on Sundays.



GROUNDLESS ALARM.

Stout Equestrian. "DOU YOU KNOW, LOVE, I'M RATHER SORRY I GOT THIS HAT, FOR SUPPOSE I SHOULD BE TAKEN FOR A "PRETTY HORSEBREAKER!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

July 1, Monday. BISHOP TAIT, of London, announced, on behalf of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the Church generally, that they would hail a speedy settlement of the Church Rate question, and would deplore any settlement that should leave a rankling in the minds of their dissenting brethren. It seems difficult to speak more civilly than spoke DR. TAIT, who is a zealous and earnest hierarch, and who might have been seen on the previous Sunday preaching in the open air to the heathen of Covent Garden. LORD BROUGHAM expressed his conviction that in the matter of St. Domingo we ought not to place the slightest confidence in the promises of Spain not to introduce slavery into that island; and though the Colonial Secretary begged BROUGHAM not to be so rude, LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE observed that Spain takes every opportunity of cheating.

The Commons considered the Four Seats Bill. MR. TOM DUNCOMBE amiably pointed out the fact that the Government had been thoroughly beaten on this question, and had been forced to abandon the principle on which they had declared the Bill to be based. Defeated in the attempt to create a new metropolitan borough, and mixed up in the defeat on the attempt to give a third Member to Middlesex, they succumb to the dictation of the majority, and hand over the extra Member to the West Riding. LORD FERMOY, also, and other Government supporters, animadverted upon the abandonment of principle. But MR. DUNCOMBE'S attempt to overthrow the Bill was baffled by 204 to 28. Then two Scotchmen demanded a Member for the Scottish Universities, and SIR JAMES GRAHAM postponed the claim of the London University, and supported that of the Riding; and it was finally settled that after the dissolution of this present Derbyite Parliament, the West Riding of Yorkshire shall be split into North and South, and that each shall have its share of Wapentakes (which may be something nice to eat for anything *Mr. Punch* knows), and the two portions shall each have two Members, and the chief electoral place for the North shall be Leeds, and that for the South shall be Pontefract, at which latter place the celebrated MR. GULLY was returned, and the celebrated MR. SATERS may be returned if the constituency likes him.

Our friend PAM'S Ministry is getting divers knocks and kicks, and does not look very strong on its pins just now, while the Tories are shoving together, shoulder to shoulder; and if it were not for Foreign Affairs there might be "an ugly rush," and in spite of foreign affairs something of the kind may not be far off. But that is our friend PAM'S own business. *Mr. Punch* is sorry, however, that LORD P. is not strong enough to carry out his own intentions as to the legal appointments. He caused it to be proclaimed to the world that he had got MR. ROUNDSELL PALMER for Attorney-General, and that SIR WILLIAM AHERTON was to go up as judge. Now, it appears that the Liberal parliamentary barristers kicked up such a horrible row about the bestowal of the Attorney-Generalship upon MR. PALMER, who was a kind of Peel-Conservative, and certainly not one of the Liberal party, that PAM was obliged to give way, stick AHERTON, who is a third-rater, into the place just vacated by SIR RICHARD BETHELL, and put in PALMER as Solicitor. The which concession argueth not a conviction on the part of the Constable that the present Ministerial arrangements are likely to outlast the world. It is said that the PALMER still wears the Conservative cockle-shell, and comes in "with liberty of reservation."

Civil Estimates came on, and the Wiscount, who shall be disco- netted for the night, as a mark of respect, because he twice talked very good sense, made some remarks upon the people having to keep up Hampton Court Palace for members of the aristocracy. Answered MR. COWPER with the usual official humbug—the infusion of a grain of truth in a pint of falsehood: "Her Majesty had given permission for the widows of distinguished officers to be lodged there." Very nice, and nothing would be more delightful to Englishmen than to know that such homes were provided for those who were dear to our heroes. *But.* "There are three widows in the Palace, and the rest of the apartments are given up to remnants of the aristocracy." The money was voted, but the false pretence was smashed. Then it was arranged that the mass of bronze and undertakery called the Wellington Car should be put away into a crypt of St. Paul's, where nobody need see it (as MR. COWPER explained) who did not make special demand to see it. Upwards of £22,000 was voted for the Brompton Boilers, and very

properly, and nearly £100,000 was given for keeping up Parks and Palaces. In the course of this discussion complaints were made of the new encroachment in Kensington Gardens. *Mr. Punch* personally inspected this Ride the other day, and it appears to him that so far from its being a harmless arrangement, it is a cutting up of one of the most pleasant walks in the Gardens. It is very hard that people with six legs can't go a little further off, and leave the only pretty garden in London to people with two legs only. Then came the votes for the ornamentation of the new Houses, and *Mr. William Williams* spoke up for a statue to one of the ablest generals, greatest statesmen, and wisest rulers that England has ever produced, he meant *OLIVER CROMWELL*. The House received this just homage to King *OLIVER* so well that *Mr. Cowper*, who had said that *CROMWELL* should not be forgotten, seemed frightened, and explained that he had only meant that the Protector's name was in the statue-index, and that the question might come on hereafter. Whereat there was derision. When the statue is to be erected, *Mr. Punch*, as a Protestant, intends to protest against its being inserted between the images of King *OLIVER*'s predecessor and successor. For *GEORGE CANNING* adduced proof that *CHARLES THE FIRST* was a Papist, and *CHARLES THE SECOND*'s apostacy was no secret, and old Noll would not stand comfortably between a Popish tyrant and a Popish traitor. Let him be set by himself, and when the time comes, *Mr. Punch* will supply him with an inscription from the works of *JEREMY TAYLOR*, who married an unlawful daughter of the *FIRST CHARLES*, and yet did not get much out of his brother-in-law, the *SECOND*.

Tuesday. The *NORMANBY* snub was more effectually administered than usual. *N.* wants to make a speech about the *DUKE OF MODENA*—one of the tyrants thrust out by Italy, and charitably forgotten by everybody but such people as *LORD NORMANBY*. *BROUGHAM* and *GRANVILLE* advised him to hold his tongue, but the old goose persisting, the Lords cried "order" till he shut up.

A very sensible speech by the *BISHOP OF LONDON*. He opposed a feeble Bill for the Union of Benefices, and described it as a measure for enabling any persons who could get £40,000 together to have a Bishop for their money. Why, if this Bill passed, it would be as much the fashion for a millionaire to have a Bishop of his own as to have a butler. A rich marchioness would probably have two, taking care that they should be alike in regard to calves and Calvinism. Our Bishop proceeded to allude to the Church-Rate question, and said, pluckily, that it ought to be discussed in the Commons, that disagreeable things might be said there, but that they would not rankle unless they contained truth. He did not want any great addition of Bishops, for he did not approve of the principle of constant interference by authorities. But he was for making Deans useful, and for other reforms. The Bishop's speech actually elicited praise from the *Gold-Boy*, *MERCATOR OVERSTONE*, and the Bill was demolished by 68 to 11.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH, speaking of the necessity of keeping a Reserve of Naval Officers, declared his conviction that a war was "inevitable," and that it might come upon us at any moment. When the Elephant trumpets, the Tiger is usually in ambush—but our old elephant has not been in work of late, and may be a little nervous.

On a Scotch School Bill in the Commons, *MR. BOUVERIE* told a goodish story—a schoolmaster had a fixed allowance, and naturally did not want more work than he could not avoid, so whenever new boys came he used to flog them perpetually, until their parents took them away, and left him to his gentler occupations. A new writ was moved for Durham, *SIR WILLIAM ABERNETHY* becoming Attorney-General, *vide supra*. By the way, *MR. WEGUELIN* (who was defeated at Southampton by electors who showed their fitness for the franchise by preferring that loud-mouthed patriot *DREY SBYMOUR*) came in to-day for Wolverhampton—and is a gain to the House.

LORD PALMERSTON, who is famed for Anglican ignorance as to when he is beaten, did not look blue when the *ABERNETHY* writ was asked, but was presently chaffing *VINCENT SCULLY*, and amid roars, offering him, by implication, the situation of Lord of the Treasury, vacated by the ungrammatical *BAGWELL*. A proposal by *LORD ENTFIELD* to compensate certain parsons for their losses in burial fees by the shutting up abominable graveyards, was lost by 59 to 48.

"For a difference one cannot call *nil*
The Commons perceives, be it said;
'Twixt the *Enfield* that's rifled to kill,
And the *Enfield* who'd rifle the dead."

What *MR. POPE HENNESSY*'s special interest in Poland may be is not clear. Perhaps he advocates her cause to show that when Liberty is quite unattainable by a nation, Papists have no objection to clamour on its behalf, though when there is a chance of freedom for a people, as in Sicily, Tuscany, Naples, and elsewhere, the Roman Catholic orator invariably denounces the revolutionist as a wicked and ungrateful reprobate. But it does not diminish the wrongs of Poland that they are pleaded by the friends of tyranny—it may be said to increase them. To-night, Poland having been made a peg for a speech by *MR. HENNESSY*, another Irish gentleman, *MR. SCULLY*, declared that the case of Poland was not nearly so bad as that of Ireland. Not a bad hint,

SCULLY. Suppose we civilise Ireland by partition between Britannia, Caledonia, and Cambria. We have done it this week, and have sent the *DUKE OF CORNWALL* for the first, the *DUKE OF ROTHSAY* for the second, and the *PRINCE OF WALES* for the third, to take possession, and receive homage, and the Irish have submitted very graciously. Sold again, *SCULLY*. *LORD JOHN RUSSELL* and *LORD PALMERSTON* both spoke, not so much in answer to an idle speech, as to express the feeling of the nation on the Polish partition. The Anointed committed a crime against which England has ever protested, and though at present there is no chance of wrenching away the plunder, we may hope that one day Poland will regain her rights. She cried much, chiefly through the vices incarnate in her aristocracy and her priesthood, but both will have been purified by the ordeal, and her punishment has already exceeded her offence.

Government decide that to interfere with the anchors and cables of merchant vessels is out of their line, and as these articles, on which the lives of thousands of brave fellows depend, are to a large extent made upon the true principles of Trade, namely, as badly as is compatible with obtaining payment from the purchaser, the *QUEEN*'s sailors may rejoice that if worse paid than the merchant-sailors they are better cared for. The *Adair*-expulsions were brought up once more, but the House was disgusted with the iteration, and by 88 to 23 decided on hearing no more about it, *LORD PALMERSTON* throwing in a hint, that hit, to the effect that people who, for mere gain, cleared away their tenantry, were worse than a man who thought, however erroneously, that he was crushing crime.

Wednesday. Through Committee went the Bill for enabling members of the Universities, when a Parliamentary election takes place, to send their votes, in writing, and thus be spared the trouble and expense of a journey. The majority of University electors are non-resident, and this arrangement will be very convenient to them. *MR. AYRTON*, however, thought that divers clergymen, who are so busy in their country parishes that they seldom come into the world that is illuminated by the presence of Metropolitan Members and the like, would be beneficially stirred up by being compelled to mix, occasionally, in society. But the Commons thought that the proposed indulgence was just and considerate, and affirmed the principle of the Bill by rather large majorities. That frenzied revolutionist and agitator, *MR. WALPOLE*, moved the Second Reading of a Bill intended to do away, to a certain extent, with the nuisance called a Grand Jury, a Bill that has passed the reckless innovators and destructives in the House of Lords; but the obdurate Conservative, *AYRTON*, was again in the field with opposition, and was cruelly ridiculed for his loquacity by *SIR G. LEWIS*. The debate was adjourned.

Thursday. The Lords read the Harbours Bill a Second Time. It is, as *Mr. Punch* has before mentioned, a very good Bill, and enables Government to spend £360,000 a year on Harbours, also doing away with some passing tolls. *LORD NORMANBY* of course, "protested," was snubbed by *LORD DONOUGHMORE*, and went away happy. *LORD CAITNESS*, who has taken a steam-carriage of his own, moved the Second Reading of a Bill for permitting locomotives to be used on common roads. It seemed rather to startle their Lordships, but they let it go on.

MR. BRAND moved a New Writ for Richmond, for *MR. RICH* (*HENRY DRUMMOND*'s "pig that squeaked because it could not get at nourishment") has at last vacated his seat, in order, it is supposed, to let in the new Solicitor-General. No act of *MR. RICH*'s parliamentary life—and, mind, he has been a useful public servant—became him like the leaving it.

MR. DILLWYN complained that the State was educating too much, *MR. OSBORNE* complained that the Volunteers fired too much, *MR. SCULLY* complained that the reporters cut down his speeches too much, *MR. S. FITZGERALD* complained that Spain was encroaching on Morocco too much, and then the House went at the Civil Estimates, on which everybody complained that we spend too much. There were several rather good fights—the principal one being on those Dublin Gardens, and in this case it was resolved that if the Gardens were not to be opened on the Sunday, the managers should not have the public money. What does *DOCTOR WALDEGRAVE* say to that? Still, the House showed a due sense of religion, for it voted £800 for a stained window for Glasgow Cathedral, an edifice which *Mr. Punch* states, *ex cathedra*, to be now kept in a way that does honour to the curators, and which shames those who have charge of divers similar places in this prelatical country.

Friday. *LORD SHAFTESBURY* made an excellent speech in favour—no, not of sending thirty or forty Bishops to India, but actually of improving that country by secular means, namely, by irrigation. Government said that they were doing all they could in the hydraulic line.

The Commons were more miscellaneous than amusing. Another Irish evidence case was brought on, but the House is growing savage at being made the tribunal for such squabbling; and in spite of the usual awful words which Irishism uses on all occasions—"mean imposture," "fiendish tyranny," and so on, kicked out the business by 60 to 15. Corrupt Wakefield wants to elect again, but *PELLEDES GLADSTONE*, for Government, considered that the naughty borough ought still to be locked out, by way of lesson, and so thought the House, by 173 to 123.



WAYS
Why They

AND



M E A N S.

Don't Marry.

LATEST FROM AFRICA.



HERE was a Scientific Meeting held one evening in last week, at which M. DU CHAILLU thought fit to put an end to a discussion on the merits of his book by spitting in the face of a gentleman who questioned them. Such a way of arguing may be tolerated possibly at a meeting of Gorillas, but, happily, among Englishmen it has not yet been sanctioned. If M. DU CHAILLU, or any other traveller, wishes to indulge in it, we should advise him, as a place which is nominally congenial, to take up his residence somewhere in Spitz-bergen.

A MARYLEBONE MOONCALF.

MR. PUNCH reads in the *Daily Telegraph* a statement, from which the following is an extract:—

"MARYLEBONE VESTRY AND LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT.—The anniversary festival of the St. Marylebone representative vestry, to celebrate the principle of local self-government, was held at the Lower Welsh Harp, Hendon. The Chair was occupied by MR. CHURCHWARDEN FILLMER. The cloth being drawn, the Chairman proposed the loyal and patriotic toasts, with which the usual enthusiasm. MR. C. FREETH, in proposing 'The Marylebone Vestry,' coupled with the principle of local self-government, contended that England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland were still seeking for, and would not rest satisfied until an extension of the great principle of local self-government had been obtained. If London, for instance, had local self-government as it ought to have—that was, a proper municipality—the strong difference of opinion with regard to the horse ride in Kensington Gardens would not exist. He concluded by calling upon the vestry of Marylebone not to be frightened out of defending their rights through being run down by Punch."

It is clear that an orator may be very acceptable to the Marylebone Vestry men, although invidious circumstances may have withheld from that person the privilege of being taught to read. Nor would Mr. Punch be hard upon this poor unfortunate FREETH, on account of the defects in his education. Perhaps there was no charity-school in the locality in which FREETH was born. But as it appears that LORD FERMOY and MR. HARVEY LEWIS had to join this dinner at the Lower Welsh Harp, and to endure the snobbism of influential constituents, and as both gentlemen endeavoured to beguile that period of affliction by making speeches, Mr. Punch takes it for granted that either one or the other had the courage to say something of this sort:—

"But, Gentlemen, as for our friend MR. FREETH's allusion to Punch, I must say that accustomed as I am to hear Marylebone Vestrymen talk as an ass might be expected to talk, if endowed with language, I did not expect to hear, even from a Marylebone Vestryman, such an outrageous piece of idiotic absurdity as that of which our foolish FREETH has just been guilty. Punch try to frighten you out of asserting your rights! Why, FREETH must be a fool. It was Mr. Punch who saved Kensington Gardens from the equestrians last year. Do you think that the HONOURABLE MR. COWPER, and the rest of his aristocratic friends, would have cared a farthing for the remonstrances of all the Marylebone Vestrymen who ever dropped a nation. Bah! It was Mr. Punch who saved the Gardens. He stood out manfully against the Annexation. He told the Swells that it was too bad. His preternatural influence, and not your blatant boisterousness, did the thing for you. And now, if you will read his pages, week after week (I don't address myself to poor FREETH, whose power of reading is limited), you will see that he is again exerting his energies to have the rhododendron walk restored to your wives and children. He will succeed, too, but it is more than you deserve that he should take this trouble for a set of muffs who will not even read what he says, or cannot comprehend it when they have read it. Mr. Punch is your best friend. He ridicules your follies, puts you in the right road, and flogs you like winking when you try to get out of it; and instead of talking or enduring vulgar nonsense about him, you ought to be down on your Marylebone marrowbones, thanking him for his gracious condescension and assistance. Kick FREETH out, and pass the bottles."

Mr. Punch does not read anything of this kind in the *Telegraph's* report, but it must have been said, for LORD FERMOY and MR. HARVEY LEWIS are gentlemen, and perhaps the *Telegraph* was pressed for room.

A COLUMN OF WHICH WE ARE NEVER TO SEE THE "SUM TOTTLE OF THE WHOLE."—The Nelson Column; its motto might appropriately be "*Ex Nilo nihil fit.*"

ST. STEPHEN'S SCULPTURE-GALLERY.

"ALL our statues why should Kings engross" in the Houses of Parliament? The House of Commons thinks that CROMWELL ought to have one of them because he was a "distinguished man." The PROTECTOR was something more than that; which, if it alone constituted a title to a statue, would be a sufficient reason for conferring that honour on a great many persons named in history. Among these there is one who has at least as good a right to be represented in the House of Commons as the constituencies which return MR. MAGUIRE, MR. POPE HENNESSEY, and SIR GEORGE BOWLER. Need we say that we mean GUY FAWKES? The effigy of that worthy has never yet been done in marble or brass; and fashioned in either of those substances, on the traditional model, it would form a suitable companion to certain other images which adorn the Temple of Collective Wisdom. Or, constructed of its usual temporary materials, it would do well enough, and be quite in keeping with an edifice made of crumbling stone, which requires continual repair.

There are several reasons why GUY FAWKES should have a Parliamentary statue. He would afford a congenial subject to the British sculptor. If he were placed in a suitable situation, his lantern, containing a jet of burning gas, would serve to supply legislators retiring from the scene of their labours with a convenience for lighting their cigars. GUY, moreover, represented in his customary costume, with its familiar appurtenances, would stand a silent monitor to the House of Commons, suggesting to Honourable Gentlemen the idea of being blown up, which is the mildest fate that some of them deserve for wasting the time and hindering the business of the nation by their stupid loquacity.

OUR MUSICAL POLICE.

MR. PUNCH has been officially authorised to state that the following is the proper Programme of the music which was performed in his Arcadia by the newly started bands of the Police:—

1. Overture. "*We're a Band of Bobbies.*"
2. Stop (Thief) Waltz. By a Member of the Force.
3. Air with variations, "*I'll so gently Stealing.*"
4. Pas Redoublé. "*Off, off, said the Burglar.*" (SLOPER.)
5. Fantasia on the Rattle, with hobblegato pedal movement.
6. Galop. *The Bull's eye.* (WALKER.)
7. March, slow time: illustrative of a policeman coming up when wanted.
8. Selection from the *Beggar's Opera*, followed by the Tramp chorus, and ending with "*The Rogue's March,*" and "*Go, little Boy,*" arranged as a tremolo fugued finale.
9. Serenade (to a prisoner), "*Here in Cool Spot, and Mossy Cell.*"
10. Quick step. "*To the Crank! To the Crank! Oh come there with me!*"
11. Pot Pourri of Popular Airs, including, (1) "*The Fox he stood at the Area Gate,*" (2) "*Come where my Cook sits Beaming,*" (3) "*O the Cold Mutton of England!*" (4) "*Clar de Kitchen,*" (5) *finale, agitato molto* "*The Missus is Coming, Oh dear! Oh dear!*"
12. National Anthem.
"Since Peelers first at PEEL's command
Arose to end Old Charley's reign,
What gallant men have joined the Band
Now led by brave SIR RICHARD MARYNE!"

Mr. Punch may likewise state that being honoured with a special invitation so to do, he himself "attended hearing" of the pieces which were played; and he begs leave to congratulate the amateur performers on the attention which they paid to the beat of their Inspector—he means to say, Conductor—and the skill they showed in following the truncheon which he waved. Mr. Punch would add a hope that in all their movements harmony may constantly prevail, and that they may always be found to act in concert, whether in taking up a chord or in taking up a thief.

Answer Given to any Question at the Shortest Notice.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE was anxious to know what the duties were under the office recently appointed of "Instructor of Military Cookery." It must be, we should say, for the purpose of "cooking the accounts;" or, it may be, to teach the raw recruits how properly in cooking to make a mess of it; or, again, it may be with the object of giving those very raw recruits a good dressing every time they deserve it. OSBORNE, my little dear, you pay your money (that is, your usual 3d. for this week's number), and so you are at perfect liberty to take your choice.

A HINT TO DR. GRAY.

WHEN 'gainst the traveller you halloo,
And his apes, black and brown,
You're only raising a shalloo,
Not putting CHAILLU down.

GALLANT CRITICISM ON MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S PLAYING.—Practice made Perfect.



Swell (who has received Four Penn'orth of Coppers in Change). "HERE! BY JOVE, YOU KNOW, LOOK HERE! HI! WHAT THE DEUCE!—I SAY—WHAT AM I TO DO WITH THESE HA'PENCE, YOU KNOW?"

THE BOURBON MEMORY.

ACCORDING to a popular proverb, experience confers wisdom on a kind of persons who were naturally born without any. Such a person apparently is the one who penned the following conclusion of a letter addressed to the editor of the *Union*, Parisian journal, and dated from Rome:—

"A legitimate and strong Government supporting itself on representative institutions is the only one which can render liberty compatible with order, and put an end to the profound anarchy, and to the excesses of all kinds, which foreign domination causes to weigh on my country.—Accept, &c.,
"FRANCOIS DE BOURBON, Count de Trapani."

When a BOURBON regains the crown which he had lost, he is, it is said, found to have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. This, perhaps, is a mistake. The BOURBONS do learn. The COUNT DE TRAPANI is a BOURBON who has learned something. He has learned that the best of all political systems, especially for Naples, is "a legitimate and strong government supporting itself on representative institutions." Should his family ever, unhappily, be restored to the throne from which the son of BOMBA was obliged to bolt, will they preserve those ideas concerning constitutional government which, if he correctly expresses their opinions, they entertain at present? Will they remember, in prosperity, the convictions on the subject of representative institutions which they have imbibed in adversity? May their memory never be put to the test; but if it ever is, their unlucky subjects will probably find, not that they have learned nothing and forgotten nothing, but that they have learned something and forgotten something: namely, the perception which has been acquired by the COUNT DE TRAPANI of the preferableness of government founded on a representative basis to tyranny.

A Secret out of the Prison-House.

WOMEN, when they get together, talk about themselves, or their children, their servants, their dresses, their rivals, their conquests, their pleasures; men, when they get together, talk of nothing but their dear wives!

EXTRAVAGANCE IN CUPID'S GARDEN.

As down in Cupid's Garden
For pastime I did go,
Considering Fashion's flowers
Which in that garden grow;
Which in that garden grow.

I see a fine young lady,
And unto her did say,
"Beest thee engaged to e'er a young Swell?
Come tell me now, I pray;
Come tell me now, I pray?"

"I ben't engaged to ne'er a young Swell,
I'm sorry to declare;
For I cost so much in Crinoline,
And the other things I wear;
And the other things I wear."

TREMENDOUS CREATION OF PEERS.

OUR friend, the *Morning Star*, having abandoned its scrap of daily untruth about the Lords and the Paper Duty, now worries the Upper House in a way which *Mr. Punch* unhesitatingly pronounces to be servicable to himself and the country. It gives the highest and lowest number of Lords present on each evening of debate. But such statistics should be reliable. Either the hot weather and its necessary correctives must have acted upon the visual organs of the *Star's* Tellers, or the Queen has been amusing her leisure by an enormous creation of Peers. For on Thursday, the 4th, according to the *Star*, the lowest number of Peers present was 12, and the highest SIX HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-ONE. CAPTAIN DOD made up the Roll of the Lords in February last, and counted only 457 in all. Will the *Star* give us the list of new ones—the odd 224? or must *Punch* prepare it? Has Our Wiscount "gone up" among the lot?

A Curious Riding Habit.

THE REVEREND DR. TYNG, of New York, informs us that DR. CHEEVER has "his neck clothed with thunder." We are afraid that the Doctor, for a Minister, dresses a little too "loud."

ECONOMY IN DRESSING.

PRESIDING, the other day, over a Meeting in connection with the British and Foreign School Society, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in the course of a Speech from the Chair, mentioned that, on a certain occasion, he went with the QUEEN to inspect a School maintained by HER MAJESTY in Windsor Park, when—

"In the girls' school there was an examination with respect to the mode of preparing rice-pudding for dinner. The girls were examined as to the component parts of a rice-pudding, and how they were put together. He owned that the subject was quite new to him. (*A laugh.*) He had no notion that it was so complete an affair as it seemed to be. (*Laughter.*) But he could well understand that to have a good rice-pudding instead of a bad one would be a great comfort to the husband and father as well as to the wife and children."

It is to be wished that every Establishment for Young Ladies would take a leaf out of the book which, by the above showing, is especially studied at HER MAJESTY'S School in Windsor Park—namely, the Cookery Book. If, instead of thinking only how to dress themselves to the best advantage, girls of the middle and upper classes would turn their attention to dressing food in the nicest possible manner; if they were less studious of dressing for dinner, and would rather devote themselves to dressing the dinner itself, they would afford much more satisfaction than they do to their parents and friends, and would find much less difficulty than what they now experience in getting husbands, who would gladly encourage them in dressing according to their station.

The Road to Ruin!

MAY it please your Holiness, A telegram of MR. REUTEN'S, dated from Naples, informs me that:

"Six hundred brigands have left Rome for the Neapolitan frontier."

Go it!

I have the honour to be,
Your Holiness's most friendly and faithful Adviser,
Esoter Hall, July, 1861.

PUNCH.



CABBY. "Engaged, Mum? I am so, Mum. But if you'll go over to the Spread Eagle, they'll Book you on by one o' Pickford's Fast Wans, and you won't lose no time—get there quicker than I could!"

A HINT TO THE CLERGY.

CERTAIN Parsons have been making a complaint that they lose Burial Fees by reason of the closing old churchyards and the opening new cemeteries. Here is a hardship, no doubt, but we have not much sympathy with those who are sending round the coffin-plate for a collection. But, ever humane, *Mr. Punch* makes a suggestion to the unfortunate priests. Surely Marriage Fees are not only better things, but pleasanter things to take. Why do not the clergy try to extend this source of income? Young men hesitate to marry because young ladies—or, rather, young ladies' friends—have extravagant notions. Now the influence of the Parsons with the—pooch—with the Crinolines, is proverbial. Young and old women listen to the spiritual director. Why do not the clergy make a grand push in favour of themselves and of Matrimony? Let them go to work in earnest, seconded as they will be by all the male laity, man milliners excepted. Let them publicly and privately preach to the girls and their mothers that we want Wives, and not machines for making the fortunes of tradesmen. Let us hear of courses of Sermons to the Nubile. Would a brave priest refuse to church a huge Crinoline, a tremendous blow would be struck at extravagance in dress—or suppose he sent away a couple of lavishly adorned God-mothers, on the obvious ground that no two could be got into the same christening pew. If the pet and other Parsons will only work out this idea, Marriages will be multiplied, and they need sigh no longer for a share of the spoil of the Ghoul, the greedy undertaker. Go in, not for the Knell, beloved pastors, but for the Wedding Bells.

The Dear Creatures.

WHEN a certain Oriental potentate wants to ruin one of his principal subjects, he makes him a present of a White Elephant, which the poor man is obliged to keep, and by which, therefore, he is soon financially eaten up. In this country, the fashionable Mamma, who contrives to inveigle a soft young man into marriage with her expensive daughter, saddles him with an incumbance corresponding exactly to the White Elephant, in very speedily reducing him to ruin, and, as it were, eating him out of house and home.

PUNY WHIPSTERS THAT ARE AFRAID OF WOMEN!

WE would rather not be at Birmingham at the present moment, for it seems that the whip-makers are all busy striking there. The trade is in arms against the introduction of women into it. We cannot approve of this want of gallantry, which is decidedly opposed to the manly sentiment (always good for three rounds of applause at the Old Coburg) about "Striking a lovely woman in distress." Perhaps the cowards are afraid that the first use the women might turn their whips to would be to lay them right well across their selfish backs; and the cowards would deserve it, too, for thus meanly trying to get the whip-hand of the weaker sex. The extreme sensibility of the fair partners of our pains and puddings might probably revolt against lending themselves as willing instruments to the possible propagation of anything like suffering on a single living creature; otherwise, we do not see why women should not become as expert in the whip-making business as men; and we all of us can bear witness to the success that generally attends their winning efforts, when the funds of an institution are getting low, or a charity is inoperative for the want of larger means, or any good cause, or suffering creature, needs sustenance with a little money; for who let us ask, on such benevolent occasions, is so clever, so happy, and so successful, as a woman in "making a whip?"

Punning at Paris.—From our Insane Correspondent.

"THE Yankee CLAY who has been lately fuming against England clearly cannot be regarded as a pipe of peace; but we as clearly may consider that his words are all smoke, although it is quite certain that he has no backer."

THE DOGBERRY OF DEBATE.

QUOTH SCULLY, "I've been written down an ass."
"Well, so you are, in point of fact," said BASS.

PLAYFULNESS AGAINST PERSIGNY.—The prosecution of the Duc DE BROGLIE, and its consequent withdrawal, is familiarly alluded to by the Minister's intimate friends as PERSIGNY'S IN-BROGLIO.

THE GOOD SHIP EUROPE'S ROTTEN CABLE.

THE good ship *Europe* rides at anchor,
Shoals upon her lee;
Mainsail, topsails, jib, and spanker,
Close-reefed, as may be.
Heav'n knows, 'tis no time for running
Free before the wind,
Needs both crew's and pilot's cunning
Holding-ground to find;
While the surf the ear is stunning,
And the shingles grind.

Closer still the shoals environ,—
Watch on deck take heed!
Pay out cable, hemp and iron—
Ne'er was direr need!
Revolution's rock to larboard,
Blood-red, waits its prey;
Despotism's cliffs, to starboard,
Iron walls display;
Rides the *Britain*, good ship, harboured,
Safe in Freedom's Bay!

"Tell us, Pilot, what's the cable
Doth the ship retain?
Stout the stuff must be that's able
To abide the strain!
Strands, if hempen, twisted toughly—
Links, if iron, strong—
Groaning, grinding, chafing roughly,
As we surge along,

While the breakers' roar falls gruffly
Reef and shoal among!"

Quoth the Pilot, with a shiver,
"Cables! Heaven forfend
We should trust them, to deliver
Us from evil end.
On the best-bower, see the rotten
Cable chafe and fray,
From Saint Peter's bark, when gotten,
'Twas good stuff, they say—
As well trust a thread of cotton
As that rope to-day!

"Then Saint Peter's bark was tighter
Than our ship, I trow;
By the stern she floated lighter,
Lighter by the bow.
The Apostle he might rig her
Square or fore-and-aft;
But the good ship *Europe*'s bigger,
Heavier of draught,
Tonnage of a different figure—
Quite another craft!

"Once the Saint to sea could venture
With a priestly crew,
Now we cancel each indenture
Where a priest's to do.

No more the cross-keys bedizen,
As of old, our flag;
At the fore, and main, and mizen,
Blows another rag,
While Blue Peter we imprison
In the foul-clothes bag!

"Yet they call Saint Peter's rope here
Europe's stoutest stay!
If it be, Heaven help our hope here
In this rock-girt bay!
For I see its strands a-parting
Slowly one by one;
Everywhere its hemp is starting,
Rotted, rent, undone—
For our trust in't we are smarting,
As ashore we run!

"So much for the best bower tackle,
Truth is good to know,
But let idlers skulk and cackle
In the hold below.
Gallant lads new tackle veer up
From the cable-tier,
Lift sad hearts—sad faces clear up
With a lusty cheer;
Work, and hope the good ship *Europe*
Still may stay and steer."

A CLUB-MAN'S GRIEVANCE.

We are requested to publish the following correspondence which has passed between a gentleman about town and the Right Hon. the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:—

"SIR,
I. *Areopagus Club, July 6th, 1861.*

"I am not a 'determined antagonist' of the Income-Tax, on the contrary, I make it a business and a pleasure to get out of the way of that imposition as much as I can. The only trouble I give the officials charged with its collection is the putting their ridiculous documents through the slit in the door of my chambers in the Temple. My respectable laundress is charged with the duty of taking care that my mind is not diverted from my legal and other studies by any irritation that might be caused by the perusal of those objectionable rescripts.

"But it has occurred to me, and as I regard the subject from a position of impartiality, my suggestion may have a value which the reclamations of partisans may lack, that to those who *can* make up their minds to pay a tax of questionable morality, a certain amount of relief may properly be extended, and I beg to call your attention to the point in question.

"I belong to Five Clubs, the *Areopagus* (from which I have the honour of writing), the *Wombat*, the *Affable Swells*, the *Junior United Poker*, and the *Pachydermatous*. The subscription to these Clubs, which I need hardly say are *Necessaries of Life*, amounts to about £50 per annum. And at each Club, during the Racing Season, there is a series of Sweepstakes, to which it is not imperative, but highly clubbable to subscribe. Placing this outlay at the most moderate figure, I reckon it at £25, for I do not think a club-man justified in taking more than one chance in each sweepstake.

"You permit the deduction of Life Assurance Premiums, whatever they may be, and of sundry other payments, from the amount of Income to be returned to your Commissioners. I submit that a Member of London Clubs should, in fairness, be allowed to deduct his Club-Subscription and his Sweepstakes, which are, as you will admit, necessary to his London existence.

"For the reasons which I stated at the outset, the question is divested, for myself, of all but public interest, and I write in the purest spirit of patriotism.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your very obedient Servant,

"*The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.*"

"OAKE SPORTER."

II.

"SIR,
I. *The Exchequer, July 6th.*

"I am favoured with your letter of to-day.
"The Collector for your district has by this time received explicit instructions to take steps calculated to relieve you from the unenviable position of a defaulting debtor to the Crown of these kingdoms,

and to protect you from again finding yourself in so undesirable a condition.

"I should not be justified in entering upon a discussion of a hypothetical character, but as the Income-Tax will in future have a lively and personal interest for yourself, I beg to say that you will find your Five of Clubs trumped by the Queen, and that the supposed necessity of drawing a horse for the Derby must not be taken into consideration in presence of the real necessity of drawing a cheque for MR. TIMMS.

"That no appreciable hardship is inflicted upon you is more evident to me than it may be to yourself, but I must leave you to discuss that point with Somerset House. I would only suggest that the withdrawal of your name from one of the clubs you mention would not only enable you to meet the demands of the State, but would leave you a surplus for the purposes of charity. But I am not to be understood as recommending your delaying arrangement with MR. TIMMS until you shall have convinced yourself of the soundness of my views, as I have reason to think that an official document which will be placed in your hands within a few hours will intimate to you, on HER MAJESTY'S part, that the exigencies of administration will not permit any protracted interval for your examination of the question.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your faithful Servant,

"*Oake Sporter, Esq.*"

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

Advice to Opera-Goers.

NEVER volunteer to take any lady to a performance which you are particularly desirous of hearing, for fear she should be taken ill soon after it has begun, and want to go home. The observance of this rule will by no means be necessarily mere selfishness. If you wish to be kind to her, and treat her to an opera, do so, only wait till you are asked. Then you will find that she will not fall ill at the theatre, or if she does, so much the better, as far as your entertainment is concerned; for you will have taken her to hear music which you don't care about, and from which you will be glad to get away.

A LITERARY ANECDOTE.

THE first translation of *Corinne* didn't pay. The disappointed publisher, when asked his opinion of the work, not caring to conceal his disgust, exclaimed, with the most contemptuous psha! "STAEL flat, and unprofitable!"—*Nice Young Man's Companion for Small Tea Parties.*

An Obvious Observation.

IT cannot be denied that the exhibition which MR. SCULLY is alleged to have lately made of himself in the House of Commons in complaining of the way in which his tiresome speeches have been reported, and improved, was very numscully.



Fair Equestrian. "NOW, DON'T BE A CROSS OLD PUNCH; WE REALLY WON'T SPOIL THE BEAUTY OF THE GARDENS."

THE BELGRAVIAN LAMENT!

(On the Last Nights of "Colleen Bawn.")

Oh! Colleen Bawn, why leave me frowning
Alone in London without you?
Just thirteen times I've seen you drowning—
Because—I nothing else could do.
The theatres late are open keeping,
To try and bring out something new;
But my mother never sets to weeping,
As she does, sweet diving belle, with you.
Oh! Colleen Bawn, &c.

THE STRAND LAMENT!

(On the same Occasion.)

How that pretty piece was made to draw, dear,
And that pretty star was made to shine—
And a pretty lot of times you're drown'd, dear—
Last night it made two-twenty-nine!
That wicked WEBSTER here is snarling—
He takes your loss to heart, d'ye see;
Could he drown you oftener, Colleen darling,
Why then transported he would be!
Oh! Colleen Bawn! &c.

Policemen Should Mind their Letters.

"MR. POLICEMAN Z. presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and begs to complain that some of the newspapers have been writing about 'Pantry Evictions.' Surely, Sir, it would seem to me that this must be a mistake of the printers, for I hope and trust it will be a long time ere the force, to which I have the honour of belonging, hear anything about evictions from the Pantry!"

[It is *Mr. Punch's* belief that the above mistake cannot be accounted for otherwise than by charitably supposing that Policeman Z. was labouring at the time under some strange erratic, or aërial, wandering. Purposely, for a small joke, to confound Pantry with Pastry, *Mr. Punch* calls Pastry.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY 8, *Monday.* We must indeed be near the end of the Session, for the Lords had so little to occupy them that they endured a discussion on the Education of the People, and a very good debate it was, "inaugurated" (as the penny-a-liners say of the opening of a new public-house) by a well-prepared speech from LORD LYTTELTON. LORDS GRANVILLE and BROUGHAM also spoke, and the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE made a spirited defence of the excellent and elaborate report of the Education Commissioners, and observed, for the benefit of the Bishop-Maker, that although the Commissioners had not indulged in glowing phrases about religion, they had fully recognised the fact that the nation appreciates the value of other teaching besides that which is merely secular. The Bishop-Maker made no reply, but doubtless "thought the more."

Downstairs, LORD ELCHO showed that he was not so much occupied with the Wimbledon Rifle Meeting, at which *Mr. Punch* saw him in the excess of glory (and by the way, hurra, JOPLING! hurra, Champion Shot of England!—your health, our son!), as to be unmindful of other elevations than those of Rifles. He assailed the designs for the new Foreign Office, and contended that what is called Palladian—because, like Pallas, it has, in this case, sprung from the brain of Jupiter-PAM—is not so much to be admired as Gothic. COWPER—his Winter Walk at Noon is an excellent thing, not so his Summer Ride in Kensington Gardens—took the other side, of course, as might be expected from Jupiter's step-son, and declared that the style which, under Jupiter's decree, MR. GILBERT SCOTT had been obliged to adopt, was truly National. Perhaps he meant that it was like that of the National Gallery, which was not the very highest praise that could have been awarded. MR. LAYARD, by way of showing that his friends the "advanced intellects" of Southwark have not destroyed his admiration for antiquity, made a fight for Gothic, and asserted that of all styles it was the best calculated for the admission of light. One MILTON has described it somewhat differently, but it is perfectly true that domestic and ecclesiastical Gothic are as different things as claret and port. MR. TITE, as one whose fame chiefly rests on Italian architecture, spoke up for that style, but he gracefully defended the late SIR CHARLES BARRY, in regard to the Parliament Houses; and it was pleasant to hear one veteran architect championing the fame of another. LORD JOHN MANNERS described MR. SCOTT as the First of the Goths, and complained that he should have been driven

into a style not his own, and MR. OSBORNE civilly intimated to the House that it would do well to distrust itself, for that it had shown its great capabilities of blundering over architectural matters; and then Jupiter-PAM made a very long speech, much longer than he usually bestows on a foreign nation, or any such trifle. He declared his undying and unalterable attachment for Italian architecture, and patted himself on the head for having sent away MR. SCOTT'S Gothic designs twice, desiring him to do something Italian, which indeed Jupiter was good enough to consider had been capitally done. The House is sore on the Gothic question, for the expense of the New Palace has been monstrous, and the old gentlemen are always tumbling over one another and the palace-maids' dust-pans in the "dem'd religious light" of SIR CHARLES'S passages. These considerations, and Jupiter-PAM'S nod, floored LORD ELCHO and his Goths by 188 to 98; and our Foreign Affairs will be transacted under an Italian roof, which the KING OF ITALY may, if he likes, accept as a delicate compliment from England.

After Estimates there was another little battle on the Seats Bill, and as the Government had favoured the selection of Pontefract for a polling-place, the House followed up its policy of opposing everything the Government do on this question, and by 107 to 94 declared that Pontefract should not be the place, but that Wakefield should—a curious coincidence being that Wakefield is just now hung up in *terrorem*, for the most owdacious corruption.

Tuesday. The Lords discussed the East India Council Bill. LORD ELLENBOROUGH thought that it was far too large a measure, and LORD LYVEDEN (VERNON SMIDJTH) wished that SIR C. WOOD had drawn it a little milder. On the other hand, LORD DERBY thought that a little Parliament was not the thing to govern a vast empire like India. But the question is virtually left to the Westminster Hotel Company (limited), or at least to the great guest who has mopped up so many of the best rooms in this metropolitan improvement.

Downstairs, MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE had a grievance on behalf of some Reserved Captains, but it did not interest the House enough to induce a vote that should transfer their reserve into joviality, and by 60 to 33 Cocky was sat upon. Then more Civil Estimates.

Wednesday. "If it were not Sunday," said SIR FRANCIS BARING, "what should we do with people who get up fictitious Savings' Banks? I want to put down all banks not regularly certified." "If it were not Sunday," replied MR. HENLEY, "I should object to further interference, and should say that many small unpretending banks do a great

deal of good." "If it were not Sunday," said the HOME SECRETARY, "I should oppose new penal legislation on such a matter." After some more anti-Sabbatarian debate, SIR FRANCIS in a huff, and with a good scold at Ministers for alleged inconsistency, withdrew his Bill. The House then proceeded to the regular religious duties of the day. MR. HUBBARD urged the necessity of a rational settlement of the Church Rate question, and withdrew his own Bill as one means to that desirable end. SIR JOHN TRELAWNEY was a little high, but civil, and called on the Conservatives to make up their minds on the subject against next Session. That eminent Nonconformist, MR. TOM DUNCOMBE, was warm in his protests against a rate that troubled his conscience, and SIR JOHN PAKINGTON's trumpet sounded answer to SIR JOHN TRELAWNEY, and the former Baronet informed the latter that the anti-church rate folks had been smashed ever since they had declared that they desired to bring down not only rate but church, and that this would continue to be their fate, unless they respected the love of the people for the church of their fathers. Later in the week, MR. CROSS's Bill was also withdrawn, and now the Churchmen and Dissenters had better take off their coats, and think as hard as they can how to settle a question which involves very little money and very much irritation.

Thursday. NORMANBY duly snubbed, as usual—something about Whitby, which place it seems the inhabitants wish to convert into a fashionable watering-place. *Mr. Punch* has lately had the privilege of reading a good deal of the written minstrelsy of that neighbourhood, and of the nautical interest of the coast, and as it nearly all consists of desperate abuse, in *patois*, he suggests that the *Whitby Warbler* will require re-editing before civilisation can make much progress. The collier-bards are very outspoken, but "there is a form in these things, Madam, there is a form." As for that old fribble, NORMANBY, he would faint into the nearest coal-skuttle before the first verse of one of these ditties had been finished in his hearing. LORD REDESDALE expressed his wish to have Leicester Square cleared of the Great Globe and the dead cats, and also that the foreigners should be told to behave themselves more seemingly, and LORD GRANVILLE promised that the demand should be attended to.

"ROUNDELL PALMER took his seat,
So his triumph is complete,
For he told each Zetland thrall
He was not a Whig at all;
But, on PAM's express petition,
He had joined the Coalition."

Emulous of the Lords, the Commons got upon Education, discussed

the subject at great length, voted £643,794 for schools, and did something for salmon.

Friday. LORD STRATFORD is very anxious that we should begin to advise the new SULZAN; but the Government think that, like the man in *Measure for Measure*, he should be permitted to continue in his evil courses until we know what they are. A Bill for enabling landlords to borrow money to improve labourers' cottages did not please their Lordships, and it was rejected by 16 to 13. A similar fate attended the Book Unions Bill, which proposed to permit the lottery principle recognised in Art Unions to be acted upon by book associations. But LORD GREY was so dreadfully afraid that this permission would encourage gambling, that he opposed the measure, as did LORD GRANVILLE. We cannot understand why people should be allowed to subscribe to a lottery that can give them only a high-class picture or beautiful statuette, and yet not be permitted to indulge the nobler ambition of obtaining a volume of *Punch*. But the Lords know best, of course.

MR. SLANEY wishes that the public should be allowed to walk on the terrace in the river front of Somerset House; but MR. COWPER, though very anxious to make walks (and rides), is afraid that the young ladies will disturb the clerks, and make them put up in'porths of audits and other sweetmeats instead of penn'orths. LORD JOHN RUSSELL said that we had reason to complain of the Belgians for not carrying out the new Treaty, and he complained accordingly. Some claims, arising out of a little difficulty we had with Denmark in 1807, were brought up by MR. MACAULAY, whose name excuses his plunging into history for a grievance; but really the line must be drawn somewhere, or *Mr. Punch* will be justified in bringing forward a claim for compensation for a serious wrong that was done to one of his ancestors at the time of the passing the Heptarchy-Amalgamation Act. ATTRETON, the new A.-G., had the opportunity of making his first speech in that capacity, and of overthrowing MACAULAY.

Then came the Third Reading of the Bill for enabling votes to be sent, when the Universities cleft. Out came Peclides, with strong opposition to it. Now, it would be unkind to say that Peclides, who is about to leave Oxford for a northern constituency, is angry with the University for not painting the Radcliffe and the sceptre of St. Mary's black, in honour of his departure; but it would have been prettier in him to say something elegant and touching in favour of constituencies like his own. However, he did no harm, for the House had intended to pass the Bill, and this intention was confirmed by LORD PALMERSTON also speaking against it. The Government opposed the measure, and the House of course carried the Third Reading by 165 to 80—majority against Ministers, 85: a pleasant finish-up of the week's work.

THE RIGHT TAP AND THE WRONG.



lowest degree of malt liquor, is, in some parts of Hampshire, that is to say, in unmodified English, "Seems," the fluid so called being scarcely more than the semblance of beer. If we agree to distinguish Swipes with the lordly title of DERBY, we may perhaps venture, in a political sense only, of course, to apply the commoner appellation of Dizzy to Sims.

FROM a Foreign Correspondent we learn that, in the environs of Bingen on the Rhine, the wine of 1860, which is of very bad quality, is retailed under the name of DARTWICK, the unpopular minister of Hesse, whilst that of the previous year's vintage, which is excellent, is sold bearing the denomination of GARRIBALDI. This might give our brewers a hint; those of them who still continue to brew good beer. Fine sound old Ale (not bitter) might find popular favour under the name of PALMERSTON, whilst that of DERBY might be applied to Swipes, although the noble leader of HER MAJESTY'S Opposition in the Lords does not perhaps think small beer of himself. Swipes, however, is not the smallest beer. There is a sort of something like beer inferior to Swipes. This, the

COWPER'S CANON OF TASTE.

Who could not guess what member of the House of Commons it was that made, in the discussion on the plan of the Foreign Office, the speech wherefrom the following assertion is extracted?—

"He undertook to say that for one person who took delight in a Gothic building, there were twenty who derived greater pleasure from an Italian building; and he referred to the example of Paris to show the estimation in which the Italian style was held in the present day."

Of course everybody, if asked which of our legislators it was who exposed his ideas of architectural taste in the above declaration, would name MR. COWPER. In a matter of Art, according to our Chief Commissioner of Works and Public Buildings, the criterion of excellence is the opinion of the multitude. An Italian building is finer than a Gothic, because, for one who takes delight in the latter, there are twenty who derive greater pleasure from the former. By parity of reasoning, the minstrelsy of CHRISTY'S minstrels might be preferred to TENNYSON'S poems, married to the music of BEETHOVEN. MR. COWPER'S argument is that of a man naturally devoid of any sense of beauty, and who is therefore capable of spoiling that of Kensington Gardens by defacing them with a hippodrome. For one person who delights in a landscape, there are very likely twenty who had rather look at a horse, particularly with a pretty horsebreaker on the back of it.

The same majority of twenty to one would, no doubt, like to see a gratuitous circus established in Kensington Gardens, or the Garden of Eden itself. That would be what M. WALZWSKI calls a "miracle of sldleship" worthy of our British *Edile*; who is hereby requested to note for his future guidance, that in architecture and all other matters of taste, as in other matters more in a Minister's way, the majority whose decision is to be accepted as law, is a majority supposed to be qualified to vote.

REPRESENTATIVE RASCALS.



ASUALLY, on Thursday, last week, in the Laboratory of the Court of Probate, in the crucible of the witness-box, and under exposure to the fire of cross-examination, some particles of new and important truth were elicited, by that expert chemist the QUEEN'S Advocate, from a body denominated itself Dr. DAVID GRIFFITH JONES—a vile body, and thus a proper one for the subject of experiment, which, however, has yielded instructive results.

From Dr. DAVID GRIFFITH JONES, who claimed to be legatee under a will which a lady, apparently out of her mind, had made in his favour, were extracted the following confessions:—He had practised Homoeopathy and Hydropathy for about nine years. He had, however, commenced the medical profession as an Allopathist, or practitioner of the old system of medical treatment, inclusive of "bleeding." It may be questioned whether he ever abandoned

the bleeding system. He was the proprietor of a medicine not named in the *Pharmacopœia*, but called, by a Dutchman from whom he had purchased it, *Axtramankaz*. What was the derivation of this word he could not say: may we be excused for suggesting that it is evidently Double Dutch? He had obtained his diploma at the Marischal College, Aberdeen.

Thus far Dr. DAVID GRIFFITH JONES had merely confessed himself to be a quack doctor. The admissions, however, subsequently obtained from him showed that he was something even below that. Dr. DAVID GRIFFITH JONES proceeded to depose that, to obtain his Aberdeen diploma, he had travelled all night from London, and reached Aberdeen in the morning. He would swear that, but could not state the distance. It is, of course, obvious that if he had known the space intervening between London and Aberdeen, he would have taken no such injudicious oath. He arrived at Aberdeen at break of day, and stopped at the Railway Hotel. Here Dr. DAVID GRIFFITH JONES "became exceedingly pale and confused"—the suspicion dawning on his mind that he had been gently trotted into deposing to a tissue of impossibilities. In short, after asserting that he was examined at Aberdeen *viâ voce* and by paper, and swearing to a few more lies, which it is needless to detail, he was obliged to acknowledge that he had never been at Aberdeen at all; that at the time when he swore he was there he was really at Chipping-Norton; and that the signature, D. G. JONES, appended to his Marischal College medical papers, relating to the examination which he pretended to have passed there, was not his own, but "might be" in the handwriting of a certain Dr. REEVES; that he and this REEVES were in the habit of passing at various colleges for other persons, and that they occasionally represented each other. Of course, this last statement was partly false, inasmuch as it is obviously impossible that Dr. DAVID GRIFFITH JONES could have personated anybody capable of sustaining a medical examination; but there can be no doubt that he himself was personated at Aberdeen by the other fellow, and that this cleverer rogue of the two is accustomed to personate and procure diplomas for other scoundrels, who, being quacks, intend to pass themselves off for medical men.

Dr. DAVID GRIFFITH JONES, as he calls himself, of course lost his cause, and was condemned in the costs of the suit, but, unaccountably, was not ordered into custody, to be indicted for perjury. His accomplice, styled Dr. REEVES, whatever may be the real name of that knave, is also still at large. Is there no law under which he is punishable for the mischievous frauds which he appears to subsist by practising?

Be it observed, that the possession of a doctor's diploma by an obscene advertising quack is no proof that he has acquired it otherwise than by an arrangement made with a greater, but less ignorant, rascal than himself. The lying puffer of a pretended specific, though holding the credentials of a physician, has very likely obtained them by fraudulent proxy, and is simply just such another impostor as the perjured proprietor of *Axtramankaz*.

A SAD WORLD, MY MASTERS!

WHAT anguish the Mawworms must have felt the other day on reading this among the other news from Paris:—

"The total receipts at all places of public amusement were, during the last month, 1,685,459 francs, or 265,418, being nearly a franc a month per head for the whole population of Paris, men, women, and children."

A franc a month per head is no great sum to think of, individually apportioned; but in the aggregate it reaches a pretty stiff amount, although of course not half so large as that which *Mr. Punch* is able weekly to expend at the "places of amusement" where he recreates his young men. Still, sixty thousand pounds or so appears a tidy sum per month to spend in mere amusement; yet men who work have vital need at times of play, and without it health would suffer, and brain and body be diseased. But, say the Mawworms, public

pleasures are a wicked waste of time; although their absence can but lead, among the poorer class at least, to private drunkenness at home.

ZONG ON ST. SWITHUN'S DAY.

HEARKEE to St. Swithun's story,

This be his appointed veast,

Now he'll rain in all his glory

If to-day 'a rains the least.

By our fathers we was told it,

They from their resaved it true,

Whozsoever doth not hold it,

He's a unbelievun Jew.

Swithun 'mongst the Zaints did flourish

When sitch parsons did abound;

Now this earth no Zaints don't nourish—

All that's left be underground.

Bishop, too, 'a was o' Winton;

Zaints was mostly Bishops then,

Long avore the days o' printun,

When all books was wrote wi' pen.

Narc a one zet pattern brighter,

Then, when Bishops used to look

Zummut like, in robes and mitre,

Clawun hold o' Shepherd's Crook.

Beck'nun wi' the two fust fingers,

T'other hand, along o' thumb:

By their tombstones Vancy lingers

On their inidges zo rum.

Swithun, when 'a lay a dyun,

Says unto the Monks and Friars,

Who was then a standun by un,

"Now you hear my last desires.

In Cathaydral, if you'd plazc me,

Tomb not me when I be dead,

In the churchyard, mind, you lays me."

"Ees we 'ool," the clargy said.

They, hows'ever, when his sperrit

Left his body in the lurch,

Swithun's corpse did take and bury't,

'Gin his orders, in the Church,

Honour thinkun for to do un,

When their prommuss zo they broke,

That they counted reverence to un

Moor nor mindun what 'a spoke.

But the grave as did contain un

Scarce had hid un vrom their zight,

When, behold, it come on rainun,

Never stoppun day or night!

Six good weeks of wet unbroken,

Pourun hard for all that time,

Plainly was a sign and token

They had done some grievous crime.

Zo a fastun and a prayun

They set to, their fault to find,

Which they larnt was disobeyun

What St. Swithun had enjined.

Then they took and disinterr'd un,

And his body did convey

To the churchyard, where they buried un,

And 'a bides to this here day.

From thenceforth for ever arter

On that day if rain alights,

More or less the skies do water

Varty days and varty nights.

Wherefore now you knows the rason.

Zingun meaks a feller dry.

Moderate liquor grant in sason!

"Here, St. Swithun's health!" says I.

A Perpetual Motion

(Until one of the Parties dies.)

To MOVE:—for the Returns of all the Birth-days of a Lady, who positively declares she is not a day older than thirty-two.



ONE NIGHT FROM HOME.

Wife (to Unreasonable Monster). "IT'S OF NO USE, GEORGE, YOUR SAYING, 'HANG IT, MARIA;' I MUST HAVE SOME PLACE TO PUT MY THINGS!"

BLACK AND WHITE.

["The EMPEROR puts down the Slave-Trade, carried on on the Coast of Africa by French agents under the pretext of hiring and service."—Times, July 10]

THAT "one man's meat's another's poison,"
The proverb doth declare:
The lean *Jack Sprat* set longing eyes on,
His wife could not abear.
And thus it is in *Institutions*,
And *Constitutions* too;
What suits the Turks, or French, or Rooshians,
For Britons would not do.
So, if the EMPEROR have saved
The Gallic rooster's comb—
'Tis Liberty begins abroad,
As Charity at home.

No wonder he's so much disgusted—
That freedom-loving mind,—
Which in official agents trusted
Tastes like his own to find,—
To learn that Africans in batches,
By tyrannous French knaves,
Are fettered and thrust under hatches,
For all the world like slaves!
By such means men *may* be o'erawed
In Paris, or in Rome,—
But Liberty begins abroad,
As Charity at home.

Enthusiast! He thought the niggers
Thus clapped aboard his ships,
Were Fortune's fav'rites, freed from rigours
Of barracoons and whips,
To make, by bicoloured communion,
The isle to which they came
A blessed Black and White *Réunion*,
In fact as well as name.
But Frenchmen on such work of fraud
Elsewhere, henceforth, must roam—
Now Liberty begins abroad,
As Charity at home.

How that large heart of love paternal
Must at the thought have bled,
That spite of his regard fraternal
For men, white, black, or red,
While he conceived himself fulfilling
Humanity's high task,
Poor niggers should 'tween decks be grilling,
Like herrings in a cask!
Such lot may send a trait'rous horde
Cayenne-wards o'er the foam—
But Liberty begins abroad,
As Charity at home.

To think that Blacks who service proffered,
Free men to masters kind,
Should find a pair of handcuffs offered
The contract fast to bind!—
Should find their liberties surrendered,
Their souls no more their own,
The willing service that they tendered
To slaves' submission grown!
Something like this, if France applaud
Beneath the Tuil'ries' dome—
Why, Liberty begins abroad,
As Charity at home.

And if Ideologue logicians
Presume on asking why
These liberating dispositions
Do not at home apply—
Why you make France's fetters stiffer,
While Afric's off you strike,—
It is that French and negroes differ
As wide as black and white!
Down, fetish, slaver, force and fraud—
Except in France or Rome—
For Liberty begins abroad,
As Charity at home!

Sedet, Eternumque Sedebit Infelix Gladstone.

LOD PALMERSTON, the other night, remarked that there remained above five hundred votes to be taken in Supply, and that his Right Honourable friend, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, of course

would have to sit until they were disposed of. As the progress has been recently continued at the rate of about one vote per night, it is clear the total clearance will occupy some time; and funny members are beginning to apply to WILLIAM GLADSTONE the title of the Irremovable Poor BILL!



CÆSAR ET IMPERATOR.

“AH, MASSA NAPOLEON! YOU ALAYS WAS DE FRIEND OB FREEDOM—NOW YOU AM A MAN AND A BRODER.”

OUR NATIONAL DEFENDERS.



EAR PUNCH,

"I BEGAN to spin a yarn a week or two ago about a visit I had paid to some naval friends at Sherrysmouth, on board the training ship *Excelsior*, as I ventured to re-christen her. Anything in any way relating to our navy must always be to Englishmen a matter of some interest, and you will doubtless therefore let me scrawl what more I have to say.

"I have a horribly bad memory (as the tax-gatherer well knows), but I shall not soon forget my first night on board ship. Don't think I'd been gormandising, or taking too much wine. They give you good plain dinners at mess in the *Excelsior*, but do not tempt your appetite with nightmare-breeding

dainties. And as for getting tipsy, there is little fear of that. Twice the port goes round when the cloth has been removed (the first glass being emptied to the only toast—'THE QUEEN!'), and then you have your coffee, and perhaps one glass of sherry while it is being brought. Old Bacchanals may think this a niggardly allowance, but young blood needs but little wine to keep up its life-heat, and young pockets are the healthier for this wise rule of abstinence.

"The simple reason why I long shall remember that first night was that I slept with my ears within six inches of the deck, and a sentry with new boots was walking all night over me. Two inches of deal plank were all the barrier between my hearing and his heels; and although I am well used to Waits and catawaulings, and all the 'voices of the night' that make it hideous in town, this novel illustration of the Power of Sound was quite enough to keep me from all hope of going to sleep. Creak, crunch! Creak, crunch! If he had worn a wooden leg the torment could not have been worse. Creak, crunch! now coming nearer till his steps crunch through my head, and then receding gradually until he faces round, and then creak, crunch! creak, crunch!! the torture as before. It is a satisfaction certainly to know one's sleep is watched, that is to say, supposing that one can get to sleep. One feels inclined to say all sorts of sentimental things about the sweet little cherub that walks upon deck to watch over the life of poor JACK. But when the sweet little cherub is a heavy-footed sentry with a pair of creaking boots, one is prone at any risk to wish he were off duty, or at all events that he had got his boots off.

"However lazy and luxurious their life may be ashore, there is no fear of guests getting too much sleep on the *Excelsior*. At half-past five, shore time, or three bells, to be nautical, the day's business begins with a general rouse-out; and for a stranger to snooze through the bustle that ensues would be as easy as to fall asleep when first one hears Niagara. I was on the poop by seven, and found some future Admirals (at present mere Lieutenants on ten shillings a day, less Income-Tax, which Government, before it pays, deducts) hard at it in their shirt-sleeves with single-stick and foil, and practising their left hands to as good skill as their right. The chance of being wounded of course is ever present to the mind of fighting men, and in practice with the big guns, as well as with the small arms, care is rightly taken to provide against disablement.

"Breakfast at seven—hear it, ye who snore till twelve!—mess things all washed up, and men and boys all fresh and rosy from their scrub, standing at 8:50 for inspection on parade; drill from 9 till half-past 10; stand easy for five minutes, and then drill again until 11:45; dinner at noon, and pipe up those who like to smoke (a filthy habit, yes, dear, but you *should* just see how clean the deck is swabbed up after it!); drill at 2 bells until 5 bells. I beg your pardon, Cockney, I mean to say from one o'clock until half-past two; stand easy for five minutes, and then drill resumed till 4:45, when all hands knock off work, and, after taking supper, turn in at 8 bells. These details of the day's routine I jotted down on board from my own personal observation, and this important circumstance I think it right to state: because if making such things public be a peril to the country, it is right that I alone should suffer for the fault. Naval officers are now forbidden by the Admiralty to contribute any naval knowledge to the press; so I trust by my confession to save my friends at Sherrysmouth from the charge of having blabbed to me the secrets I've disclosed.

"From these details one may see that the *Excelsior* is not a ship for idlers or skulkers. It is in point of fact a floating public school;

public to all sailors, who are able seamen, and can read and write. From the commander to the cabin boys (who wait at mess so neatly, although one of them *did* spill the curry over my dress-coat) every 'hand' on board has good hard work cut out for him, and every head is exercised as well as every hand. One stares at first to see big horny-fisted fellows ciphering like schoolboys with slates upon their laps; and one stares still more to hear that trigonometry, perhaps, is the study over which those brown-faced heads are scratched. In big gun work it seems that trigonometry is somewhat of a help to trigger-nometry; and so, ye mariners of England who wish to raise your pay, by serving your nine months at school in the *Excelsior*, must make your minds up to a dose of mathematics now and then, or you will not get your certificate of having passed the ship. Gouty old bewailers of the good old naval times, when Jack Tars fried their watches, and made expensive sandwiches of twenty-pound bank-notes, must terribly lament this march of education, and bless their dear eyes that the change did not happen in their day. Well, I don't believe myself men fight the worse for knowing how to read and write; and whether in the navy, or in any other service, so long as a man's body is kept in good strong health, the more brains that he has the better it will be for him.

"Wishing well to all our Blue Jackets, as every Briton should,

"I remain, under command,

"YOUR NAVAL INSPECTOR."

A FASHIONABLE SQUARE.

AN Advertisement, occupying a conspicuous place in one of the principal columns of our fashionable contemporary, offers—

BLACK REAL LACE SQUARES FROM 16 GUINEAS.

Who would be such an ass as to marry a woman that expected to go about with a shawl upon her shoulders costing 16 guineas at least? That a "lace square," by the bye, is a sort of shawl, it may perhaps be necessary to inform some of our fellow men, who are bachelors, or who, being married, are not accustomed to scan the items of their wives' milliners' bills. A duck of a shawl no doubt, the purchaser whereof plays ducks and drakes with money. From 16 guineas to what sum does the price of these things ascend? What is the highest figure of a lace square, if 16 guineas is the lowest? How much would the entire dress, of which the lace square is only a portion, probably come to? The wearer, very likely, take her jewels and all, stands for several hundred pounds. What a walking Income-Tax for her husband! How can such a wife be supported by anybody but a man of boundless affluence? She must needs be ruinous to the fool who married her, unless he is so exceedingly rich a fool as to be blest with wealth in inverse proportion to brains. We should like to know the total expense of an establishment and a style of living maintained in conformity with the real lace square at from 16 guineas. In many a case, doubtless, there is a rapid transition from the square to the workhouse. It is well that females have no political rights. If they had any, the 16 guinea shawl-wearers would exercise in the Legislature an influence on the national expenditure very different from that which is exerted by the ten-pound householders. To what immensity the representatives of these incarnations of extravagance would swell the estimates!

With a view to defray the expenditure of one such sumptuous woman, her husband must have to resolve himself into a Committee of Ways and Means. What then? Why, perhaps he sells the securities which he is intrusted with, embezzles shares, or defrauds a bank, and passes, from subjugation to her insatiable vanity, into penal servitude.

DON'T RUN FOR GOLD.

THERE are Englishmen foolish enough to do the maddest things, but we trust that our readers are too sensible to allow themselves to be carried away by the absurd idea that gold is to be found in Nova Scotia. We doubt if there is any money in the colony at all, or else they would have built something like a decent hotel in Halifax long before this time. To prove how villanously deficient it is in accommodation of that kind, when the PRINCE OF WALES visited the town, poor LORD MULGRAVE had to turn out of Government House to make room for him. As for his Lordship, he was quite like an outcast in his own capital. For a whole week he slept on a billiard-table, without any covering, and had to put his toes in the pockets to keep them warm.

Philosophy on the Butcher's Block.

PROSPERITY, they say, is much more trying than Adversity. As with Man, so it is with Meat. In adverse weather, it will keep sweet for a long time; but only let there be a long succession of sunshine, and see how quickly it goes to the bad!



GROSS OUTRAGE.

"NOW, SIR, THINGS IS WERY FLAT, YOU SHALL HAVE THE TWO FOR 'ALF-A-CROWN. THERE!"

THE USUAL INGRATITUDE OF THE WORLD.

LORD REDESDALE, in the House of Lords, has been drawing attention to the disgraceful state of Leicester Square. In answer to him,—

"EARL GRANVILLE said that the public were much indebted to the noble Lord for calling attention to this subject, which was really of some importance."

Stuff and nonsense! If the public is indebted to anyone, it is not to LORD REDESDALE, but to *Mr. Punch*, who for years past has been rattling his truncheon against the rusty railings, in order to draw public attention to the dirt and rubbish that are collected inside them. We have been blowing hard upon this subject, until we have been nearly suffocated by the dust we have raised about our ears. It is not pleasant, for one's nose even (and the length of our proboscis has often been a handle for caricaturists to lay playfully hold of) to come in contact with so much filth, and we can only say that anyone now is at liberty to ventilate the same subject, and to see if he does not soon become sick of it.

We would send LORD REDESDALE all we have written on this monster dirt-heap, only we are confident, from the able remarks that his Lordship indulged in, that he has already read every line of it. Only, as the credit is due to us, so we must claim that it be honourably paid to us! If we only had a bottle of champagne for every public benefit that we have been the instigators or the authors of, crikey, CLICQUOT! what a glorious cellar we should have! We would open a Drinking Fountain with it, that should be continually running, being continually supplied, as it assuredly would be, from the fresh benefits we should be continually conferring on the world!

One favour only we ask: if this metropolitan Augean stable is to be cleansed (and we have practically been the Hercules to do it), let the same cart carry away the stable-boys, ostlers, disreputable hangers-on, and every speck of the offensive human, or other, rubbish, that has so long been incorporated with it.

A Dialogue.

SCENE—Kensington Gardens.

"WHAT a gabble those people on horseback are making!" said EUGENIUS to a fellow student.

"Yes, my dear friend; but you, as a lover of the poets, should not object to it. Is it not COWPER'S (*S*) *Table-Talk*?"

THE RIFLE RACES.

HAVING, from the enormous weekly increase to his wealth, a considerable interest in the welfare of the kingdom and in the condition of our national defences, *Mr. Punch* of course paid a visit to Wimbledon last week, for the purpose of examining the progress made in rifle shooting. The truth that practice makes perfect is nowhere more evinced than in a course of rifle practice, and *Mr. Punch* confesses that he felt no small surprise at the improvement in the shooting since he last year inspected it. Taking his stand beside the screen where last year's Champion Shot was shooting, *Mr. Punch* was pleased to see him score two "centres" in succession at a 900 yards' range; and, as a man of property, was still more charmed to see, that even such good shooting failed after all to win him the first place. Splendid as the practice of the Man (of) Ross may be, England doubtlessly ere long will count among her marksmen some thousands good as he is; indeed, if rifle shooting continue to improve at such a rate as it has done, we may expect men to score "centres" in continuous succession for an hour at a time, just as certainly as "sixes" are thrown in *Box and Cox*.

As he listened to the singing of the bullets through the air, *Mr. Punch* could not help hoping that such war-songs would in England be heard only in peace; and as he saw how surely the blue flag or the white (each denoting a fair hit) was waved after each song, he thought invaders would do wisely to keep well out of hearing, unless they wished to get an ounce or two of lead put in their ears. If any one had told him when he issued his first volume twenty years ago, that long before his fortieth was laid before the Universe he would see a bulleye hit with tolerable certainty at more than half a mile, *Mr. Punch* would have put very little faith in the prediction. But thanks to MINIE, ENFIELD,

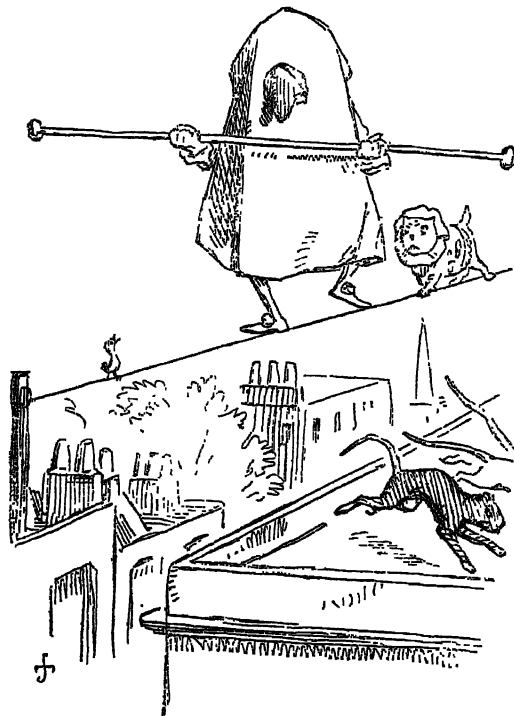
WHITWORTH, HENRY, and some others, the feat is easily accomplishable if men will only practise it, and every one who loves his country of course will. There is no doubt, had the ancient Britons owned such weapons, a black page in our history would never have been written, for the invasion of England would not have taken place. CÆSAR and his legions would have quietly been potted half a mile from shore, and even the very longest of their Roman noses would have never cast its shadow on the British sand.

Having just glanced round the tent where the prizes were exhibited (he did not dare to look long at them for fear he might be tempted to pocket one or two of them, which there were too many policemen looking amiably on to make it safe for him to do), *Mr. Punch* spent half an hour in smoking a cigar and seeing the "Rifle Derby:" which, but for the two trifling facts that there were no horses and (so to speak) no people, might somewhat have reminded him of the race whence it was named. But of all the rifle races, that in which he took chief interest was the one where Rugby distanced the other public schools, and which, from the creditable practice that was shown, proved that proper steps were taken to make our future statesmen as familiar with Enfield's rifle as they are with ENFIELD'S *Speaker*, and to teach their young idea how properly to shoot.

Quite disregarding dinner, in his military enthusiasm, *Mr. Punch* stayed on the ground until the ties were all shot off (by the way, why don't the drapers bring out a Rifle Tie?), and then returned to town feeling very hungry, and happy in his mind at having seen so good an exhibition for his shilling, and more than ever satisfied that as both a fundholder and father of a family he was well protected by our national defenders, and might proceed to lay his head upon his pillow without the nightmare of Invasion disturbing his night's rest.

EXERCISE BEFORE DINNER.

(To MR. ALDERMAN GUTCH.)



MY DEAR ALDERMAN,
LET me commend to your attention the following passage, extracted from a newspaper report relative to the Crystal Palace:—

“The grounds of the Crystal Palace are now very beautiful; the roses and flower-beds are in a state of perfection. Inside the building fresh novelties have been provided in the shape of a number of live turtles, which are allowed to sport in the southern basin.”

When you are going to dine with the LORD MAYOR, or to partake of a banquet in the hall of one of your great Companies, let me recommend you to take a holiday in the morning, and spend it at the Crystal Palace. You will find that a much better way to create an appetite than taking a dinner-pill. The inspection of works of art and objects of natural history, continued for a few hours, is a sort of exercise that generally makes people hungry, even if the zoological specimens are stuffed, and not culled for stuffing the beholder. But the sight of live turtle sporting in a

basin, which is one that can be seen by no person endowed with the least imagination without suggesting the idea of lumps of green fat floating in a tureen, cannot fail of rendering the most dyspeptic of citizens absolutely ravenous. The Crystal Palace was meant for the cultivation of people's taste: avail yourself of the advantages which it offers in that respect; go, contemplate the live turtle sporting in their basin; feast your eyes upon them there and then, and your mind, in anticipation, on the calipash and calipee, in the enjoyment whereof you are destined to revel in a few hours. “Abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs,” must always conjure up visions of delight enhanced by mint-sauce; but what are they to the delicious prospects, in connection with a squeeze of lemon, which will be presented to your Worship's fancy by the gambols of live turtle? Ah! May good digestion wait on appetite! Am I not, indeed, your Worship's

Sweet Remembrancer,

押西提心。

The Charendon, July, 1861.

THE SAVING OF INDIA.

By a letter in a *Times* City article, and which was there acknowledged as received from “an experienced Calcutta merchant,” grumblers at the Government were delighted with the following:—

“We have nothing new in the financial way lately, except a report to Government by the ‘Civil Finance Commission’ as to the working of the Government Stationery Office. They suggest such alterations as will, they say, cause a saving of some £80,000 a year, and the Government has ordered all their recommendations to be carried out. ‘If these things are done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?’ If £80,000 a year can be saved in stationery, what can be saved by a proper economy in the whole administration of India? The report is a perfect curiosity, and I feel tempted to send it to *Punch*. The whole matter would be laughable were it not too serious to see how money has been wasted.”

Thirty Thousand Pounds a-year seems a good round sum to save by squaring the accounts of a Stationery Office, and the consumption of pens, ink, and paper must be quite prodigious when such a sum as this can be annually saved in it. Government clerks in England have rather a bad name for wasting precious time for which the public has to pay them; but their fellow-clerks in India must waste something else than time, if the statement we have quoted be found to be veracious. It is a usual thing in England for Government to use a sheet of foolscap when it wants to write a note of half-a-dozen words; but in India one would fancy it must have been the custom to consume at least a quire of the most expensive letter-paper in making out rough drafts of every communication, and one would think that the fair copy was written upon vellum made from skin as precious as that which is reputed to have borne the Golden Fleece. Even this, indeed, would scarce account for such a waste as Thirty Thousand Pounds a-year; and one might really imagine that the Government clerks in India wrote with nothing but gold pens, and used a new one for each note. If one added that most probably their penholders were made of the finest mother-of-pearl, and inlaid with rubies,

emeralds, and diamonds, the conjecture would still fail to account for the enormous expenditure in stationery, which a saving of some Thirty Thousand Pounds a-year implies; and one would also have to fancy their inkstands gemmed with sapphires and their blotting-pads composed of £100 bank-notes, which they were welcome to tear out and put into their pockets, as trifles forming part of the perquisites of the place.

A good deal has been said about the saving of India in the time of the Revolt; but the saving which is spoken of as being now in prospect appears to us but little, if at all, less wonderful. Very certainly the Sepoys have not been the only or the most insidious enemies with whom the Indian revenue has been recently attacked. The *employés* who have wasted Thirty Thousand Pounds a-year must fairly be regarded as foci to her prosperity; and we cannot wonder that her fortunes should stand still while such a drain upon her coffers continues to be stationary.

SENSE v. SENSATION.

SOME would have it an age of Sensation,

If the age one of Sense may not be—
The word's not *Old* England's creation,

But New England's, over the sea,—

Where all 's in the high-pressure way,

In life just as in locomotion,

And where, though you're here for to-day,

Where to-morrow you'll be, you've no notion.

In that land of fast life and fast laws—

Laws not faster made than they're broken—

Sensation's the spirit that draws

To a head, whate'er's written or spoken.

If a steamer blow up on the lakes,

Or a statesman prove false to the nation,

Its impression the circumstance makes

In a paragraph headed “Sensation.”

If a senator gouges a friend

In the course of a lively debate;

Or a pleasure-train comes to an end

By trying to leap a lock-gate;

If the great HIRAM DODGE takes the stump,

Or the President makes an oration,

The event able Editors lump

Under one standing head of “Sensation.”

The last horrid murder down South,

The last monster milo-panorama;

Last new sermon, or wash for the mouth,

New acrobat, planet or drama:

All—all is Sensation—so fast,

Piled up by this go-a-head nation,

That by dint of Sensation at last,

There's nothing excites a “Sensation.”

And now that across the Atlantic

Worn threadbare “Sensation” we've seen,

And the people that lately were frantic,

Blush to think that such madmen they've been;

Mr. Punch sees with pain and surprise,

On the part of this common sense nation,

Every here and there, on the rise,

This pois'nous exotic “Sensation.”

When an acrobat ventures his neck,

In the feats of the flying trapeze,

Or some nigger minstrel would deck

His wool-wig with extra green bays;

If a drama can boast of a run,

By dint of a strong situation,

The posters e'en now have begun

To puff the thing up as “Sensation.”

Mr. Punch 'gainst the word and the things

It applies to, his protest would enter:

For the vulgar excitement it brings

May England ne'er prove fitting centre.

If you've got something good, never doubt it

By deeds will avouch its vocation;

And be sure that not talking about it

Is the true way to *make* a “Sensation.”



THE PHOTOGRAPH.

Mary. "WHY, TUMMAS, IT'S THE VERY MORAL OF YER!"
 Tummas. "PRETTY THING, AIN'T IT? PITY THE YALLER OF THE UNIFORM
 COMES SO BLACK!"

MRS. ROCHEFOUCAULD'S MAXIMS.

MRS. ROCHEFOUCAULD would like to know why her maxims should not be read, as well as those of her old lord and master. All women are not weak-minded; quite the reverse.

MRS. R. is quite convinced that the gallantry of *Mr. Punch* will induce him to do her justice, by opening his brilliant columns to a few of her good things.

The following are by no means her best:—

We can all bear, with resignation, a rent in the dress of our very dearest friend.

We should, indeed, be often ashamed of the noble devotion and self-sacrifice with which we give ourselves away, were it always possible for the happy man to know *why* we pass into the temple of Hymen.

We are really not answerable for our defects, and they are to be pardoned; but when we see a friend endeavouring, by base arts, to hide the *maladresses* of nature, we are justified in proclaiming the attempted deceit to the world.

We are jealous of men whom we love; and of women whom we hate.

Bracelets and ear-rings are to women what stars and garters are to men. Women are vain of their persons; men of their actions. Yet the men cry "Poor weak woman!"

It is difficult to announce the birth of love to another; but how much more difficult to declare that he is dead!

It requires the most consummate tact to hate politely.

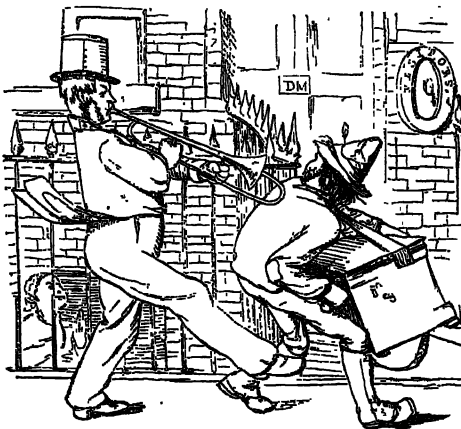
Our laziness often keeps us in the path of duty where our parents dropped us. But, if the world will cry "Bravo!"—why should *we* say "Hush!"

Generally, when we praise anybody, if we search our motives, we shall find that we are returning them only a very small percentage of the admiration they have expressed for ourselves. If a friend praises our dress and carriage, we handsomely find that her gloves are not *quite* so ill-fitting as they usually are.

Better be despised than ridiculed. Very great criminals have had exquisite taste in dress.

With Mrs. R.'s best compliments to *Mr. Punch*.

OUR MUSICAL POLICE.



Of course everybody knows (for hath not *Punch* proclaimed the fact?) that the Police are forming bands for musical performance, as a means of recreation in their well-earned leisure time. We met a body of them the other evening coming away from practice, with their instruments in their hands, and our first impression was that they'd been taking up a music shop, or capturing some burglars, who

had broken into one, and walked off with the stock. But when the truth became apparent, we thought how good a thing it was that the Police should live in harmony, and we reflected that their instruments would be greatly instrumental towards the keeping of the peace. A trombone in the hands of a Policeman six feet high would be a formidable weapon in the case of a street row, and a blow from an ophicleide, if wielded as a weapon, would be even more effective than a trenchant truncheon-cut. There is no doubt that a mob would soon be awed into dispersion if they saw a band of "Bobbies" marching down upon them with such arms in their hands, and playing the "*Rogue's March*," or "*See we Conquering Heroes come!*"

Nor will this be the sole benefit likely to result when our Policemen as a rule have music in their souls, and by pretty frequent practice have perfected their taste in it. A love of good music of course will inspire in due proportion a hatred of the hand-organs, gorilla German bands, and lamp-black Nigger minstrels, who are now so constantly the breakers of our peace. Welsh harpers from Whitechapel, and Scotch bagpipers from Shoreditch, will be taken up at once as musical impostors when musical detectives are enrolled in the Police; and as for all the squeakers with the hurdy-gurdy and squealers with the fife, they will instantly be handcuffed for the uttering of false notes. The same stern justice will be dealt to Paganinis of the pavement, who, if they persist in playing, will soon get into a scrape, and will find their solo stopped by a rapid pedal movement on the part of the Police; whilst their performance on one string will get them into a line which ends at the Station House.

We can imagine a street organ-grinder flying, terror-stricken, before a tall Policeman with a trombone at his lips, from which a blast of vengeance might fittingly be blown; while the Waits, who make night hideous with their fiddlings and their flutings, would at once be apprehended for the murder of our sleep. A Policeman who has gotten a good ear and taste for music, of course will have small mercy on all the bad banditti by whom the so-called "quiet streets" are now especially infested, and who levy a black-mail on all who are in hearing, and rob them of their money, or else rob them of their rest.

Clear as Mud.

THE ABBÉ CRUCE has lately been preferred to the See of Marsilles. This ecclesiastic, according to the *Courrier de Marseille*, "is of Irish descent, and the author of several esteemed works, remarkable for the qualities of their style and the clearness of their ideas." The clearness of the ideas contained in the works of BISHOP CRUCE is perhaps the strongest possible evidence, next to an authenticated pedigree, of his Irish descent.



CANDOUR.

DOG FANCIER. "Going to India, Sir? Oh, then I couldn't Sell him, Sir. Not out o' England, Sir. No, Sir. Why, I should never See Him Agin, ten to one—and he's a regular Hamnuthy to me!"

ODE TO PAM.

WELL, PALMERSTON, the bard did sing
We're not all up to everything,
Not any mortal every point is right on.
An admirable *Punch* I am,
And you're an admirable PAM,
But nobody's an admirable CRICHTON.

Enlightened statesmanship's your line,
You almost rival me in mine,
On every subject speak wise words in season,
Save only two, or some say three,
Blaming, in your theology,
The too prevailing element of reason.

But doctrine we will set apart—
It is in the domains of Art
And Poetry, elsewhere at home, you wander,
Going, like any sheep, astray,
Or erring creature, fond of hay,
But thought to be of gorse and thistles fonder.

'Tis very well, in terms jocose,
To say you pensioned POET CLOSE,
On trust of other peoples' commendation.
Confess you read his doggerel base,
And looked upon it as a case
Of genius, and of genuine inspiration.

Acknowledge, with a beaming smile,
You don't admire the Gothic style,
Because you have a Cockney's eye for building.
And do like garish marble halls
With chubby Cupids on the walls,
All overdone with carving and with gilding.

Admit, from utter want of taste,
That you allowed to be defaced
Kensington Gardens, by your understrapper,
With an intrusive horse-parade,
Against the public wishes made
To please the horsey dandies whippersnapper.

A Wee Bit o' Siller.

A SUBSCRIPTION is being raised for JOHN ANDERSON, the slave who struck for freedom, and won it. *Mrs. Punch* recommends the case to the liberality of English freemen, and even those who can afford to send no more than fourpence may do so with the appropriate line,
JOHN ANDERSON My Joe.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"ALTHOUGH my correspondence is professedly dramatic, I cannot pass unnoticed the fact that GIULIA GRISI, the Queen of Lyric Song, is at length about to abdicate the throne she long has filled. Her eight last final farewell performances are over, and her admirers have but one more chance of paying her their court. Wednesday the 24th (the day when these lines are made public) is fixed for her retiring, and they who have not taken seats before they see this notice will have faint chance of getting them. A 'bumper at parting' one can't doubt that there will be, for it is something to remember to have seen the last of GRISI.

"Quando ullam invenies parem?"

When are we to hope to look upon her like? Where else can we hear that pure and classic style of vocal declamation, or see sweeping o'er the stage that stately queen-like step? When again shall we see *Norma* as *Norma* should be seen, or again so deeply sympathise with *Valentine* and *Desdemona*? This I could not well help thinking when taking my last look at her as *Donna Anna*, wherein she sang and acted I will not say as finely as she had ever done, but more finely than I know of any other who can do. No, I'm not forgetting TRIFENS. She is a grand singer, and still grander as an actress; but in neither, to my thinking, is she yet so grand as GRISI.

"*Au reste*, *Don Giovanni* was capitally cast, and indeed the whole performance was worthy of the leave-taking. To say that COSTA was conductor is to say that band and chorus were all that could be wished, and that the accompaniments (were there ever such accompaniments?) were played as MOZART would have loved to hear them. We have seen a better *Don*, we who remember TAMBURINI; but can any one imagine

a more excellent *Masetto*? RONCONI's rustic clumsiness all our stage bumpkins should see, and lay to heart a lesson from his admirable by-play. They may learn how to be humorous without making themselves ludicrous, and how to keep their drollery from overstepping nature.

"What do I think of PATTI now, I've seen her as *Zerlina*? Well, I frankly own she charmed me more than I expected. Girlish, fresh and graceful in both her voice and bearing, she sang and acted with good taste, and neither overdid her part nor played tricks with the music. There was no smack of the 'infantine phenomenon' perceivable, and (is it that MOZART is more inspiring than BELLINI?) there seemed more impulse and more spirit in her playing and her singing than when I saw her in *Sonnambula*, I thought she could exhibit. How her talents may develop I shall not pretend to prophesy, but I fancy her *Zerlina* will afford me greater pleasure than her lunatic *Lucia* or her consumptive *Traviata*: and I hope, now I have heard her sing such music as MOZART's, that she will not run the risk of spoiling her good taste by singing too much in the sickly sentimental VERDI school, which brings improvement neither to the singer nor the listener.

"With the exception of a comedy translated for the Haymarket by the veteran MR. PLANCHÉ, and a skit at the Adelphi on the question of Belgravian Mammals v. Pretty Horsebreakers, there are no dramatic novelties to bring before your notice: and my comments on these two I shall defer until I've seen them—I wonder, do the critics adhere always to this rule? At the latter house the *Dead Heart* has once more been brought to life, as the *Colleen Bawn* has been withdrawn for a few weeks. The withdrawal took place not because the piece had ceased to draw, but because poor *Miles-na-Coppaleen* required a little breathing time after his tremendous headers in the lake, of which terrific jumps he has now taken here in London two hundred and thirty one! I am somewhat at a loss to account for such success, for though

to my thinking the piece is somewhat cleverly constructed, (especially the Cave Scene,) it contains but little that can raise it above ordinary melodramas. But playgoers in general are a rather sheep-like race, and blindly follow one another wherever fashion leads them. Very certainly, however, I rejoice at such success on Mr. Manager's account, for he well deserves whatever solid proof of popularity he gets, for no man in his position has ever tried more earnestly to please the fickle public. I feel inclined to clap my hands too on the author's own account, for I am told that he participates fairly in the profits; and this principle is one I think of benefit to the drama, for when a writer has directly an interest in the long-continued running of a piece, he will surely spare no pains to do his utmost towards ensuring it.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

"P.S. By the by, Mrs. STIRLING, to whom all playgoers owe so much, has been robbed of her trinkets—many of them birthday gifts and such like memorials. An Amateur Performance at Camden House will be given by some of her admirers to replace the money value of her loss. August the third is the day fixed for *Peg Woffington's* benefit."



The Age of the Comet ascertained to a Nicety. The Antediluvians Recognise an Old Acquaintance of A.M. 1372.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY 15, *Monday*. English residents in India made, through LORD ELLENBOROUGH, the not unreasonable request that when they have to be tried they may be tried before English judges and juries. Every man except one man must desire to be judged by his peers, the exception being, of course, the architect who has built a bad bridge. LORD TALBOT DE MALAHIDE adverted to the subject of Treasure Trove—or hidden (not to say, absurdly, Malahidden) treasure. Finders of curiosities have an unfortunate habit of thinking them their own, and of acting upon that conviction; and if the Crown would offer rewards for the surrender of such matters, valuable archaeological relics, his Lordship thought, would be saved from the melting-pot. The difficulty is, that Lords of Manors and others have rights which the Crown might injure. But with all conceivable respect for vested rights, *Mr. Punch* conceives that JOHN TOMKINS, Esq., 1861, has not much real claim to coins buried by JOHANNES DE TOMKYN, 1352, and that the land which has been taking the trouble to keep them in her faithful bosom all the intermediate time, has a sort of right to put them in her cabinet in Great Russell Street. LORD CLANRICARDE obtained an address for inquiring into the state of the Common Law Courts in Ireland, where, this noble Irishman reports, there are a great many more judges than are wanted, and that the whole lot do less work than two English judges. Now this is no allegation by a cruel and brutal Saxon who longs

to tear away the consecrated ermine from the shoulders of the Hibernian Themis, but the statement of ULICK DE BURGER, descendant of the Great Lord of Connaught in 1227. LORD STRATHFELDEN urged the appointment of a British Beak at Mozambique, in order to help the Portuguese to put down the slave-trade, but LORD GRANVILLE preferred to wait until DR. LIVINGSTONE should have had time to carry out his operations. And a Committee was appointed to consider the case of the TURNER and VERNON pictures.

TOM DUNCOMBE wished to know whether the American Secessionists are to be allowed to tar and feather British subjects. LORD JOHN RUSSELL—but, under the circumstances, he must have a new paragraph—

EARL LUDLOW, or EARL RUSSELL, *aut quocumque*, replied that he had heard of only one case of the kind, and in that case a Britisher was about served right for wearing partizan colours—yes, *Sir*.

Six Irishmen tried to prevent the House from going into Supply, by raising a long debate on Irish Education. The answer to all objections to the present system is, that we are teaching 800,000 little Irish folk, and as the new Census shows that there are but 5,764,543 people in Ireland, the per-centage is exceedingly satisfactory. The 6 were defeated by 36, and the English tyrants voted £285,377 for Irish Education. Into the Offences against the Person Bill MR. HENLEY discovered that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL had introduced a clause which would place any unfortunate refugee at the mercy of the Police, and would do, in fact, what the House so vigorously refused to do, some time ago, to please our friend the Fisher for Frogs. MR. WAIPOLE supported MR. HENLEY in denouncing this clause, and after a little battle, the Government of course, gave way. It is thought that the great guns of the Administration had not been aware of the nature of the clause, for they made only Fort Sumter firing, with sawdust in their shells, and surrendered as quickly as they could. AHERTON must not do this sort of thing without leave, or we shall be obliged to put the naughty boy in the Judge's corner at once.

Tuesday. Lords—India.

In the Commons, after a preliminary squabble on the Irwin business, hereafter mentioned, and a refusal by Government to appoint a Consul at Pesth, the only interesting business of this night was the discussion on the vote of £12,000 for the National Gallery. LORD HENRY LENNOX was very urgent upon Government not to incur any expenses for new galleries. LORD PALMERSTON praised the plan of CAPTAIN FOWKE, for improving the Trafalgar Square building, but thought that what had been done there had been well done, which indeed it ought to have been, for the job has cost £15,000. He said that the Academy was quite ready to move out when requested to do so. MR. LAYARD dwelt upon our pictorial wealth, and our inability to exhibit it, and poor old MR. SPOONER complained that in the National Portrait Gallery there was a likeness of NELL GWYNNE. *Mr. Punch* only doubts whether the foundress of Chelsea, who has surely been harmless long enough to permit us to remember only her good points, ought not to have a statue by the Thames. Divers strong hints were given that the sooner the Academy cleared out of Trafalgar Square the better. *Appropos* thereof, *Mr. Punch* hereby pats the heads of the Royal Academicians, and the other distinguished artists who have publicly protested against the six-legged intruders into Kensington Gardens. When the Sacred Grove is delivered from the galloping Swells, let it, in gratitude be called the Grove of Academus, which the Swells will not be able to spell. On second thought, however, the rhododendron walk deserves the name already, (if one accepted derivation of the title be correct,) for, thanks to COWPER, it is Removed from the People.

Wednesday. If SHERIDAN had written the play of the *Moor*, there might have been some slight reason for his descendant's meddling with mimes; but as he wanted even that excuse for bringing in a Mining Bill which was generally condemned, and even repudiated by MR. PAULL, whose name was on it, we cannot condole with him on the extinction of his legislative Davy's lamp, and the consigning it to Davy's locker. The Bill for enabling people to give criminal evidence without swearing made some progress. On the Metropolis Act, MR. AYTON objected to the THWAITES Parliament being allowed to alter the names of streets, so the power is to be limited to the cases where several streets are called by the same name. This

restriction is simply as absurd as most legislation—if a council can be trusted to unchristen a couple of rows of cottages which two uxorious builders have called Sarah-Ann Terraces, why can it not be allowed to alter King Street into Dryden Street, or Buggin's Row into Massinger Buildings?

The House rose early, and a great many of the Members went and dressed themselves elegantly, and proceeded to the Mansion House, where LORD MAYOR CUBITT gave a splendid feast in honour of MR. COBDEN and M. MICHEL CHEVALIER, as negotiators of the French Treaty. The best utterances on the occasion were by MR. COBDEN and MISS POOLE, who were loudly applauded. Nothing could be properer than a City dinner on such an occasion, for the Treaty is held to be a piece of peace policy, and what fitter emblems of Peace and Love are there than Turtles? Mr. Punch begs also to mention, to the extreme honour and glory of the LORD MAYOR, that instead of giving the sort of wine which mean Mayors have dared to set before the Immortal, LORD MAYOR CUBITT set forth liquors which were all first-rate, as the Immortal has some faint recollection of having remarked to the stars, *en route* to Eaton Square.

Thursday, India in the Lords, and a speech by the new LORD CHANCELLOR in honour of the English bar, to which the Indian Judicature Bill is about to open a prospect that, as LORD WESTBURY said, will produce a hydraulic effect upon the mouths of many in Westminster Hall. MR. MILNER GIBSON withdrew the Trades Marks Bill, as requiring more consideration than would be given to it by gentlemen who are thinking of "marking" of another kind. The debate, when it comes, will be edifying, and Mr. Punch begs to subjoin a brief extract from a leading article in the *Glasgow Morning Journal*, which in alluding to a recent case of Trade Marking says—

"Very adroitly had one firm—who, we suppose, are good upon 'Change for thousands—gone about the dodge. Besides adopting the colour of the paper used for packing the French cotton, which was of a very peculiar shade, and putting the French superscription on the outside, they affixed the mark of an anchor upon the packages—the French device was a cross—but had the packages tied up in such a way that the string concealed the flukes of the anchor, and gave it all the appearance of a cross also. We need say no more than that the case against these merchant princes was so clear that the VICE-CHANCELLOR did not think it necessary to call on the plaintiff's counsel to reply. Let not this instance of unswerving mercantile morality be forgot when our Sheffield and Birmingham cutlers cry out against the Belgian makers for imitating their trade marks."

The lawyers had an innings, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL explaining that upon the Bankruptcy Bill Government had decided to "disagree" with the Lords as to the appointment of the new Supreme Judge, and to make a fight for that creation. MR. BOVILL thought the big Judge was not wanted, and urged that he would be uncommonly expensive. Various other big-wigs spoke alternately, and then the new SOLICITOR-GENERAL came out with his first official speech, in defence of the Judge appointment. Him did CAIRNS compliment on his appearance, and seek to refute in argument, and on division the Government obtained a victory, having 173 to 129. As the parent of the Bill is now up aloft, we shall hear whether his eloquence will avail to induce the Lords to retract their decision. LORD DERBY, Mr. Punch perceives, has packed his shirts and razors in order to be off to Knowsley, so the most formidable opponent of the measure will be out of the way.

Friday, LORD TAUNTON gave very sensible counsel upon the subject of two statutes which are contemplated, or rather which are not at present contemplated because they are not in existence, but which it is proposed to erect in St. Margaret's Square, Parliament Palace, to BRUNEL and STEPHENSON. He hoped that care would be taken to make these memorials worthy of the men and suitable to the locality, adding a grievous doubt whether they would be either.

An interesting Polish debate followed, and all sorts of noble Lords expressed all sorts of noble sentiments in favour of Poland; but all agreed that the very best thing she can do is to lie quiet, and hope the best from the good feeling of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

MR. NEWDEGATE made a speech in abuse of the Inland Revenue Bill, and a variety of small objections were urged against some of its clauses, but Peclides pushed it through Committee. LEVER, of Galway, assailed by petitioning IRWIN, of Quod, declared himself spotless and virtuous, and IRWIN something entirely different. As usual on a personal matter, there was much solemn cackle.

But then came a debate of real interest and importance. MR. KINGLAKE demanded whether the Government would deny that the KING OF ITALY had an intention of ceding Sardinia to France. SIR ROBERT PEELE supported him in his demand. EARL LUDLOW or RUSSELL (Mr. Punch is always a-head of all the world) made an effective speech. He paid a high tribute to BARON RICASOLI, but said that if, after his declaration that he would not cede an inch of Italian soil, he should think of giving up Sardinia, he would be one of the Meanest of Equivocators. France and Italy had distinctly declared to the English Government that there was no idea of such cession. We ought to be very vigilant, and very strongly armed, but ought not to be always evincing suspicion. The suggested annexation would at once put an end to the alliance of England and France. Our Earl *in futuro* also spoke kindly of Spain, warmly of Italy, hopefully of peace, but renewed his emphatic decla-

ration that it was the duty of England to keep her sword bright and ready. BOWYER, of course, emitted bosh in the interest of the Papacy, and upon him did Peclides fall in thunder, defending the policy of England towards Italy, and braying the Bourbons in a mortar. Some mewling complaints which poor LORD NORMANBY had made, in behalf of the EX-DUKE OF MODENA, were hardly worth the notice of Peclides, but it may be imagined that he made slaughtering work with them. MR. LAYARD spoke up valiantly for CAVOTR and his truthfulness. The whole debate was of a character which the great *Punch* has not often to notice, and which, if he were ever given to despair of our Monarchical Republic, would prevent his indulging himself in so unphilosophical a recreation.

THE ABDICATION OF THE QUEEN OF SONG.

"Wednesday, July the 24th, is fixed for MADAME GRISI's retirement from the stage."



NE "bumper" at parting,
though many
A crammed house to hear
her have met:
For her farewell the fullest
of any
Remains to be filled by us
yet.
Of the charms that her
genius hath in it,
Each performance a fresh
one brings forth,
And hardly until the last
minute
Shall we realise fairly its
worth.
So, fill we a bumper, and
treasure
The thought that we've
heard her last note:
'Tis meet we who owe her
such pleasure,
To her farewell our presence
devote.

This evening will see our
"Star" sinking
From the scene by her
genius made bright,
While our ears her last ac-
cents are drinking
Ere she fadeth for aye from
our sight.

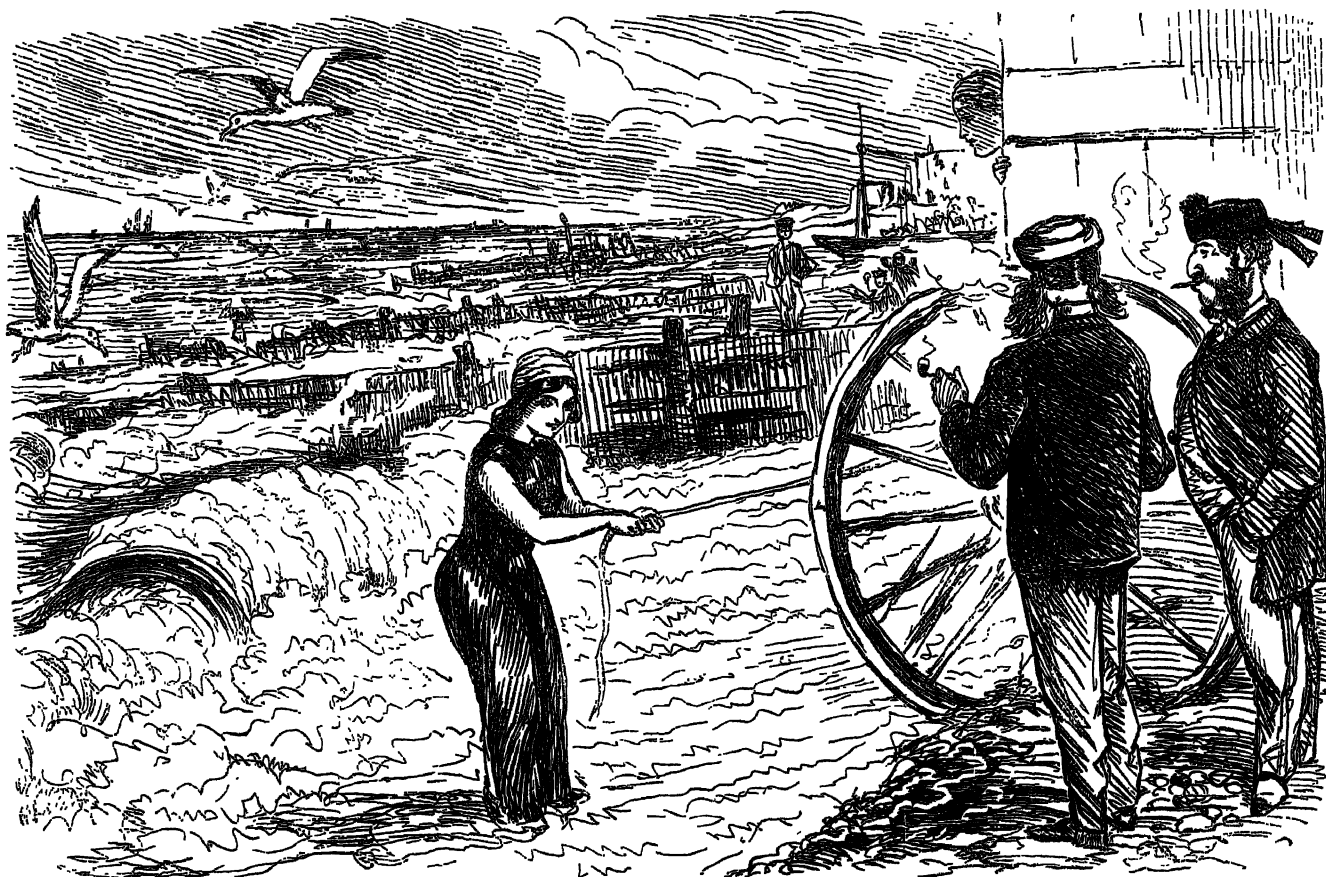
Gone our *Valentine*, our *Desdemona*,
And *Semiramis*, statelyst queen,
Gone our *Norma*!—shall we not bemoan a
Sweet syren as GRISI hath been?
But fill we a bumper, and treasure
The thought that we've heard her last note:
'Tis meet we who owe her such pleasure
To her farewell our presence devote.

YANKEE GREEKS AND TROJANS.

ACCORDING to intelligence received from New York, the telegraphic wires between that city and Troy have been burnt. It is a hard matter to burn wire, except in oxygen gas, and the combustion of wires perhaps could scarcely have occurred even in the conflagration of the original Troy. "Burnt" is probably a blunder for which we should read "broken." The destruction, however, of the telegraphic wire connecting New York with Troy was probably a strategic operation, and suggests the possibility of a second siege of Troy. The siege of Troy, U.S., or late U.S., will perhaps be immortalised, by some Yankee versifier in an Iliad composed in the language of BIRD-FREEDOM SAWIN. Or the "blind old man of Scio's rocky isle" may find a successor in LONGFELLOW, who is less likely than any other fellow either in the Union or down South, to fall short of HOMER.

Egging Him On.

Knowing Old Gentleman. Now, Sir, talking of eggs, can you tell me where a ship lays to?
Smart Youth (not in the least disconcerted). Don't know, Sir, unless it is in the hatchway.



"WELL! THE BOLDNESS OF SOME PEOPLE!"—A SKETCH ON THE BRIGHTON COAST.

JOHN RUSSELL, EARL LUDLOW.

AIR—"John Anderson, my Joe."

JOHN RUSSELL, EARL LUDLOW, JOHN,
When we were first acquaint,
You would have scorned the haven
On which you now are bent.
But times are not more changed, JOHN,
From thirty years ago,
Than from the LORD JOHN once I knew
Will be the EARL LUDLOW.

JOHN RUSSELL, EARL LUDLOW, JOHN,
We cried "Reform" together;
But Reformers now-a-days, JOHN,
Have all clapped on the tether;
The Big Reform Bill pass'd, JOHN,
The Small one proved No Go;
And you can boast a hand in both,
When you are EARL LUDLOW.

JOHN RUSSELL, EARL LUDLOW, JOHN,
A gallant course you've fared,
Spite of letters, now and then, JOHN,
That had been better spared.
The British Constitu—, JOHN,
You've talked out long ago;
You'll drop your common places,
I hope, as EARL LUDLOW.

JOHN RUSSELL, EARL LUDLOW, JOHN,
I can't refrain a groan,
Contrasting your new sphere, JOHN,
With that where once you shone.
The House of Lords I fear, JOHN,
You'll find uncommon slow,
And for the Commons, gipsy-like,
You'll sigh, when EARL LUDLOW.

JOHN RUSSELL, EARL LUDLOW, JOHN,
You'll miss that field of fight,
Where each day brought its council,
Its struggle every night.
At eight your business done, JOHN,
Home from the Peers you'll go,
And, like Pat, "for want of batins,"
You'll mould, my EARL LUDLOW.

JOHN RUSSELL, EARL LUDLOW, JOHN,
I count the glorious names,
Who to put on Peer's ermine
Laid down their earlier fames—
Of CHATHAM, HOLLAND, PULTENEY—
Whose ghosts in warning row,
Within the House of Lords, JOHN,
Wring hands o'er EARL LUDLOW!

AIDS TO AGRICULTURE.

At the Leeds Agricultural Society's annual meeting, there is wont to be exhibited a number of miscellaneous and unclassified inventions, unconnected, or supposed to be not particularly connected, with agriculture. Among these, this year, were included baths, beer-engines, and boot-cleaning apparatus. Baths, however, and boot-cleaning apparatus, are very desirable adjuncts to a farm. Agricultural proceedings, such as threshing and haymaking, usually induce states of skin which render ablution peculiarly necessary, and, after clodhopping over a chalk or clay soil, anybody would be glad of a boot-cleaning apparatus at hand, or rather at foot, to remove the five or six pounds of mud which the clodhopper has cleaving to his heels. Beer-engines are very highly requisite, and on a large farm they ought to be powerful engines, so as to draw beer enough to slake the thirst of a multitude of perspiring reapers, who, bathed in moisture, are nevertheless, as they say

in Hampshire, "terreeable dry." But the farm beer-engine ought to be connected with a cellar of good home-brewed beer, and then it will have the wholesome effect not only of refreshing and invigorating the labourers, but also of keeping them away from the public-house, and the jerry-shop, where beer-engines generally communicate with the very worst of swipes, or with bitter ale, the best of which is tolerably good physic of the tonic kind, and nearly as nice as infusion of gentian; but is rather the sort of stuff to cure the complaint of "seediness," and "hot coppers," than that of natural thirst, such as carters and ploughmen are frequently attacked with in the course of a day spent in actively and energetically carrying out the operations of agriculture. Farm-labourers sometimes ignorantly object to machinery, but the dullest of clowns has sense enough to approve of the beer-engine.

THE FALSEST OF FALSE UTTERERS.—One who coins lies.



RETIRING INTO PRIVATE LIFE.

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"I DARE say while staying at Rome, or Paris, or Dresden, or Munich, you have not failed to observe the wonderful confidence and simplicity with which our fair countrywomen trip through the various picture-galleries in those famous cities, making running notes on RAPHAEL—dotting down TITIAN with an H.B. pencil, transferring MANTEGNA to the fly-leaf of MURRAY, and cutting up a work by GUIDO with no more remorse than if it were a wedding-cake. The ease and rapidity with which these charming critics form acquaintance with and discuss the merits of the old Masters is truly astonishing. I once heard a young lady (who certainly did know how to turn her eyes to excellent account) remark, that she had 'done' the Capitol between the hours of breakfast and lunch, adding that she would be able to give me a full description of the Borghese Collection by the time we met at dinner. 'Per Bacco! Ma'am,' I exclaimed—you know we were in Italy, and I always ejaculate, if possible, in the language of the country where I am residing—'per Bacco! What a muff is your humble servant. Here have I been spending months in the study of a single gallery and am half inclined to throw up my profession in despair, at my ignorance.'

"And this is what I always feel regarding the works of VANDYKE BROWN and MAC OCHRE in our English Academy. Is justice ever done to those renowned artists? Seeing an Exhibition indeed! Give me one picture in one room for one hour and I will try and tell you something about it. The remarks which I make in these letters may amuse and cannot possibly offend the public, but as for pretending that I have carefully examined every one of the eleven hundred and thirty-four works of art exhibited at the R.A., and as for setting up as a learned critic—psah! I know the value of my own malt, and am as modest a fellow as you could wish to see.

"With this little exordium then I enter the Middle Room, and without commenting on the unfortunate bathos which occurs from the juxtaposition in the catalogue of the *Spirit's Flight* and *Preparing for Dinner*, I pass on to MR. CALDERON'S picture (214), viz. *Liberalizing Prisoners on the Young Heir's Birthday*. The young heir looks somewhat frightened, and but for the presence of his father would hardly feel inclined to volunteer his own presents to that rascally red-nosed *Bardolph* who kneels before him. The ingredients of tenderness, humour, beauty, and grotesque, which are mixed together in this CALDERON make me hope that this gentleman will never let his brush lie idle—in short that CALDERON will keep the pot boiling.

"MR. WHATE exhibits *A Leaf from the Book of Nature*, which is a modest title, considering the amount of foliage depicted in this landscape. It is as full of truth as of beauty, and the moss-covered boulders are as near reality as Nature herself could *lichen* them.

"If MR. HUNT has chosen a simple theme this year, it only shows his capability for treating all subjects with equal skill. There is much to admire in his *Street Scene in Cairo* (231), and many will consider that his lantern maker exhibits his powers in a new light.

"The painting (241) by MR. HUGHES might bear a double interpretation. I am still uncertain whether the draper's fair customer is deterred from or inveigled into her purchase by 'ruinous prices,' and whether the poor girl in black is concluding a bargain, or being underpaid for her needlework. In either case the moral is a good one, and I advise young ladies to look to it.

"So much has been said in praise of MR. FAED'S work (247) that I may well be excused from pausing to describe it. Such subjects never fail to rouse an interest in all English hearts, and there was no need to introduce a minute glass, or let that smouldering candle burn so low to point a moral in the 'last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history.' That famous carpet, which in the *Arabian Nights* transports its owner whither he pleases, is scarcely more wonderful than MR. LEWIS'S canvas (266) which, under the influence of his magic touch, sets us down in the Bezestein, Cairo, and introduces us to a blue breeched, slippered merchant, who, stick or yard-wand (?) in hand, presides over his goods with a graceful solemnity which does him more credit than he is likely to give his customers. Not having yet made much progress in Oriental languages I am doubtful whether the name *El Khan Khalie* refers to the party in question, but that his *ell cane can* *Jick* is very probable, and I dare say the little 'gamias' in Cairo are aware of the fact and discreetly keep beyond the reach of this 'regular Turk.'

"I admire MR. KEYL'S very clever and truthful little picture, *Winter Coals* (304), so much that I hope he will aspire to some subject of a higher class next year. To 'carry Coals to Newcastle' is proverbially a mistake, and it seems a pity that an artist of such ability should send them to the Academy.

"It now becomes my painful duty to call your attention to a pun evidently perpetrated by the Hanging Committee, who, not content with recognising MR. MEADOWS in *A Cornfield* (307), have hung that gentleman's picture close to that of MISS HAY (308). *Writing to Mother* (315), is a little cabinet painting, by MR. ERWOOD, in that simple unaffected style which he has almost made his own. It has more poetry in it than many works of higher aim.

"No. 343 is a noble portrait of MISS ALICE PRINSEP, who must indeed be '*facile princeps*' as a reigning belle, if one may judge from this painting. I say it in all sincerity, for MR. WATTS is the artist, and his work may tend to prove after all 'What's in a name.'

"No. 381 represents a Franciscan sculptor chipping away at a huge gargoyle, while a jolly old toper 'of the period' crouches under a stone bottle (doubtless lately filled with his favourite beverage), as a model. However much rain may flow through the gargoyle, it is evident that precious little water has passed the lips of the original. The sculptor himself seems a jovial sort of fellow, and, judging from the vigorous blows with which he sends his chisel on the stone, he is never likely to be accused of 'cutting it too fine.'

"MR. LESLIE'S reading of the *Antiquarian's Story* (423) is only equalled in emphasis by the antiquarian himself, who, leaning on the back of his chair with a volume in his hand, persists in boring a young lady, who it appears is in love with his absent son, and is come to hear what she can of him.

"Fancy what a situation!—to be let in for, perhaps, a dissertation on the pointed arch at the moment when indulging her mind in visions of a domestic circle; to hear of the exploits of the Black Prince, instead of the latest news from her own verdant hero. Ah! she would rather be reading a note of his than in possession of the original copy of Magna Charta. The old gentleman may as well shut up his book at once for he will surely get nothing but black looks in return for his 'black letter.'

"*Ars est celare artem* (as I used to inscribe in my school copy-book) and there are some works of genius for which all criticism seems redundant. They say MR. FECHNER'S performances are so true to nature that his audience forgets he is acting; and when I come to MR. M'CALLUM'S landscape (456) the last thing I think of is paint. Yonder are ingenious representations in oil colour spread over canvas and strained within splendid frames. But here all thought of gilt mouldings, pigments, and gesso vanish at once, and I am looking right through the Academy walls into *Burnham Wood on a May Morning*. It is no fiction, but the place itself. Sure never was seen more wondrous truth than in the shadows which fall across the foreground from that ancient beech. The young fresh sward is stretched before you. Those were last year's leaves which crackled under foot. The lambs come bounding down the slope; you can almost think you sniff the pure country breeze—and if that is not illusion in Trafalgar Square, my name is not

"JACK EASEL."

BEAUX-WOWS!

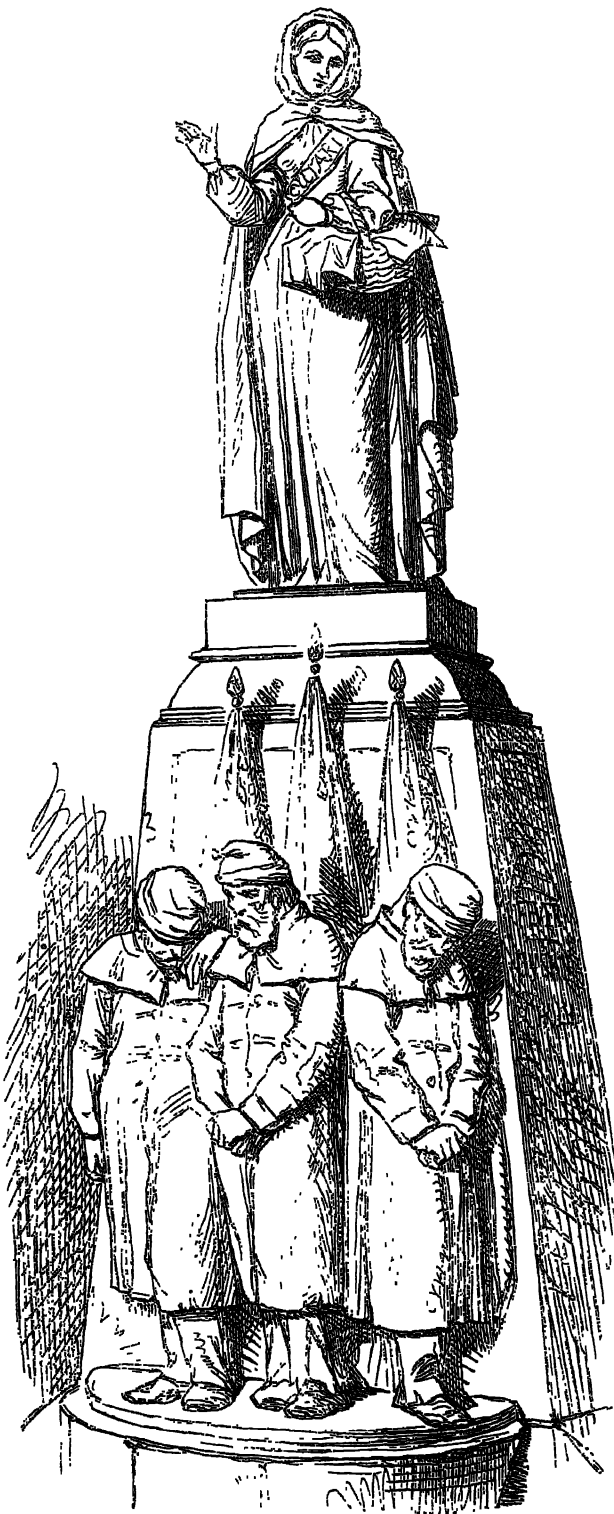
AT LEEDS there has been a grand Dog-Show, all in honour of the Dog-days, we suppose? A young lady says that she wishes there was a Puppy-Show; for she would send her cousin, who she is positive would win the prize, for she looks upon him as being the greatest puppy in the world. We are not so sure of this ourselves. At such a competition, the entries would naturally be extremely numerous, and we do not think there is a circle of young ladies in England who has not a favourite puppy of their own, that they would be prepared to back with the greatest confidence to any amount. We think some such exhibition would be extremely popular, as well as useful. It should be open to puppies of all nations, and the prizes would be well worth having, if every puppy was allowed to enter himself at his own estimation. Would the lady patronesses at Almack's mind taking it under their affectionate care? If they smiled on the scheme, it would be sure to succeed. There is plenty of time to organise it well before the Exhibition next year.

DRAMATIC MARTYRDOM.

ACCORDING to a notice in the *Times* of the performance of *Fabiola* at the Whittington Clubhouse the other night, the martyrdom of the primitive Christians was represented on the stage. *Fabiola* is a play founded on the tale of the same name, written by CARDINAL WISEMAN, whose dramatic Eminence presided at the representation of it in its dramatised form. The exhibition of martyrdom on the stage is a stroke of theatrical effect characteristic of the red-stocking school, though a scenic execution would probably be applauded by a Surrey or Victoria audience. The Ultramontane and the Transpontine drama exhibit a mutual affinity. However, we must not perhaps object to the performance of Christian martyrdom, or else we shall be accused by our æsthetic friends of a want of Catholic taste.

A: Good Beginning.

It is now known beyond all doubt that BARON VAY has resigned. Our dog *Toby*, who is always ready, says that the Germans as a nation would certainly be much more cultivated than they are, if their minds could only be brought to the resignation of all their *barren ways*.



THE GUARDS' MONUMENT,

AS IT IS, AND AS IT SHOULD BE.

BRITANNIA is a liberal mistress to all who serve her—she is liberal in money, liberal in gratitude, liberal in honour—or at least, if she isn't it is not her fault. If her pay might be better, it isn't BRITANNIA who is to blame, but her stewards, bailiffs, and foremen, who manage the wages department. If her gratitude is sometimes grudging, it isn't BRITANNIA who grudges it, but the clumsy or pampered menials whom she is obliged often to send out with messages and on errands

to those who press their claims at her door. If the tributes of honour she bestows are too often ludicrous, petty, and disappointing to the people they are meant for, it is the fault of the contractors she employs to engage architects and sculptors, and not the old lady's, who would prefer better workmen, if she knew how and where to find them.

Unluckily, she wasn't brought up with special regard to accomplishments, and it must be confessed, if her contractors' and master-builders' taste be often at fault, her own would not be much better were she left to herself. But the old lady means well.

It isn't always the sculptor's fault either, when the last new statue turns out a failure. Ten to one he has been crippled in means, or over-ruled in his design, or otherwise hindered in the development of his idea. But even if the statue be unobjectionable, BRITANNIA is pretty sure to hear of some blunder in the inscription, which is always safe to sin either in bathos, bad grammar, brag, or balderdash.

Take the last monument, but one, erected out of BRITANNIA'S coppers—the Guards' Memorial in Waterloo Place. It isn't what it should be in all points of design, less, however, by MR. BELL'S fault than that of the Committee which commissioned and over-ruled him.

But the worst faults of the monument are not those of taste at all. However good its sculpture, the monument is a standing lie—as great a lie as the Monument. If that column—

“Like a tall bully lifts his head and lies,”

on Fish Street Hill, the Guards' Memorial lifts its tall head and lies in Waterloo Place. The lie is not MR. BELL'S, who was told to celebrate death in victory, and has done it, by his figure of Honour crowning the brave trio—Fusiliers, Grenadiers, and Coldstreams—with laurel-wreaths. The inscription, answers to and justifies MR. BELL'S design; but it is precisely in the inscription that the lie is to be found.

Thus it runs,—

“ALMA,
INKERMAN,
SEBASTOPOL.

TO THE MEMORY OF 2162 OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE
BRIGADE OF GUARDS, WHO FELL DURING THE WAR WITH
RUSSIA, 1854—1855—1856.”

Fell, *i. e.* died in battle or of their wounds—died a soldier's death at the hands of the enemy. But what enemy? Do those who penned the inscription mean the Russians? By the list of battles it would seem so.

But *was* Russia the enemy, *were* Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol the battles in which 2162 officers and privates of the Guards fell in those years? Let us see the official returns. They tell us that the total number of the Guards' Brigade killed in the Crimea was—

At Alma	37
At Inkerman	190
Before Sebastopol	61
And that the total number who died of their wounds was	161
<hr/>	
Making, in all, those who died in battle or of wounds	449

What becomes, then, of the remaining 1713? Alas! they *fell* too, but in the combat with very different enemies. Their enemies were—

FEVER,
DYSENTERY, AND
CHOLERA.

Who slew by the first 376, the second 256, and the third (with Diarrhoea) 839—making the slain in these battles 1471, and leaving 242 for the skirmishes with such formidable light troops as Frost-bite, Scurvy, and their train.

These are enemies who are occasionally let loose against us at home; but in the Crimea they were officered, and manœuvred, by traitors from our own camp—General Mismanagement, and General Routine. It was these old villains who misdirected the stores, and crippled the transport, and prevented the roads from being made, and shipped the hospital stores under the shot and shell, and ran riot in the Scutari hospitals, and made the field hospitals scenes of misery and stench and starvation and putrefaction, and sent out boys' boots and socks and flannels for big men to wear, and served out green coffee with no mills to grind, and no fuel to roast it; and were at the bottom of a great many other of those master-strokes of mischief, which set BRITANNIA asking whom she should hang, and left her very indignant she couldn't find the exact neck for the noose.

No; the Guards' Monument is a mistake—to use the mildest term. The figures and the inscription should both be altered without delay. For MR. BELL'S allegorical figure of Honour, with her arms full of laurel-wreaths, place on the apex of the pyramid a statue of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, with a bandage in one hand, and a basin of broth in

the other. Group three sick Guardsmen below her, and for: "Alma, Inkerman, Sebastopol," inscribe—

"FEVER,
DYSENTERY,
CHOLERA."

And then the Guards' Memorial will speak the truth—for its inscription will commemorate the most deadly battles the English soldier in the Crimea had to fight, and its figures will represent his best aids when he conquered, or his best sources of comfort, when he fell.



"What is the use of trying to get Forty Winks after Dinner in July? Here's this Old Gentleman, who has Purchased every Fly Exterminator advertised, has Beat himself Black and Blue in less than ten minutes."

TESTIMONIAL TO THE SWAN OF SOUTHAMPTON.

On Wednesday last week the statue of DR. WATTS, which has been erected in the West new Public Park at Southampton, was inaugurated, the officiating augurs being ministers of divers denominations and the Minister of Public Worship (without a portfolio), the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY. As Stratford-on-Avon boasts of the divine WILLIAMS, so Southampton is proud of the divine WATTS.

The inauguration of DR. WATTS's statue took place in a tent or tabernacle, screening it from the popular gaze, to which, however, it had been exposed the day before, on the evening whereof the ingenious artist who made it was seen mounted, in true workmanlike style and costume, on a ladder, which, elevated above the spectators, rested against DR. WATTS's peruke, and giving, with mallet and chisel, the finishing touch to the Doctor's shoulders.

At an early hour of morning the church bells were rung, and flags were hoisted on many of the shops and other principal buildings of Southampton, as they always are when anything at all unusual is going on there.

About two o'clock a procession, consisting of the persons engaged to be actors in the approaching ceremony, and many supernumeraries, marched from the Audit House up the High Street to *The Heavens are Telling*, from HAYDN's *Creation*, reduced to a psalm-tune, played by the Band of the 2nd Hants Volunteer Rifles, with the introduction, apparently, of a drum effect from the *British Grenadier*. It was remarked, that the gallant Band perhaps misunderstood their instructions, since the air in the *Creation* most appropriate to the occasion would obviously have been *The Marvellous Work*.

The procession was headed by the Rifle Band, performing, as afore-

said, a psalmodic march, then came the Sappers and Miners, and Ordnance Map-office clerks, followed by two senile mace-bearers, bearing huge maces, and another old beadle between them, carrying a silver oar, and preceding the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY with the Corporation at his heels, the Mayor on one side of him, and the REV. THOMAS ADKINS on the other. After the corporate officials walked the Ministers of Religion, mostly dissenting; and the Sunday-school teachers brought up the rear, which terminated in a miscellaneous tail, hard pushed by a crush of market-carts.

The inauguration of the statue was preceded by one of DR. WATTS's hymns, and performed by LORD SHAFTESBURY in telling somebody to uncover the statue, which was accordingly divested of the sheet it had been wrapped in, and stood disclosed. Whereupon the people shouted, and cried "Hooray!"

Another hymn was then sung, and devotions followed. Discourses suitable to the ceremony were thereupon delivered by the Revs. the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY and THOMAS ADKINS. After their eloquence came the *Hallelujah Chorus* of HANDEL, and then an *édition de luxe* of *Watt's Psalms and Hymns* was presented to the Rev. and noble Earl. The *Hundredth Psalm* succeeded, and like the statue, was regarded as a great success. After that the REV. THOMAS ADKINS pronounced the benediction in right reverend fashion, like a Bishop, and the ceremonial concluded with *God save the Queen*.

At five o'clock LORD SHAFTESBURY dined with the Mayor, and at seven his Worship the Mayor presided at a *soirée* which took place at the Victoria Rooms. In the mean time the Rugged School children were hospitably entertained on his Worship's lawn, and by way of addition to their entertainment, were addressed by the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, and severally presented with a copy of DR. WATTS's *Divine Songs for Children*, out of which we trust they will learn something more edifying, if not more entertaining, than *Old Bob Ridley*. Dinner, speech, and presentation, were thus all despatched in two hours, which was quick work for an Earl with a Mayor for his host, and affords, to all Mayors and noblemen, an example which few of them will imitate.

The business, or pleasure, of the *soirée* consisted in speeches, recitations, and the singing of psalms, to which were added the means of bodily refreshment for those who might choose to pay for them. Owing to this optional arrangement the good things abundantly provided in the card-room (where there were of course no cards) by MR. FISK, experienced a consumption in value amounting to rather more than three pounds.

The statue of DR. WATTS is a work of the Comic order. That is, chiefly by reason of its fidelity, for he was a little man with a big head and aquiline nose, and as such is represented in the costume of his period, wearing a long gown and a flowing wig. He stands with the right hand upraised, as in the act of preaching, and with the left foot advanced, apparently not putting the best foot forward; but this, no doubt, was his natural attitude. The posture is one which, if it were not that of DR. WATTS, we might call somewhat groggy. The Doctor's figure is executed in white Sicilian marble; and in the three basso-relievos of the same material, on three sides of the shaft of the pedestal, he is portrayed, on a smaller scale, in as many different positions. In the front one he appears surrounded by children with clasped hands, and his visage is remarkable for a decided squint, which he perhaps acquired late in life. In that facing the east, DR. WATTS sits musing in his study, amid mathematical and astronomical instruments, resting a foot upon a stool, and scratching his chin; whilst the opposite side exhibits him seated in the rapture of poetical inspiration, as he probably appeared in composing "Why should I deprive my neighbour?"

Bearing in mind the obligation which that question suggests, let us give the sculptor, MR. LUCAS of Chilworth, the credit, which is his due, of having made a statue which, necessarily droll, is yet as ornamental as the case admits of, and is really a much better work of art than any monument which has been since many a day erected in London.

A Morning's Reflection.

BY A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO HAD BEEN "MAKING A NIGHT OF IT."

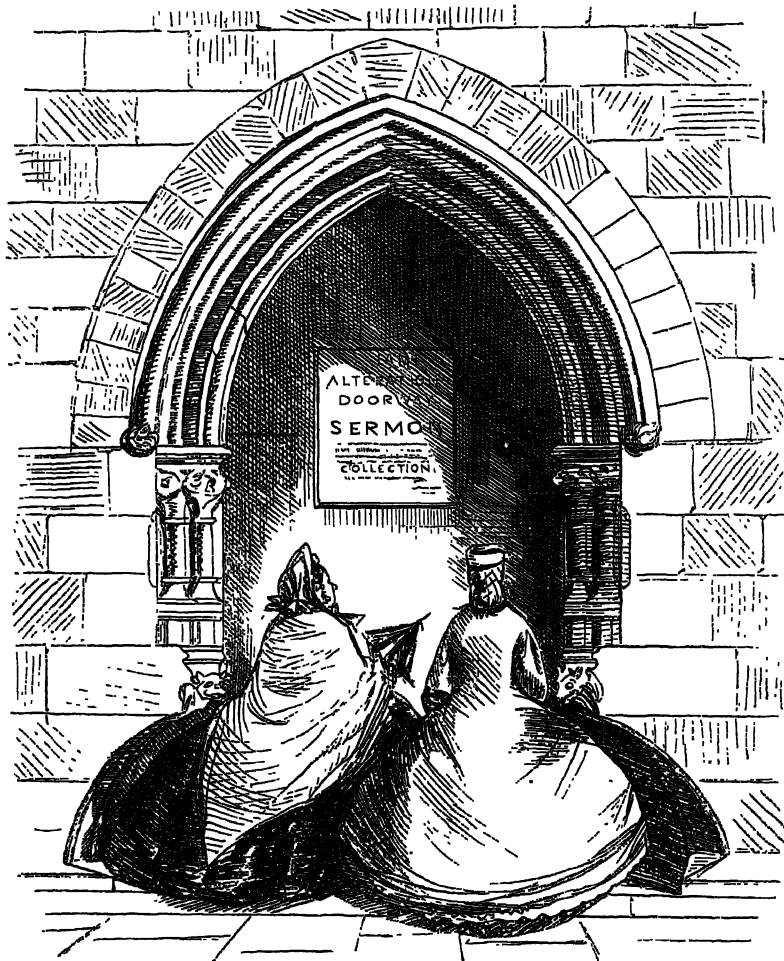
THIS truth I've learned, alas! a day too late,
That dissipation makes a dizzy pate.

IL Y A DE QUOI.

THE papers say that the PRINCESSE CLOTILDE met at Lisbon with "every mark of respect and sympathy" from the inhabitants. "Sympathy," for what? Was it for having married PRINCE NAPOLEON?

A HOLIDAY TASK FOR SLOW COACHES.

WE doubt if the slowest of slow coaches would ever be able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to whether the Galway Steam Packet Company has made less way in the public estimation with its LEVER or its (S)crew?



A HINT TO ARCHITECTS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

THE GORILLAS OF THE PRESS.

WE wonder how many of the readers of the *Croydon Chronicle* felt that tingling in their toes which unfailingly betokens a propensity to kick, when they came across the following impertinent remarks which a short time since appeared in that influential paper:—

"It is said that PRINCE ALFRED will travel through Canada, by the same route his brother travelled last year. But that PRINCE ALFRED is a 'jolly good fellow,' not at all of an envious disposition, how bitterly would he feel the difference of reception over the same course. But, if my information be correct, PRINCE ALFRED is not the lad to grizzle and fret his fiddle-strings with envy and chagrin. Rather is he the lad to 'give his governor the slip,' as he would express it, and enjoy himself."

Of course we need not say that these are the opinions of "our London Correspondent." No other news-writer would pretend to such an intimate acquaintance with PRINCE ALFRED as to describe his tastes and feelings with this familiar freedom. Other penmen, let us hope, if they possessed such knowledge, would keep it to themselves, and would know better than to blurt it into public print. At any rate, supposing that the sentiments of Royalty were thought fit to be divulged, the disclosure would be made without offensive flippancy, and such assumed familiarity as can but breed contempt.

Having shown his intimate acquaintance with PRINCE ALFRED by chronicling a sample of the slang he talks, the writer next proceeds to dab his pen into the PRINCE OF WALES, doing it of course in the offhand jaunty manner peculiar to his craft:—

"By the way, his elder brother, heir to the most brilliant throne of ancient or modern times, also requires a little looking after. Not that he is one whit worse than most young gentlemen of his age—nay, he is more steady; but you know a Prince ought to be so extremely proper, and so excruciatingly correct. He ought not to smoke cigars, but he does; nay, infinitely worse than this, he ought not to give the slightest encouragement to the vain aspirations of any young lady subject. But—I will not say that he does, but once upon a time, a little bird tells me he did."

PROTESTANT SPOONER ON PAINTING.

MR. SPOONER has earned considerable reputation as a zealous Protestant, but the other night, in Committee of Supply, he exceeded himself, and MR. NEWBEGATE too, in that capacity. Or rather he came out in quite a new Protestant character. He protested against the vote of £2,000 for the National Portrait Gallery, on the ground that too much money was spent upon pictures and the promotion of art, and that the trustees of the Portrait Gallery did not care what was the moral character of the persons whose portraits they admitted. He likewise urged that they cared not how bad a picture was "so long as it was a portrait of somebody notorious in our history." This objection is a strange one to proceed from the mouth of a gentleman, who, on moving that the vote in question be disallowed, is represented as having said that—

"He did not propose to divide the Committee on the motion, but only to protest against the continuance of such tom-foolery."

What MR. SPOONER calls tom-foolery is the national expenditure of money upon pictures and the promotion of art. His estimate of the value of art appears to be incompatible with the ability to distinguish a good picture from a bad one. The good moral character of a person is considered by MR. SPOONER as a necessary condition for the admittance of his likeness into a portrait gallery. Esteeming right morality to be based upon true religion, MR. SPOONER would perhaps limit the exhibition of historical portraits to those of sound protestant personages. Heretofore, protestants have been content with protesting against pictures regarded as objects of worship, but MR. SPOONER goes farther, and protests against them as objects of acquisition at the cost of a little money. This extremely ultra-protestantism, is very like the doctrine of Islam, which prohibits pictorial likenesses altogether. The religion of SPOONER is very like that of MAHOMET, and it is much to be feared that, as to his opinions about art at least, the honourable gentleman has turned Turk.

Yankee-Liners and Penny-a-Liners.

WE receive such extraordinary bombastic statements from America, respecting the Civil War, that we think a new line of steamers ought to be specially appointed to bring them over. Instead of CUNARD'S, why not establish for the occasion a fast-going line of *Canards*?

Here the writer tells a story—that is to say, a lie—about what he calls a "grand Terpsichorean festival," whereat the Prince was smitten with a "beautiful young lady," who was afterwards discovered to have written him a note. And it is with stupid and offensive lies like this certain "London Correspondents" fill their weekly sheets. Really, as a loyal subject one feels inclined to ask, is there no protection from these literary Gorillas who, when hard up for club scandal, make attack upon our Princes, and scarcely hold their hands from an attack upon the throne. To put it in the mildest way, the fellows who poke their noses into places where they have no business deserve to have them tweaked.

Un Nom de Guerre?

PRINCE NAPOLEON is one of the distinguished members of the Bonaparte family. But if he is a Bonaparte, might we not respectfully inquire: "*A Quoi Bon?*" From his constant habits of travelling, and of always discreetly getting out of the way, when there was any danger, we think we might venture to say that he was only *Bon-a-partir*!

LIGHT, CHEERFUL, COMPLIMENTARY, AND LITERARY!

At the review of the Curragh the other day, there were a large number of Irish beauties present, which interesting fact led H. R. H. to exclaim, with that happiness and gallantry for which his family has long been distinguished, that he was delighted to find the race of CURRER BELLE(S) was far from extinct!

MERELY A GEOGRAPHICAL MISTAKE.—Evidently, MR. COWPER mistakes Kensington Gardens for Yorkshire,—he is so very anxious to divide it into two Ridings.



The Doctor has been Sounding the Gentleman's Chest in the present Approved Fashion; i.e., without giving him previous notice.

IRASCIBLE PATIENT. "Does it Hurt Me?—Does that Hurt You?"

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BENEVOLENCE.

A MEETING was lately held at the Mansion House to set afoot—or inaugurate as we say in Snobbish—a Hospital for Incurables. Should the POPE, or the EX-KING OF NAPLES, or the EX-DUKE OF MODENA, or any other of the ex-princes and ex-plagues of Italy, be forced to seek refuge in England, it is to be hoped that the doors of this charitable institution will be open to them; unless, inasmuch as their incurability is mental, the benevolent, disposed to befriend them, should think fit, in preference, to send them, along with their fellow-sufferer LORD NORMANBY, to another and more appropriate asylum, situated, very convenient for them all, hard by the Roman Catholic Chapel in St. George's Fields.

"A la Porte."

THE present SULTAN promises to be every bit as extravagant as his predecessor, for we notice with indignation that scarcely three weeks have gone over his head, since his access to power, and he has already appeared before the public with not less than three new Hatts!!

SOME persons reach their fourscore years and ten without having the smallest idea of *les convenances*. People have been known to eat peas with their knife at ninety.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY 22, Monday. Our old friend NORMANBY resolved on an heroic effort in favour of his friend the EX-DUKE OF MODENA. He moved for some papers in order to give himself the opportunity of delivering a very long cackle, which he supposed to be a speech, and in which he abused MR. GLADSTONE for having proved the ex-Duke to be a tyrant. He read divers letters, and when he had to read his own compositions, he gave them out with flaps of his wings, and plenty of sound, but MR. GLADSTONE'S replies he mumbled over so that they could hardly be heard. So LORD BROUGHAM told him, laughingly, when LORD GRANVILLE had done crying "Shush, shush" and driving the old goose out of the position he had taken up. The whole affair would have suited Michaelmas better than July. LORD EBURY made a speech in favour of a revision of the Prayer-book, the BISHOP OF LONDON told him that no general revision would be tolerated, and LORD WESTMEATH complained that the Church-service is terribly long. One has heard the same complaint from ladies, who have piteously declared that two hours in church is "a long time," but who have on the previous Saturday night sat out five hours of the opera, and stood another half-hour waiting for the carriage.

Once more we had MR. LEVER'S case. Now considering that he came into Parliament "a Liberal, but pledged to support any Government that promotes the maintenance of Galway as a packet station" (*vide* CAPTAIN DOD), this Irishman is scarcely a person in whom a House of Commons can take any violent interest. However, Members bore with a long speech in which he contradicted the charges made against him by MR. IRWIN, and then he walked out of the House. The House decided on not being further bothered with the squabbles of the two Irishmen, and proceeded further to consider the Lords' amendments to the Bankruptcy Bill. Having declared their own views, they requested the lawyers to draw up reasons for such views.

Then came a smart debate on the British Museum, and MR. GREGORY made an onslaught upon PROFESSOR OWEN, for advocating a separate asylum for Natural History. MR. LAYARD complained of the want of classification of objects, and, as he is to be a Minister again, Mr. Punch is glad to observe that the Member for Nineveh's organs of order are so largely developed. MR. MONKTON MILNES also condemned the state of "congestion" in which the Museum exists. PERELIDES thought

that nothing but "pessimist" opinions had been advanced, but owned that the subject demanded consideration. He bore tribute to the splendid genius of OWEN, which ought, PERELIDES thought, to have saved him from such an attack as MR. GREGORY'S. During the recess Government will think over the business, and talk to the Trustees.

Tuesday. The Irremovable Poor Bill, the object of which is to make the rates uniform in all the parishes of a union, and to make a three years' residence by a poor man effectual to constitute a "settlement," instead of making five years necessary, as now, was debated in the Lords, and carried, on Second Reading, by a majority of 9.

LORD MAYOR CURTIS resigned his seat for Andover, in order to stand for the City of London.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL appeared in the House of Commons for the last time. He was asked three questions, of no great importance, and his last utterance in the capacity of an M.P. was to state that he had read in a foreign newspaper (he can read foreign languages) that certain English gentlemen who had visited the works of the Suez Canal had been satisfied. But whether they had been satisfied that the thing could not be done, or with the bitter beer at the various halts of the omnibus that runs from Cairo to Suez, LORD JOHN did not say. Soon afterwards he shook hands with a few friends, including some of the Opposition, and with the SPEAKER, to whom he probably said that if the latter were good, they should meet again in an upper sphere (though we mean to have plenty of work out of MR. DENTON before we let him run to coronet) and then, *exit* LORD JOHN RUSSELL, soon to be EARL RUSSELL. In the morning he had taken leave of the City, and expressed his hope that he should yet be able to do the State service.

Wednesday. The religious character of the day was marked by a little Church Rate debate, and the subject was shut up for the Session, everybody promising everybody else that they would have a jolly good fight again next year. Secular matters to-day were not interesting, but on the Lace Factories Bill a good spirit was shown, and something was done for the further protection of women and children against overtime. And a new writ was moved for London.

Thursday. The Lords had some more of India, and then went at the University Elections Bill, that for voting by post. The BISHOP OF LONDON did not like it, and thought that at the last minute, when an election was all but settled, some rural Dean from the wilds of Cumberland would come with a couple of hundred votes in his pocket, and

upset everything. This wild Dean may be a clerical Gorilla, but *Mr. Punch*, with all respect for the Bishop, cannot understand why all facilities should not be given to voters, even if they are unhappy enough to live by the Cumberland lakes instead of by the Serpentine, Isis, or Cam. The Bill prevailed, and was passed later in the week, and as there is no doubt that the measure is an innovation, the next University Election will be in the nature of an experiment. We dare say that the act will be very acceptable to many a MRS. PARSON, whose husband will be able to hand her the £10 his journey would have cost, and thereby ameliorate the nether garments of TOMMY, HARRY, SAMMY, IGNATIUS, and little POLYCARP.

There was a Military debate, and then an Indian debate down-stairs, and then in Supply, MR. OSBORNE fired away at the frescoes in the New Houses, and declared that they were very ugly, and also were coming to pieces. MR. COWPER denied both propositions. SIR GEORGE BOWYER was very funny. He was angry at the pictorial preservation of the fact that CHARLES THE FIRST'S coffin had been insulted by a Roundhead, because he, SIR G. was a Cavalier and a Loyalist, and he was also angry that there is a picture of the slaughter of DAVID RIZZIO, because he did not think that operation was creditable to anybody concerned. But if our national records are to contain nothing but illustrations of virtue, history had better be re-written. Except the Establishment of *Punch*, when has there been a grand and unsullied historical action? There was a much less respectable cavil raised upon the item for paying the cost of LORD BROUGHAM'S peccage patent out of public money. This objection was not creditable to the clique that urged it, and was signally defeated, the House feeling that the tribute to the Old Schoolmaster was a well deserved one. The House was Counted Out, about three in the morning, and about time too.

Friday. *Mr. Punch* thought there would be a row. It was stated that ADMIRAL BERKELEY was to be made LORD BERKELEY. The eternal GRANTLEY lost no time in petitioning against such title being granted to his brother. GRANVILLE answered GRANTLEY that there should be no such Grant. It is said that SIR MAURICE is to be called FITZHARDINGE, which is well, because the name will be very pleasant to G. B. and because it is right to preserve a title that has been borne by virtue and so forth.

LORD DERBY evidently does not like being kept in Town, though what he stops for, nobody knows. He said that there were 92 Bills to pass before Prorogation. But as he has not got to pass them, why does he not finish packing, and go? GRANVILLE thought that the Lords might stop in Town and attend to legislation; and this HARDWICKE thought very hard, as other folks were going away. LORD PORTMAN, for once, came out with a sensible remark, and said that it was the excess of talking in the other House that caused delays, and that the Lords should teach the Commons how to get through work without chatter.

Then did LORD WESTBURY make fight for his child, the Bankruptcy Bill, and try to get the Lords to accept the Commons' judgment on the amendments. His Lordship certainly used apostolical plainness of speech, and gave his audience to understand that he did not think they comprehended much about the question. He wished he could have had half an hour's quiet talk with LORD DERBY, and would have "laid his life" he would have converted that Earl. A more earnest effort for a scheme could not have been made, but it was not fated to be successful. CRANWORTH, and CHELMSFORD, and WENSLEYDALE ("I could not hear a word of what he said," remarked the Chancellor) all set them against the Commons, and in the end the principal amendment, that which floors the Judge, was adhered to by 80 to 46. On other points the Lords gave way.

SIR ROBERT PEEL goes to Ireland as Secretary—*sequiturque patrem haud passibus æquis*—the last word meaning "steady," *pro hac vice*, Viscount; the last quotation meaning on this occasion only, and by particular desire of a person of distinction, the last phrase meaning *Mr. Punch*.

A good deal of money was voted, LORD PALMERSTON declared that France was building a great many iron ships, and that other nations were imitating her, and after some smart debating, MR. DISRAELI urged that we ought not to say that we were building ships in defiance, or out of suspicion of France, but that inasmuch as a new era in ship-building had come, it was necessary for all nations to bring their navies up to the new mark. We should not be insulting. This elegant suggestion made WHITE bawl out that the Tories clearly expected to come into office soon, and were trying to make things pleasant. To this there was no reply made. Ministers are shifting a little uneasily, but the Constable will keep all steady for the present.

A Flat Contradiction.

THE *Era*, which is largely benefited by the advertisements of poor actors and actresses seeking situations, tries to be "severe" upon the *Fête* for the benefit of the Dramatic College, and professes to be most anxious for "the respectability and advancement of the Drama and its exponents." How can that be when the *Era* considers *ITSELF* "the best theatrical organ!"—Funny, is it not?

A POET CLOSE TO THE PREMIER.

GREAT PALMERSTON, I'm glad to see that, though
To clamour you gave up the first Horse-Ride
In Kensington Gardens, now you have the foe
By making another in a different part of them, defied.
Such noble daring shows a firm determination
Not to be put down by Rabble agitation.

A set of base and brutal Sinisters
To place their unwashed selves in fragrant opposition
To a great public improvement of the Minister's!
They may go and be devoted to perdition!
No, no, stand firm and offer an invincible resistance
To the efforts of these uncircumspect Philistines.

methinks a Deputation I now see,
A Posse of those blackguards waiting on you,
Illustrious PALMERSTON, beseeching thee
Away with the Horse Ride to do,
Where the Nobility and gentry roam at quiet paces,
Displaying a galaxy of lovely faces.

Rapt in the vision of an inspired Bard,
I see you send them to the right about,
Giving the hindmost rascal a kick so hard
That you prostrate them altogether in a rout,
By which means taken unawares,
They all tumble down-stairs!

Oh, noble PALMERSTON, you have now restored
That ride, that is another for the same.
So has a host of envious malicious miscreants poured
Their venom on an eminent Poet's fame
Which now I hope, defying that rebel crew,
You'll give your humble servant back his pension too.

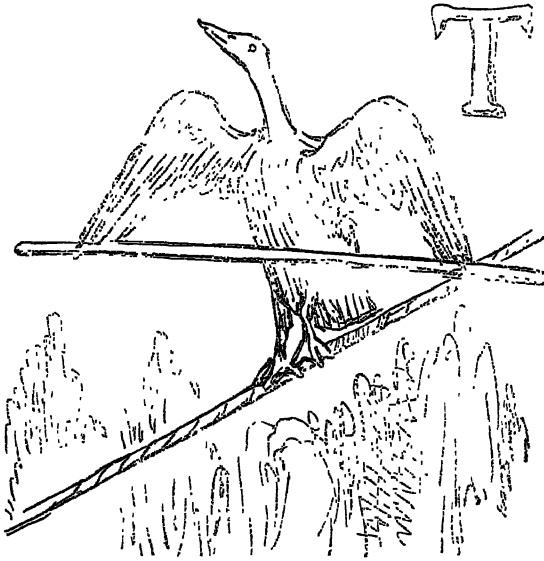
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON ART.

NOTWITHSTANDING the proverb *De Gustibus*, the House of Commons has of late very frequently engaged itself in debates on the subject of Art. As the Houses of Parliament are to be adorned with statues if possible, and disfigured with statues if not, and whereas it is inexpedient that these Houses should be disfigured by the statues wherewith they are at any rate to be furnished, and further whereas the disfigurement of the said Houses is extremely likely to be caused by any statue which they may order to be made, therefore perhaps MR. COWPER, in his capacity of First Commissioner of Works, will cause every such statue to be brought before the House of Commons, and will move that the House do go into Committee thereon with a view to pass the statute, as it were, into a statute, before allowing it to stand on a parliamentary basis, or pedestal.

If this plan were adopted, any Honourable Member could, in case he thought proper, move an amendment on the statue's nose, or any other feature, or part, of its face or body, which he might deem objectionable or capable of being improved. The amendment if carried, might be executed, either by the artist who produced the statue, or by some other employed as executioner by the House. The various amendments proposed by the Members of the House on the members and lineaments of the statue, having been adopted, or having fallen to the ground, the question might then be put "That this statue do now pass," and then should it, after having undergone the corrections and alterations of divers Honourable Gentlemen, present, as it might, an unsatisfactory appearance, the statue might, after all, be rejected. As the sculptor hired to make it would have to be paid for his work, the rejection of statues would be throwing a little money away, but nobody could object to that, except MR. WILLIAMS.

A statue with the merits of which the House felt itself unable to deal, or could not agree about them, might always be referred to a Select Committee, like the business of the nation. In the mean time, all manner of idle and impertinent questions might be asked of the Government on the subject of statues and works of art in general, by Irish Members of the Brazen Band, and other bores individually perverse or crazy, or desirous of obstructing wise legislation. One could rise to move for the production of any correspondence which may have passed between HER MAJESTY'S Ministers and the French and Italian Governments touching the *Laocöon*. Another might beg leave, in the absence of the noble Lord, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, now in another place, to ask the noble Viscount the First Lord of the Treasury, whether the Cabinet, in its communications with any Foreign Power, had deemed it necessary to advert to the attitude of the *Dying Gladiator*. Honourable Gentlemen would thus highly increase the merriment, and add somewhat to the utility, of those discussions which, on Friday night, are their delight, in the Session of the year.

THE PERFORMER AND THE PUBLIC.



"Feats with the Pole," which so surprisingly excited our acrobatic animus, that in our eagerness to see them, we jumped over the barriers, and performed some most extraordinary feats with the Police. Moreover, the performance had for us this extra pleasure that it took place at a height of only six feet from the ground, so that we could look at the performer quite in comfort, and without feeling a fear that he would break his neck.

Somewhat to our surprise, seeing that we saw the success of the performance, we now see it announced that it "will not be repeated," whereas of M. BLONDIN'S

THE celebrated MONSIEUR BLONDIN has been showing himself a plagiarist of PAGANINI. He has been playing a piece of music on a single string. The single string on which he played was, however, a tight rope, and not a violin string. His performance was more wondrous than any we have witnessed, and though all his brother rope-dancers have said there is nothing new in it, almost every minute for upwards of an hour brought us some fresh startling novelty to wonder at. Among a hundred other marvels, he executed summersaults on stilts and in French *sabots*, besides some most extraordinary

ascents on the high rope, another dangerous dozen is forthwith to take place. Had as many thousands flocked to see him on the low rope as to see him on the high one, the former show would doubtless have in preference been repeated; for we can't think M. BLONDIN brave as he may be, can have any actual liking for endangering his neck. It is said that if he slips he is quite able to save himself, and that the Falls of Niagara are the only falls with which his name will ever be remembered. But safe as he may feel by his long practice of his art, against a moment's giddiness no human brain can guard, and who that sees can doubt that moment would prove fatal? Still, while the public flock to see his perilous performances, it cannot much be wondered he continues to repeat them. To use the tight rope as he does must take no small amount of industry and courage, and for both these qualities we give him our respect. But who can feel respect for the people who encourage such neck-breaking amusements, and tempt performers by their patronage to seek to gain a living at the risk of losing life?

LONDON LEFT A LONG WAY BEHIND.

SOUTHAMPTON has erected a statue to the memory of DR. WATTS, whom the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, in an eloquent speech, characterised as a "poet, priest, and philosopher." We might look through the streets of London in vain for a statue that is erected to a single poet, or priest, or philosopher. A foreigner, to walk through the Metropolis, would imagine that we had no great men but generals and kings! In the course of his speech, the noble Lord said: "The erection of monuments as mere works of art was idle." Certainly, the specimens that are supposed to adorn our beautiful capital, are, as "works of art," exceedingly "idle;" and, like all idle people, they are terribly in the way, and take up the room of better persons. In fact, they are so extremely "idle," that in our opinion the sooner they are taken up, as vagrants, and locked up, the better!

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"By far the most important theatrical event that has occurred since my last letter was the Fancy Fair held at the Crystal Palace on Saturday the 20th, for the benefit of the funds of the Royal Dramatic College. After a week of showers, there was 'an entire change in the programme' of the weather, and the sun was very liberal in 'pouring down' his golden beams, and so adding to the golden contributions of the day. He tipped the stalls with gold, and gave an added brightness to the smiles of their fair keepers, who had put on for the occasion their sunniest looks. Besides your faithful 'ONE WHO PAYS,' there were present nearly fourteen thousand more who paid, and their payments to the charity mounted, I am told, to above a thousand pounds.

"Of course everybody was there (that is, everybody who is anybody) and among the noteworthy I noticed the attendance of some ultra-pious people, who had, I could not question, sought admission by mistake. I rejoiced that curiosity, or some equally strong motive, had restrained them from departure when they ascertained their error; for they enjoyed the opportunity of seeing how our players are zealous in good works, and have in the sacred cause of charity an ever open hand.

"You, who know my easily impressionable nature, need not be told how I succumbed to the allurements of the stall-keepers, and fell an easy victim to their mercenary wiles. A single man, I bought all sorts of drawing-room nicknackeries, which no one but a husband would ever dream of purchasing, and I protest that even now I feel fatigued with the exertion of dipping my hand so often and so deeply in my pocket. It was quite in vain that I struggled with my fate. I had no sooner saved my siller from the Scylla of one stall, than my gold was swallowed up in the Charybdis of another. A glance from sunny-faced *Peg Woffington* cost me half-a-guinea for sixpennyworth of pipe-lights, and at the bidding of her daughter I paid a fivepound note for a doll that squinted horribly. MRS. MATHEWS made me buy a thirty shilling book-marker and an embroidered pair of braces, for neither of which articles have I the slightest use. MISS AMY SEDGWICK tempted me to take a half-crown pincushion, which I shall wear next to my heart to my dying day. Miss — I will not write her name for fear of the Excise — sold me without a licence a most infamous cigar, for which she had the modesty to charge but eighteenpence; while at MISS OLIVER'S request, or I should rather say command, I made myself ridiculous by purchasing a baby-jumper, and had to pay her half-a-sovereign to take it off my hands.

"Then I paid a visit and some shillings to the Post-Office, where more letters were awaiting me than I had room to pocket; and I shied

at old 'Aunt Sally' at such charitable rates as cost me a small fortune for each pipe of hers I smashed. After that, I gained admittance to the awful Tent of Mystery, whereof the secret wonders nothing short of threatened boiling shall force me to disclose: and, as a climax to my horror, I made my back hair stand on end by a sight at dear old Richardson's (restored for this occasion only, as at Greenwich I remember it), where in the short space of ten minutes I saw a five-act tragedy (including several love-scenes), a four-sword combat, and a ghost. Besides those pleasures, MR. TOOLE amused me with his peep-show (surely he has served as an apprentice to that art?), and I heard delivered a most wonderful acoustic—a kind of composition I had fancied long extinct. Except that it expressed some highly charitable sentiments, the poetry, I think, was scarcely worthy the occasion; and there seems especial reason to question the last triplet, which, as a curiosity of literature, I send you:—

'Entreaty cannot fail in such a suit,
Gratitude clamorous, though my tongue be mute,
Et olim meminisse his, beatus fuit.'

"Who it is that 'fuit beatus' I won't pretend to guess; and in a like degree it really passes my conjecture that any one in any way connected with the stage can have ever been made happy by remembering a 'his(s)'.
"In fine, I reached my chambers, somewhat after sunshine had given place to gas, laden with all sorts of most unbachelor-like articles, including baby shoes and smelling-bottles, pincushions and hair-nets, toilet-cloths and anti-macassars, and wax-dolls with winking eyes. But greatly as the Fancy Fair impoverished my pocket, I feel my memory enriched with many pleasant recollections of it; the chief of which is the remembrance of the earnestness and zeal wherewith hard-working players sacrificed their leisure, to aid the noble charity connected with their name. Let Mawworms growl their worst, people can't be wholly bad who lend their hands so willingly to help so good a cause; and as the Queen herself is a Patron of the College, it would be a disloyalty to doubt its real worth.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

A Hint to Victor-Emmanuel.

THE cradle of your house you've sold;
Will you sell your homestead after?
Then next you'll lose all else you hold
And be dished 'mid all men's laughter.



Sarcastic Peeler. "GOING TO 'AVE A NEW 'ORSE THEN, CABBY?"

Cabby. "NEW OSS, 'OW D'YE MEAN?"

Sarcastic Peeler. "WHY YOU 'VE GOT THE FRAMEWORK TOGETHER ALREADY!"

BOCK AGAIN!

(An old Story newly applied, apropos of a late Debate in the House of Commons and a late Communiqué in the Patrie.)

ONCE on a time, in Kilda's isle,
Where nature seldom deigns a smile
To ripen aught that grows,
Where heads of kail are precious things,
And gooseberries deemed fruit for kings,
And thistle stands for rose,

An isleman stout, by dint of pains,
And sore expense of coin and brains
In sheltering and shielding,
With stacks of peat and dry-stone walls,
Contrived to rear, in spite of squalls,
Some kail-seed up to yielding.

Conceive his pride, among his neighbours,
When the result of nine months' labours
Appeared as actual cabbage!
Conceive the strife of hope and patience,
How in his profit-calculations
He grew a bare-legged BABBAGE.

Not TAYLOR o'er his tests and trials,
Nor FARADAY above his phials
E'er hung with fonder care,
Than did our isleman o'er those greens,
As sheltered by their dry-stone screens
They braved the northern air.

He worked by day, he worked by night,
His bound'ry walls were tall and tight,
His wicket locked and barred;
But, as he knew how strong the lure,
To make assurance doubly sure,
He armed for watch and ward—

He sat and slept and took his meals,
With a big bull-dog at his heels,
A blunderbuss in hand,
As in old times of which we've read,
When every man to guard his head
Most trusted in his hand.

But not of *all* his neighbours near,
Our canny isleman lived in fear,
And kept his armed watch;
One dangerous rogue next door, he knew,
Had gauged each cabbage as it grew,
With eye that seemed to snatch.

'Gainst *him* the fences were enlarged;
'Gainst *him* the blunderbuss was charged;
The bull-dog went unmuzzled;
'Gainst *him* the owner of the yard
Kept daily watch and nightly guard,
Till e'en this rogue was puzzled.

First he tried arts of imposition:
To wean the keen Scot from suspicion,
Cozen, cajole, and coax him;

Offered to aid him in his digging,
His dykes in (what the Scotch call) "bigging,"
But no such tricks could hoax him.

Till on a night both dark and drear,
When round the kailyard, far and near,
Wind howled, and waters roared,
The sturdy isleman shelter sought;
On such a night, e'en thieves (he thought)
Beneath the blankets snored.

But close at hand the rogue did lurk,
Who setting lustily to work
Made in the dyke a hole,
And quick the treach'rous barrier through
His head and half his body drew,
And soon had drawn the whole.

But wary as your rogue may be,
Honesty's wide awake as he;
And so this rascal found.
A falling stone betrayed the thief,
And roused, to guard each precious leaf,
The master of the ground!

Out from his hut he sprang, unfrocked,
His bell-mouthed blunderbuss he cocked,
Unchained his bull-dog stout,
On his detective bull's-eye turned,
And the bound-breaking knave discerned
Half inside and half out.



ABOVE THAT SORT OF THING!

The honest man at the "present"—
The rogue on safe retreat intent—
One moment they remain!
Then, of the silence making end,
Quoth Honesty, "Where bound, my
friend?"
Quoth Roguery, "Bock again!"

MORAL.
Scotch kail, you see, and not Savoy's
The plant my little tale employs
Its warning to enhance,
Lest by interpretation rude
People should fancy I allude
To the elect of France—

In Europe my St. Kilda see,
Assume Sardinia to be
The kail a rogue would gain,
Who, Britain's bull's-eye on him flashed,
Assures us, cool and unabashed,
He's going "bock again."

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"THE artist's season is drawing to a close. For at least three months in the year his works are before the London world. And if there are any grumblers among us who complain that our profession is a poor one, let them remember how many shillings, how many pounds, how many hundreds of pounds have been paid down since the Academy opened, in a cause which they avow the British public has not at heart.

"The truth is that art was never more respected, talked about, written about, and better remunerated, than in the present time. Was it three thousand pounds given the other day in exchange for a dozen square yards of canvas? or four thousand? or five thousand? Shade of CÆCILIUS! five thousand pounds! It is a little fortune. Did the divine RAPHAEL, I wonder, ever demand such a sum? or the lordly TITIAN? or RUBENS the ambassador? It was in truth a noble picture—worthy of any age of art. Let us more humble limners, on whom Fortune has not smiled as yet—let us, I say, as we quaff the generous double X and inhale our fragrant Latakia, be proud that the nineteenth century has produced it—ay and paid for it too!

"To return once more to the R.A. Exhibition. MR. S. SOLOMON has shown as much skill in painting his picture (493) as honesty in choosing a subject which he can handle with real enthusiasm. His style is a happy mean between the Ideal and Natural Schools of Art. Harmonious without stratagem—faithful without affectation—can I say more in applauding his *Young Musician*?

"*What d'ye lack, Madam, what d'ye lack?* is the title given by MR. PATTIE to the clever study of a mediæval haberdasher displaying his wares for sale (537). This system of shop-door toutage carried on in the middle ages is happily discontinued now, except perhaps in the case of a few 'marts' in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, where formerly you could not look for an instant at a window without being startled by the sudden appearance of a shopman who popped out upon you (like a spider which had been waiting for its prey), and solicited your custom. The denizens of Peepingtom Street should subscribe to purchase this picture which indicates the antiquity (and consequent respectability) of their line of business.

"MR. SMALLFIELD deserves great praise for a very truthful representation of humble life in modern Italy. His *Florentine Sancyers* (549), will be appreciated by all who care to remember such scenes in Tuscany. The addition of 'the dinner hour' to the title is sufficient to describe the subject. It is '*mezzo giorno*,' and the goodwife has just brought her husband's dinner. What are the delicacies in that basket? '*Cervoelli di mongana*,' or '*coratella di bacchio*?' Plenty of garlic you may be sure will season that oleaginous and humble feast, and there is no lack of purple figs for dessert. The lower sawyer already looks wistfully at the flask of good red wine which I hope will not prove too much for him. As for the top-sawyer, he is of course elevated enough already.

"*Petrarch's First Sight of Laura*, by MR. THOMAS, is aptly placed as a pendant for MR. HOLIDAY'S *Dante and Beatrice*, and both pictures have their admirers. In the latter, *Petrarch* is perhaps a little too effeminate in appearance, and indeed seems almost less of a man than his mistress. *Laura* is pretty enough to justify the supposition that the young poet's devotions that morning at matins were somewhat divided in their object. The meeting of *Dante and Beatrice* as children is unconventional in treatment and good in colour, and it is pleasant to see such a Holiday resulting from such labour.

"*Home from Work* (624), by MR. HUGHES is a carefully wrought picture in the P. R. manner. It is a subject after the painter's own heart, and if it does not aspire to the high moral-making aim of the Grand School, is at least full of good descriptive poetry. The principal figure—a labourer who stoops down to kiss his children—is excellently painted, and the youngest girl a charming little creature. It has been objected that the material of which her dress (a white robe) is made, has not been sufficiently defined, but after all does it matter much how the child itself is clothed, while the whole picture is invested with such interest?

"*The Stone Walls of Old England* (616) speak for themselves, and surely if there be sermons in stones, these Speeton Cliffs should read us a homily. The whole scene, from the edge of the precipice down to the very depths of the scene below is as full of truth as of beauty. The horizon is placed high up on the canvas certainly, but one likes to see some subjects from a new point of view. A mid-day effect seems to have been given to this landscape which is of course all the more creditable when one remembers it was painted by KNIGHT.

"A still more accurate piece of coast painting may be seen in *The Old Lizard Head* (633) by MR. NAISH, where indeed imitation is

carried as far as it can be. You may count the pebbles on the beach, identify the geological characters of each rock and almost hear the roar of the waves as they come dashing on the shore. Nor has the painter forgotten that a mere transcript of nature is not the only aim of art. There is something more than this in that weather-beaten spar which has drifted in with the tide, and the low swoop of the sea-gull through the white and misty spray.

"Hah! *Polybosfoio thalasses!* ain't it MR. HEASEL?' says SCUMBLETON (whose quotations are not remarkable for accuracy) and then we cross the room.

"*The Arrest of a Deserter* (581) is an incident in which, as treated by MISS SOLOMON, one does not know whether there is more of fun, or melancholy. Perhaps a mixture of both is intended. A poor private in the 'Onety-oneth,' who has evidently more taste for the buskin than the bayonet, has run away from his regiment to join a company of strolling players and the moment chosen for the *tableau* is his capture by two comrades. The guise in which he is discovered plainly indicates that he has been the hero of the piece. 'Oh, *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!' To think that those hands which a few minutes since were clasped in mock agony should now be encompassed by a pair of handcuffs! In vain poor Columbine intercedes—in vain Mr. Merryman looks glum. The Fates are adverse and the heartless warriors lead him down the steps. Ah, *facilis descensus!* who shall say, perhaps when he remounts to win his laurels, it may be on the scaling ladder!

"*The Bribe* (590), by MR. STORER, is well painted, but a little mysterious in point of subject. The scene is laid in the dungeon of an old castle, date about the—let us say—castellated period. Through the half-open door we see a knight disguised as a friar, apparently bribing a porter to allow him to enter. In the dungeon just behind the door stands a gentleman in a slashed doublet, evidently only waiting for the intruder's entrance to let fly at him with an arquebuse, while a young lady stands by ready to finish him off with a dagger in case of accidents. In short, as far as the knight is concerned it will be a case of '*knocks at prateræa nihil!*' '*Querere per solo Querere*' is the authority cited by MR. STORER for his text, and a queerer story than this I have seldom seen upon canvas.

"What! have I arrived at the North Room, with so little time to explore it! Will that remorseless Hall porter not wait one instant while I traverse this chamber devoted at once to Architecture and Miniature—little portraits and great designs—human bricks and their argillaceous prototypes? Why am I joking? Do not MR. SCOTT'S drawings for the proposed Government Offices hang here, reminding me of what the latter might have been but for PAM'S prejudices and his stern decree? Adieu DALZIEL, REDGRAVE, THORBURN, RICHMOND, MOIRA. A passing grateful glance is all that I have time for now.

"See TALFOURD'S portraits smile down kindly as I leave the room. Let me walk my chinks as gracefully as he uses his, and draw what moral I may from the Exhibition as its great doors swing to for the last time this year, and shut out your humble servant,
"JACK HEASEL."

Sir F. Kelly's Circular to the Bar.

"A first class pass shall be sent to you."

SIR FITZROY KELLY much averse

To have WOOD for the City,

Jingles aloud a well-filled purse

As Chairman of Committee.

"No Radical for London, No!"

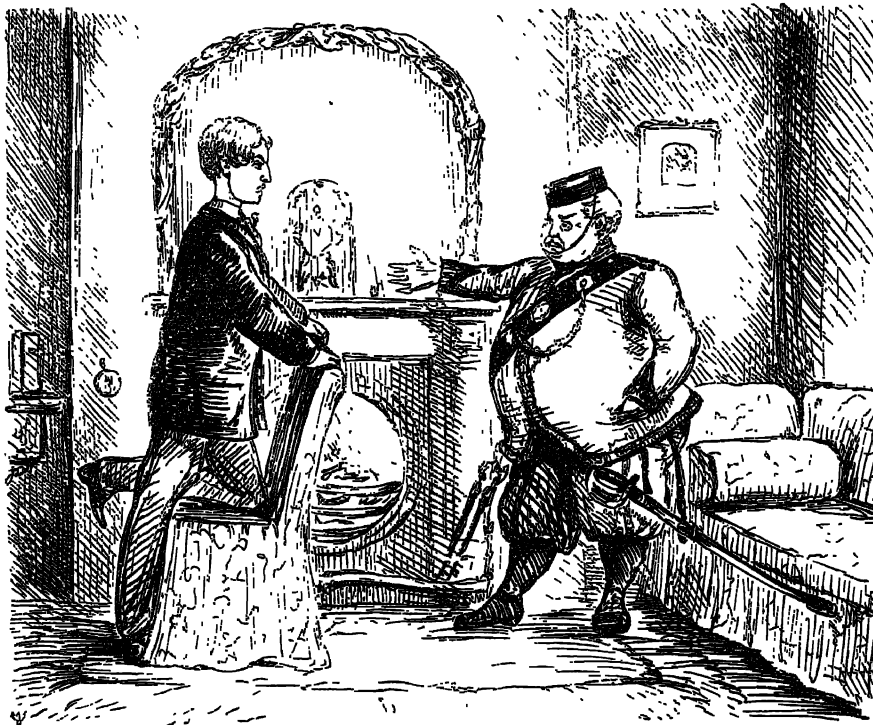
He cries, "We're not such asses!

Money will make the MAYOR to go,

So run for first class passes."

A Bay of Talent and Mystery.

In the *Athenæum*, we read that there is to be shortly a wind-up of the Ray Society, inasmuch as it seems that the Rays do not see very clearly how to raise the wind. In our innocence, however, we always thought the Royal Academy was the real R-A Society, and, considering the innumerable shillings they take every year, we should say that the finances of that illustrious body were extremely "bobbish." Again, our innocence prompts us further to inquire, whether the Photographic Society could not put in a claim that would be incapable of dispute—since it would necessarily be as clear as daylight—to be considered the only, true, and original Ray Society?



SPIRITUAL PAUPERISM.

THE guardians of the Durham Union appear to think that there ought to be a correspondence between the spiritual nutriment of paupers and their material diet. Under this impression it evidently was that they advertised the other day for a chaplain, offering the salary of £20 a-year. Their advertisement was answered by a tender from one JOHN SMART, who turned out to have been a clergyman's footman, and conceived that he had learned to exercise the functions of a parson from his master. He had, he said, "had a good deal of private practice, but not public." The REV. JOHN SMART, in proposing himself a candidate for the sacred office vacant, made the very characteristic and incontrovertible remark, "The salary offered is indeed very small." Such would be the natural remark, not only of JOHN SMART, but also of JOHN THOMAS; and no doubt MR. SMART spoke the sentiments which he would naturally entertain as a member of the livery, as well as those which he might be supposed to feel as an aspirant to the cloth.

It is painful to find a respectable man-servant reduced to apply for employment in the capacity of a Workhouse chaplain. Cannot an inferior class of clergymen be ordained on purpose to administer to paupers a coarser kind of spiritual food? Deep indeed must be the humiliation experienced by a footman in exchanging plush and gold lace for the canonicals of a chaplain whose salary is £20 a-year.

FEMALE REPENTANCE.—The best penance that we can do for envying another's bonnet is to endeavour to surpass it.—*La Morale en Action pour les Dames.*

"Ah! You lost a Slight, Sir, I can tell you, by not being at our Review. The Duke is a Splendid Fellow, Sir—sees everything. There's no Shirking with him, Sir; and precious Hard Work we had of it, I can assure you. I actually lost One Stun Thirteen Pounds that day, Sir,—by Jove!!"

CHILDREN FOR SALE.

A SMALL DAY SCHOOL FOR SALE.—Several exchange pupils, and other advantages. Very suitable for a lady without occupation, a widow, &c. Apply to Mrs. A. B., &c.—Advertisement.

AND why not? Everything is sold now-a-days. A Parliamentary majority—a guarantee for honesty—a charge of souls—a lady's complexion—the victory in a horse-race—a testimonial to one's virtues—a pedigree from Agincourt—a diploma from a university—a presentation at Court—a complete set of *Punch*—everything that is, or that the world thinks valuable, may be had by money, judiciously applied, and why not a School?

Without a word of protest, and indeed in the highest good humour, *Mr. Punch* would accompany the intending Buyer to see what the intending Seller of the scholastic article exhibited, in the early stage of the negotiation.

Sharp-visaged old maid, with a little money in the three per cents, and having nothing to do, and desiring better interest than the Government's, has read the advertisement, and does not see why, if she can make a good bargain, the thing should not suit her. So calls on advertiser, who was almost as sharp-visaged as herself, but has been a little softened by an offer of marriage from the grocer, who wishes her to retire from educational life—so she sells the children.

"Come in, if you please, M'm, and you can see the children at their lessons. Sit down here, M'm, and count them, if you like, for I am above all underhandedness, and would only do the thing that is just and right. That young person? That is my niece. She does the teaching, and being an orphan I allow her that privilege of improving herself, likewise her meals, and I superintend and correct, and I should recommend you the same course, M'm. Boy at the top of the class? Quite right, M'm, and he is as stupid as he looks, but his father is the tax-collector—you understand—we have to attend to these little matters. Next boy? Little LORNER, yes—if you want an example at any time for punishment, he is safe enough—his step-father sends him here—and you can use him for errands. Next? Well, he is rather dirty, but his father exchanges coals against tuition, and it does not do to be too particular. The next—I would scorn to conceal anything from you, M'm, and I am not sure that he is safe pay, his mother goes out teaching singing, and owes me a half-quarter, but he is a smart-looking child, and good to call up when a parent comes with a new pupil. The next is going away, and a good thing, for he is a dreadfully troublesome and vulgar brat, and his parents stipulated that he was never to

be punished; but I shall do what is right by you, and give him a prize, because he has two brothers whom I think may be had. The next is a valuable boy, he is half an idiot, and is only sent to be out of the way—we never teach him anything, and, as you see, he is sucking hard-bake in class—it is a good example to the others, and teaches them self-denial—you may have him for the next ten years, if you like. The next is a nice little fellow, his father is an undertaker, and one of the pleasantest men in the neighbourhood, I trust you may never know what it is to have a loss, M'm, but if you should, little EARTHWORM's father will do you justice, his schooling is finishing off a bill for the burying my poor great aunt, but that you will have nothing to do with. The next is a nephew of my own; and if we agree, M'm, I dare say we can make his continuance mutually agreeable, as he will require education, and you will be in need of groceries. The next I would advise you to be attentive to, though he is not a nice child to look at—his name is SNUFFTON, and his friends keep the Silver Dragon, and have a good deal to say in the way of recommendation. He and that little LORNER had a fight the other day, and SNUFFTON's mother was much pleased at my sending home LORNER with a note desiring his step-father to cane him. Well, M'm, now if you will walk into the parlour, I shall be happy to show you my account-book, for I desire nothing but what is fair and above board. Teach myself? Well, no, M'm. The fact is I am not much fit for teaching, but a few friends thought I could better myself by opening a school, and MARIA there does the work, and so under Providence I have prospered, M'm. This way, M'm, if you please."

And once more, why not? Anybody can Teach, but that's not the question. In a free country, anybody has a right to sell what anybody has money to buy.

THE POLKA IN NETLEY ABBEY.

WE are at liberty to state that a subscription has been set afoot for the purpose of erecting a Chapel-of-Ease to Netley Abbey. The worship of Terpsichore went to be performed by the gents and corresponding persons of the softer sex amid the venerable ruins of Netley, has been felt, by everybody of the slightest pretension to taste and feeling in the neighbourhood, to be an incongruity with those relics of a defunct faith. In short, the new Chapel to be erected at Netley is meant for the snobs of both sexes to dance in, so many of them as are too genteel to adjourn for their hop to the neighbouring public-house.

OUR MUSICAL POLICE.



S the police are forming bands for musical amusement, there is no knowing how funnily the taste for it may show itself, or how much it may enliven their grave bearing in the streets. A policeman when off duty will beguile his leisure time with practising the flute, and when invited out to supper at some kitchen in his beat, will be asked to bring his fiddle, if he play upon that instrument, or else to entertain the company with a solo on the drum. *Soirées musicales* will be held nightly by our servants, whereat the principal performers will belong to the police; and every now and then, when the family is out of town,

A1 or Z2 will be invited to a *matinée*, where "*un peu de music*" will be promised in the note, and will relieve the conversation and perhaps assist the appetite. Cooks, it is well known, are a weakness with the Force; and there is very little doubt that if a sentimental "bobby" discover that his lady-love has any ear for music, he will lose no chance of gaining her affections (and cold mutton) by making instrumental music instrumental to that end. We can well conceive his standing in a *Don Giovanni* attitude just opposite her area, and awakening its echoes with the notes of "*Deh Vieni*," played on the ophicleide, while the cats in the vicinity squeal in dismal concert with his melancholy strain.

Such are some of the results which we think likely to ensue when music becomes generally practised by policemen, and we trust their constant practice may ulti-

mately bring them to that nearness to perfection which is found in those whom we may almost call their namesakes, we mean the justly celebrated band of the Blues.

MRS. ROCHEFOUCAULD'S MAXIMS.

I AM not surprised, *Mr. Punch*, that you have afforded my maxims room in your gallant columns. Your devotion to ladies is as universally recognised as your superlative wit. I told you the maxims I sent you were not the best in my collection: now, let me prove it to you. I know you will relish them even more than the first batch. *L'appétit vient en mangeant*.

A woman is twenty at seventeen; and just twenty-nine when she is forty.

The prettiest bonnet in the world is the cause of infinite uncharitableness. There is a wasp in every rose of it.

Nobody can pay one a compliment like oneself.

How foolish your clever men look in love: we have the advantage over *NESTOR* when he kneels before us.

The most amiable lady who praises your *coiffure* in a ball-room, would hate you if she thought you looked as well as herself.

A woman's first wish is to shine the fairest of her sex; a man's to be the richest among men.

It is easier to forgive a woman who has done us an injury, than one who has been preferred to us for a quadrille.

In Society, all kinds of evil passions lie under smiles—as reptiles lie in the shade, under flowers.

We are never so pretty as we believe ourselves to be: and never so ugly as we appear to our dear friend who is older than ourself.

It is a woman's business to watch chances. The ugliest woman would have been beautiful in the eyes of *Robinson Crusoe*.

Le Follet is a pip from the apple which *ÈVE* ate.

A DELICATE INQUIRY OFFICE.

It is astonishing that the lady referred to in the following newspaper paragraph should be a widow:—

"NOT PARTICULAR AS TO A SHADE.—In a Bristol (N. Y.) paper a young widow lady advertises that she desires to meet with an affectionate and good-tempered partner who can offer her a comfortable home. A gentleman of colour not objected to, from 45 to 50 years of age."

How did a lady, reduced to advertise for a second husband, and announce her readiness to accept an elderly nigger, ever contrive to get a first? What sort of a person is she to look at? Probably, as the well-spoken young lady said of the Gorilla, very plain. Most likely she is both plain and also not rich; for if she were the veriest griffin, provided she were well off, she would have plenty of white suitors competing, uninvited, for her hand. Else, why is it written in the Common Prayer-book that "A man may not marry his Grandmother?"

Yet, as the poet sings, "Oh, who doth know the bent of woman's fantasy?" and as the popular proverb more generally avers, "there is no accounting for tastes;" wherefore it is possible that the young widow who, unlike the celebrated one that resided in the neighbourhood of Southwark Bridge, has no objection to a black man, may be not plain, but richly endowed with personal advantages. On such a doubtful point as this it is not possible for a mere advertisement to satisfy the reader. The minutest word painting must fail to present imagination with a faithful miniature. An interview between parties who might very likely be disgusted with each other at first sight, is a meeting unpleasant to venture on. Matrimonial advertisements should therefore be illustrated, but then the advertisers would obtain more publicity than they would desire, and would afford greater amusement than they would like to give to their friends and acquaintance. Under these circumstances, an enterprising adventurer might surely make money by setting up a Private Inquiry Matrimonial Agency Office, to which persons wishing to get married might send, together with all other requisite particulars of information, their photograph portraits for inspection by those whom they might concern. The Office might be connected with a photographic establishment, and then, in the production of these sun-pictures *Phœbus* would be invoked in aid of *Hymen*.

A correct likeness, with a statement of pecuniary circumstances at the back of it, would be more intelligible than the most accurate verbal description. The office keeper could make it his business to procure

the portraits of marriageable persons of both sexes, which might with ease be clandestinely obtained at the ordinary photographic shops, in order that anybody wanting a wife or a husband, but knowing no one that would suit him or her, might step in and look them over, in order to select the most eligible, with a view to directing further attention to the original. To conduct ulterior negotiations would be the business of the keeper, proprietor, and manager of the Office, who might style himself Matrimonial Agent or Attorney, and Hymeneal Solicitor. If the idea, thus briefly sketched, of a Private Inquiry Matrimonial Agency Office, should be adopted and carried out by some bold speculator living by his wits, and being at his wits' end, its publication will perhaps have proved the means of making many people happy, and restrained from taking the fatal plunge an individual on the brink of a swindle.

An Incident in a Country Town.

A Pig whom, running down the street,
A Butcher hotly did pursue,
Rushed into—what an odd retreat!

A shop whose keeper was a Jew.
And there this Hog did stick and stay;
They could not get the Pig away.

"How wonderful is Nature's ways!"
Said they who saw the touching fact;
"The sense as that there pig displays!
No Christian couldn't wiser act."

A Mellifuous Minister.

AMONG the ministers who, together with the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, attended the WATTS memorial *soirée* the other evening at Southampton, and addressed the Meeting, was the REV. W. BEE, of Worthing. The hearers of a BEE buzzing—we will not say humming—homage to DR. WATTS, should have been irresistibly impelled to hail the conclusion of his discourse by singing in chorus the appropriate lines beginning with

"How doth the little busy bee,"

unless, as we suppose, little is not an epithet applicable to MR. BEE. The humble bee is, in fact, a bee of the biggest kind, the species of bee which, in the neighbourhood of Southampton, is called a dumbledore.



THE MAIL TRAIN.

SWELL. "Haw!—He—ar! What's-your-Name! What Time do we Arrive at Aberdeen?"

GUARD (snappishly). "7-10."

SWELL (making himself quite at home). "7-10? Haw!—Well then, let me have my Boots, and Cull Me at—Haw—6-45."

PUNCH'S "MOTHER'S CATECHISM."

Designed for the instruction of the rising generation, and corrected up to the latest authorities.

Q. My child, come here, and listen to me.

A. I come, dear Mamma, but I do not recognise the propriety of you calling me *your* child. I belong to the State, to which you are responsible for my education.

Q. I admit that, my dear, and therefore I propose to question you upon some of the branches of knowledge. What is History?

A. A mass of dubious traditions coloured by individual prejudices.

Q. What, then, is the use of studying it?

A. That we may be able to contradict, by the aid of one writer, any statement sought to be forced upon us by another.

Q. Give me some instances of this contradictory process.

A. With pleasure, dearest Mamma.

Q. Have you, then, more than one Mamma? "Dearest" implies comparison.

A. I admit the inaccuracy, for which affection must be my apology.

Q. A sufficing one. We will now proceed with our lesson. Why was WILLIAM THE SECOND called RUFUS?

A. Not, as ignorantly believed, from the colour of his hair, which is known to have been black, nor because in his reign a roof was put on Westminster Hall.

Q. How was he killed?

A. Not by WALTER TYRELL, who was never near the part of the Forest where the king fell.

Q. Has not the story of RICHARD tearing out the lion's heart long been exploded?

A. Yes, but improperly. Popular tradition was partially accurate, but the animal was a tiger, which had escaped from a travelling collection, and had devoured a favourite white deer belonging to QUEEN BERENGARIA.

Q. Did JOHN murder his nephew, ARTHUR?

A. No, they were most affectionately attached, and the king had sent ARTHUR a basket of nectarines on the day he died, probably from a fall out of window.

Q. Is the celebrated scene of JOHN signing the Great Charter fictitious?

A. Entirely. The copies were sent to his hotel in a tin box, and he affixed the signatures while being shaved by his valet. Marks of lather are still found on two of them.

Q. Was the youth of HENRY THE FIFTH as gay as has been described?

A. On the contrary, he was remarkably holy and austere, and his nightly visits to the hospitals to relieve the sick, have been perverted into the revellings described in the volume assigned to SHAKSPEARE.

Q. You say "assigned"—why?

A. Because the whole of the plays and poems so long believed to have been SHAKSPEARE'S were written by LORD SOUTHAMPTON with the aid of SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON, and they used as a *nom de plume* the name of an obscure actor.

Q. Did QUEEN ELIZABETH order the execution of the QUEEN OF SCOTS?

A. MARY was never executed at all—ELIZABETH'S love for her cousin forbade it—a show was made to deceive the public and discourage the disaffected—and MARY, under the name of ISABEL FONTANGES, lived for many years afterwards, and died at ROUEN.

Q. Had JAMES THE FIRST an antipathy to the sight of a sword?

A. No, it is a slander. He was a good swordsman, and wounded the CHEVALIER ST. GEORGE in a duel, in which the king as *incog.*

Q. What was the meaning of CHARLES THE FIRST'S celebrated "Remember?"

A. He used no such word. He said "December," thereby predicting the month in which CROMWELL, like himself, should appear at the place of execution.

Q. Good child. Will you like to go and play?

A. I thank you, dear Mamma, for the expression of your approbation, but I would, with your sanction, prefer to devote an hour to the study of MR. BUCKLE on the *History of Civilisation*.



ABOVE BRIDGE BOAT AGROUND OFF CHISWICK.

GALLANT MEMBER OF THE L. R. C. "Can I put you Ashore, Mum?"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY 29th, Monday. LORD DERBY—we should like to hear what his family said, or looked, at his perseverance in wasting the fine weather in London when he might just as well have been off—took an opportunity afforded by the Appropriation of Seats Bill to make some fun of the Ministers. He complimented them on this little harmless Reform Bill, to which he saw no objection, now that the Commons had entirely altered it into something else than what Government had proposed, and as soon as further revision should have made it "sense" and "English," he saw no reason for opposing it. But it was not all fun on the part of the artful descendant of JOAN of Aldithley. There have been rumours that the CONSTABLE is meditating another attempt at a Reform Act, and though most people believe that he is just as likely to be meditating a walk on the electric wire that so horribly disfigures the architecture in the Strand, the Earl thought he would try to get the story disavowed. So he declared that of course he himself had seen the folly of promising Reforms which the country did not ask for, and he hoped it would be understood that the Government felt themselves equally exonerated from attempts at Reform. LORD GRANVILLE made a safe answer, agreed with LORD DERBY that people should not introduce Bills that they had no chance of carrying, but he would not pledge himself to finality notions, as he was inclined to occasional extension of the suffrage in a "Conservative" way.

But perhaps the most amusing part of LORD DERBY'S address was his allusion to the expected advent of LORD JOHN—now EARL—RUSSELL. LORD DERBY spoke of his old friend's elevation to the Lords, in the spirit in which a dweller on Olympus might welcome the arrival of a new demi-god. Up here, said his Lordship, in this "quieter, calmer, and he trusted, purer atmosphere," the nobleman whom we shall all delight to see, can occupy his peaceful hours in giving the final improvements to his old Reform Bill. Here

"Where the blest Gods the genial day prolong,
With feast ambrosial and celestial song,"

here JOHN RUSSELL, having shuffled off his mortal coil, having, like

Christian, seen his burden of House of Commons frailties slide from his shoulders, to be replaced by the mantle of aristocratic dignity, would be a sort of beatified spirit, walking in rapture among the gilded fretwork of our Walhalla, and bending kindly and unfathomable eyes upon the inferior beings over whom he, now far above them, would continue to watch with affectionate vigilance. We never truly knew before what was comprised in Elevation to the Peerage.

The blest Gods, though so great, deem nought beneath their care, and proceeded to deal with Salmon and the Poor, forwarding the Bills for preventing the improper removal of both.

Let us descend to Earth, and observe that though Government had three times written to the Ryde Magistrates to know why they had committed one CARTER for three weeks, for sleeping under a tree, no answer had been sent. The worthy magnates were busily trying to find out something else against CARTER that should justify a retrospective sentence, and late in the week they wrote to say that he had frightened two women by jumping into the road near them. SIR G. LEWIS did not think that even this horrible crime deserved all the vengeance that had been inflicted, and ordered that the ferocious slumberer and jumper should be released. LORD PALMERSTON said enough on the Galway business to make it quite clear that a certain pleasant compromise long ago expounded by the keen-sighted *Punch*, will be carried out with due decorum. Then came the ever welcome Appropriation Bill, the ratification of the finance work of the Session. Vulgar and ill-bred people (and Ladies are the chief offenders in this respect) rise up about three minutes before the fall of the curtain at play or opera, and insult the artists and annoy better behaved spectators by moving away, in order to be early in the scramble for carriages. When the Commons arrive at the Appropriation Bill, a similar bolt is generally made, but it is not offensive, because it annoys nobody. However, LORD ROBERT MONTAGU wished to linger over this formal Bill, and even opposed its passing; but after a short discussion, in which LORD PALMERSTON administered some parting slashes at "independent" Members who had wasted the time of the House by their interference with the estimates, the Bill was read a Second Time, and now we see the end of the Session.

British subjects abroad will be able to make Wills with some chance

of their proving valid, a fact which may be interesting to the thousands who are now letting their moustaches grow, and are practising French conversation with their unoffending little girls. Paterfamilias at Boulogne may now say, without utter fatuity, "*Garsong, je view faire mon-mou Volanté, apportez-moi une,—you know—une lawyer—une solliciteur.*"

That Naval Reserve question came up again. The object of the Government is to give the country, in case of a war, the benefit of the services of the officers of the Merchant Service. There was, of course, some opposition in the alleged interest of the QUEEN'S service, but the House felt that the proposed gain was too great to be thrown away for the sake of pleasing anybody.

Tuesday. Soon after four o'clock, an organ outside the House of Lords struck up "*Stow ye Johnny Coming?*" and in a few minutes VISCOUNT AMBERLEY, of Amberley, in the County of Gloucester, and of Aidsalla, in the county of Meath, and EARL RUSSELL, of Kingston-Russell, in the County of Dorset, entered the House. He was introduced by EARL GRANVILLE and the EARL OF STRAFFORD. He was duly walked round the House, pausing at different points, like a soul going through the stars,

"Refining gradual for his final height,
And purging off some cross at every sphere."

and having taken his Oaths, he became one of the Celestials. By a curious coincidence, the clock that had just struck four marked the close of the contest that filled up his abandoned seat for the City with MR. WESTERN WOOD, who had defeated the LORD MAYOR by 5747 votes to 5241. By another curious coincidence, on the day that saw JOHN RUSSELL a peer, we read that a new DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM had succeeded to the title previously borne by the only personage who made a permanent mark upon LORD JOHN'S Reform Act, having inserted the Chandos clause.

Neither Lords nor Commons were inclined to sit. The Nether House heard a short speech from the CONSTABLE about Hungary, the points whereof were that he was vigilantly watching events, that he should consider it a great misfortune if the Austrian empire was dismembered, that he hoped for the best, and meant to be as strictly neutral in the Austrian as in the American quarrel. MR. HENNESSY, for want of anything better to do, tried to procure a side-wind repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. Certain of the Papists will not see that it is not because the Act is not enforced that England is a bit more inclined to recognise the ridiculous insolence that made it politic, but that having given a very strong hint, she can afford to let blatant ecclesiastics tickle themselves with any foolish title they like. The

attempt to repeal the Act was instantly put down by a majority of 69 to 4, another hint that may as well be taken. It was backed up on another evening by LORD PALMERSTON'S express declaration, that he had no idea of repealing the Act, and also that he should know what to do if any special case arose.

Wednesday. It was revealed to the world, by the mouth of MR. COWPER, that the Government intend to act upon the Report of the Thames Embankment Commissioners. These gentlemen mean to make a roadway of one hundred feet wide from Westminster to the Temple, and then to carry a somewhat narrower viaduct to Blackfriars Bridge (of course the splendid new one which MR. PAGE is going to build), and then a new street is to be opened to the Mansion House. And next year, if the life of the Government should be spared, MR. COWPER will propose a Bill for entrusting to MR. THWAITES and his Parliament the task of carrying out this scheme. *Mr. Punch* proposes to wait and see what becomes of the Administration, before entering into the details of their programme for the 1862 Session.

The Commons, rather than lose the Bankruptcy Bill altogether, assent to the Lords' mutilations. This Bill passes, and next year, or as soon as delicacy will permit, LORD WESTBURY will signify to the Peers that the time has come when an opportunity offers itself for the correction of an ignorant blunder, which he feels sure their Lordships must deplore, and for the creation of a Chief Judge.

Having passed a Bill for letting Volunteers go toll-free through pikes, the House rose, and the Government went to eat Whitebait at Greenwich. The Police have made no unfavourable report to *Mr. Punch*, though as EARL RUSSELL had to wet his coronet, some extra joviality might have been expected.

Thursday. The Celestials did routine business, *Le Reine le vent* being said over several tons of parchment.

The Nether House rose before Six, the only noticeable matter being a speech from the CONSTABLE, justifying the building of our war-ships, and ridiculing the idea of a compact with other countries for the general reduction of armaments. Yes, MR. C. BENTINCK wants those ridiculous iron cages taken off the Monument and the York Column. MR. COWPER said that they were great disfigurements. He mentioned that the trustees of the York Column had put up their cage because a musician had jumped off the Monument, a reason which, considering the character of a great deal of the music of the day, may not seem extraordinarily strong.

For a reason which may be ascertained by enclosing a stamped envelope, and a £10 note, to 85, Fleet Street, *Mr. Punch* knocks *Friday's* Parliament into the middle of next week.

HURRAH FOR A PRINCIPLE.



HERE there's a Will there's a Way, and where there's a Deed there's a Way to turn it to account. The second limb of this proposition has just been brought under *Mr. Punch's* notice, and the LORD MAYOR'S, through the eccentricity of a limb of the law. Preliminary justice has been obtained at the Mansion House under the following circumstances:—

"JAMES CORNWALL and JUDAH DAVIS were brought before the LORD MAYOR on Saturday, the former charged with stealing a quantity of title-deeds, the property of a solicitor, and the latter with receiving the same well knowing them to have been stolen."

MASTER CORNWALL is, or we presume was, a clerk in the office of a solicitor. He is about sixteen years of age. MR. JUDAH DAVIS is, possibly, a Hebrew, and, certainly, a member of that invaluable association for the encouragement of virtue, the Marine-Store-Dealing connection. To JUDAH, MASTER CORNWALL takes loads of parchments, to which he helps himself out of the office of MR. WILKINSON his master, and it seems that about 500 title-deeds are missing. JUDAH purchases these valuable articles by the pound, but, being compelled by the tyrannous laws of the country to make an entry of the names of persons who sell property to him, writes down these documents as bought of "MR. HARRISON," a name that sounds, of course, so like "CORNWALL" that a mistake was easy. JUDAH states that he speedily parted with the parchment, but—

"Said he did not know where any of it was, for he had sold them to a man who was a stranger to him. He then demanded why he was asked all those questions, and when told that it was

for the purpose of recovering the deeds, he said that he would not answer any more questions, for he was not going to criminate himself for anybody."

"Criminate himself." What can have put such an idea into the innocent mind of a Marine-Store-Keeper. Surely the purity of his soul must have been tarnished by association with evil little boys, who have sought to tempt him to err. False and cruel little boys, perhaps, like MASTER CORNWALL,

"Who was standing by during the conversation, and said that what DAVIS had said about the parchment was not true. He would tell how it was. About three weeks back he took some old luv books to DAVIS to sell, and he asked him if he was not in a lawyer's office; and on his replying that he was, he asked him if he could get some old parchment deeds. He said he thought he could, and DAVIS said if he took him some he would give him a capital price for them—fourpence a pound. He accordingly took some deeds to him, and he only gave him threepence instead of fourpence, as he had promised, and on another occasion he had only given him twopence, and never tenpence, as entered in the book."

This is very sad, and it is indeed most unjust that a respectable tradesman should have to hear such things said of him, without rebuke from the bench of justice. The LORD MAYOR must have been too much shocked at such depravity and ingratitude on the part of the boy to express his own feelings—at all events his Lordship is not reported to have uttered any indignation. He remanded the unfeeling lad, and for fear lest the warm and benevolent heart of MR. JUDAH DAVIS should be so softened as to induce him to abstain from appearing on a future day, and aiding in the next examination into the actions of the evil boy, the LORD MAYOR actually remanded JUDAH DAVIS himself, who, for his unsuspecting kindness and generous liberality to a young Christian in need, is treated as a culprit, and had to find two sureties in £50 each, besides being himself bound in a £100 penalty against disappearance. The Mayor acted as he thought best, but it is hard, hard measure to deal out to an innocent Marine-Store-Keeper.

But the story, so far as it concerns JUDAH and the boy, is

not so interesting to the respectable public as another consideration. It has been attempted, many times, by people who call themselves Reformers, to establish a General Registry of Deeds. If all deeds were recorded in a public office, the title to property would not be put into jeopardy by the unbidden kindness of all the Marine-Store-Keepers in England, and brats might plunder their masters without plunging their masters' clients into peril of ruin, or of ruinous expense to replace missing testimony to ownership. But the attorneys, who are all powerful over the House of Commons, especially over the country gentlemen, have always defeated the plan for a Registry, and will continue to defeat any such new-fangled device. The country gentlemen and others who have title-deeds in the hands of their lawyers must therefore submit to attorneyism and fate. Let them, however, know what their case is. Any evil boy who happens to be in an attorney's office can imitate MASTER CORNWALL, and there are many kind and generous creatures, thank Providence, who are ready to imitate JUDAH DAVIS. Any sharp boy who can find out where the keys of the tin-boxes, or of the "safe," are kept, (and what will not a sharp boy find out) can profit by the example of MASTER CORNWALL, and even if he cannot go to the noble extent of taking 500 deeds, he may take quite enough to make a large number of clients uncommonly comfortable. He should not take all the deeds from a box, but by substituting a large *substitutum* of old newspapers, covering these with a deed or two, he may long protract a close examination. At any rate he may make a very good haul, and when an estate has to be sold, or to be defended, its alleged owner will find out how sound was the discretion and how pure the philanthropy of the amiable Interest that refuses to let verified copies of documents be deposited in a General Registry. The good works of JUDAH DAVIS may have a happy influence long after MASTER CORNWALL is discharged from the incarceration that seems in store for him, and let this thought be a comfort to the kindly old JUDAH, under the unmerited persecution to which his soft heart and unsuspecting innocence have exposed that worthy man.

SERVANTS AND THEIR SCHOOLING.

It is not long since *Mr. Punch* called attention to the fact that good servants are becoming sadly scarce among us, and that at least a part of this deficiency is owing to the want of proper schools, where girls might be instructed in the course of household duties they are hired to discharge. The knowledge of good cookery no more comes by instinct than the knowledge of geography; and it is quite as much an essential to a girl in humble life to learn how to make a shirt and boil a pudding or potato, as to know where is Kamtschatka, or what's the capital of Greece. The use of the telescope may be all very well, but the use of the rolling-pin, where servants are the students, is certainly far better; and however advantageous Arts and Sciences may be to them, what they chiefly need to learn is good plain needlework and cooking. If they be taught to read and write, and properly to keep accounts, they will know as much, or more, than very many of their masters; and they will make their homes far happier by quick and tidy hands, than by heads which have been stuffed with knowledge that is useless to them.

In this age of mental progress and development of intellect, opinions such as these may be sneered at and abused, as being behind the time, and Toryish and retrogressive. But that, with all our bragging about national advancement and education of the masses, our poor children receive a most imperfect sort of schooling, there is ample evidence at hand to furnish proof. Let any reader with a taste for wading through a blue book, spend an hour or two in hunting for the Minutes of the Council of Government Education, and he will find a clergyman attesting to these facts:—

"For want of good schools for girls, three out of four of the girls in my district are sent to miserable private schools, where they have no religious instruction, no discipline, no industrial training: they are humoured in every sort of conceit, are called 'Miss Sams' and 'Miss Browns,' and go into service at fourteen or fifteen, skilled in crochet and worsted work, but unable to darn a hole or cut out a frock, hating household work, and longing to be milliners or lady's-maids. While this is education, no wonder that people cry out that education is ruining our servants, and doing more harm than good."

No wonder, indeed! and *Mr. Punch* conceives that nobody possessed of any brains, would take into his kitchen a girl who had learned nothing but worsted work and crochet, and whom, when at school, her mistress had called "Miss." This "hating household work," and "longing to be milliners," is productive of more social evil every year; and *Mr. Punch* holds that a father who allows his girls to get such nonsense into their heads, is clearly culpable for all the harm it may bring forth.

Further evidence of moment is furnished in these Minutes, as the following will show:—

"At a school attended by girls who will for the most part go to service, it was observed that of 150 girls, scarcely one had a pocket-handkerchief, while there was scarcely one who had not a hoop. Crinolines being beyond their means, a stout hoop was worn, with an enormous amount of petticoat, while the indispensable pocket-handkerchief was absent."

Crinoline & Cleanliness—that was here the trial, and it does not much surprise one to discover the result. With girls whose heads were full of Berlin wool and crochet cotton, and who, like the others, doubtless, were at school called "Miss," of course the wish would come to be miss-taken for young ladies, and crinoline would help to consummate this wish. It is true that pocket-handkerchiefs are much more needful articles than fashionable petticoats; but then they can't be flourished in everybody's face, and as "Miss Sams" had not means to indulge in both the luxuries, she gave up cleanliness and comfort for finery and filth.



"UN SUJET NOIR."

We read that the new system of ventilation, patented by MR. COOKE, "consists in a fine adaptation of wire-gauze to open windows, so that the air is allowed to steal gently in and out, while violent draughts, and those enemies to ventilation, the blacks, are carefully excluded." The latter qualification should recommend it for universal use in America. By "carefully excluding the blacks," it would be the very instrument for ventilating the question of slavery, and moreover would help to allay that feverish warmth of feeling that is at present raging between the North and the South. By the way, we see in the above description that the blacks are denounced as "enemies to ventilation." True enough, many a courageous fellow has fallen a victim to the Lynch Law, by espousing the cause of "the blacks," and so, we suppose, has experienced, from losing his life, the very greatest difficulty in breathing. If MR. COOKE's patent will remedy this stoppage in the continuous supply of air, we must say that it will not only effect wonders with a large class of persons who cannot open their mouths on the question of slavery without immediately getting black in the face, but will, also, contribute largely to the cause of civilisation by tending materially to the prolongation of life.

The Right Man in the Right Place.

THE LORD MAYOR should not be surprised at the success of his rival. As a builder, he ought to have known that in the nature of things it could not well be otherwise. Where would one expect to find Wood, pray, but at the head of the poll?

VERY SHOOTABLE.

A New Journal is announced, to be entitled *The Quicker*. We understand that a leading feature in it will be an arrowing tale called *The Beau*.



NOW WE DARE SAY YOU WONDER WHAT THE DEUCE THIS MEANS. THE FACT IS, THAT SMITH AND TOMKINS HAVE GOT A PLACE IN SCOTLAND THIS YEAR, AND THEY ARE DOING ALL THEY POSSIBLY CAN TO ACCUSTOM THEMSELVES TO DIZZY MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS, AND TO GET THEIR FACES AND LEGS THE PROPER TONE FOR THE NORTH.

RATIONAL MONUMENTS.

THERE is perhaps no donation that a wise man grudges so much as that of a guinea or more towards a monument to the memory of anybody; that monument being a statue. If the person for whom the testimonial is intended was your personal friend, you experience, besides the annoyance of having to pay money for no good, the dissatisfaction of seeing some one who was dear to you perennially caricatured in brass or marble. One would not, however, mind subscribing as much as one could afford to the erection of such a testimonial to a departed friend as that which is indicated in the subjoined newspaper paragraph:—

“WINCHESTER COLLEGE.—A Committee, consisting of VISCOUNT EVERSLEY, VICE-CHANCELLOR SIR W. PAGE WOOD, SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE, Bart., M.P., SIR J. W. AWDRY, Bart., MR. SOLATER BOOTE, M.P., and other gentlemen, have reported upon the best form of testimonial to be raised to the memory of the late Wardens of Winchester College. They recommend the restoration of the tower of the College to be called “The Tower of the Two Wardens.”

We cannot make a statue amongst us, do what we will; but we can contrive to raise a tower, or even an entire building, of inoffensive appearance. Bearing this peculiarity of national genius in mind, let us consult it in erecting all the monuments which our gratitude may award to deservers. Has the hero whom we would honour with a statue, if we could make one, fought his country's battles?—build him a barrack, or a fort, and call it after him. Has he been an eminent divine?—erect a church to his memory. A great judge in civil or criminal law?—assign him a new assize-court or gaol. Let the name of an engineer be perpetuated by a railway terminus or a bridge, and that of an illustrious physician or surgeon by a hospital, or connect it with a cemetery. Thus honour to the dead is combined with advantage to the living, and, as in the case of the Tower of the Two Wardens, two birds are killed with one stone.

BETWEEN ANDOVER AND LONDON.

Oh! little do you know
LORD MAYOR CUBITT's grief and woe;
He sold his old coat off his back in finer trim
to go.

But the new clothes wouldn't fit,
In such wise that he might sit;
He has lost a lot of money and displayed a
lack of wit.

And there goes my LORD MAYOR,
With his Lordship's shoulders bare,
Without a seat to sit upon except his Civic
Chair.

Since Andover's resigned,
And London proved unkind,
The LORD MAYOR now has nothing to fall
back upon behind.

Dejected in his mien;
He feels the unforeseen
Ill consequence of an attempt to sit two stools
between.

He makes, by substance thrown
Away for shadow, known
The lesson that a man should be contented
with his own.

So now then let us sing
Long live the City King;
And may experience to his youth increase of
wisdom bring!

A Woman to be Envied.

THE wife of a poor Curate writes sighingly as follows: “I see that the SULTAN is always appearing in public with a new Hatt. I wonder if the SULTANA exercises the same privilege, and can come out as often as she likes with a new Bonnet?”

ADVICE THAT NEVER WILL BE FOLLOWED!

A WOMAN should never marry. Previous to marriage, she is an Angel; whereas after marriage, she is nothing more than a Woman! —One who admires Women far too generally ever to give a selfish preference to One.

CLERICAL ERRORS.

It is said that the Clerks at the Foreign Office are at present tolerably good, and up to the mark. We all know that in LORD MALMESBURY's time they were scarcely *pass-able*.

STYLE!—What every coxcomb fancies he has attached to his gait.



A LORD MARE'S NEST!

ART IN PARLIAMENT.

"*Ars est celare artem*" is an old proverb, and SIR G. BOWYER, that eminent Royalist, Cavalier, and first trombone of the POPE'S Brass Band, is of opinion that the best way to "hide the Art" of the New Houses of Parliament would be to apply to it a good coat of whitewash. SIR G. BOWYER is a man of such remarkably strong sense—his opinions on questions of public duty and statesmanship are so sound and comprehensive, his views of government, education, civil and ecclesiastical policy, are so sagacious and so eminently English—that one naturally listens with great respect to what he has to say on Art as employed in the House of Commons.

SIR G. BOWYER thinks that the idea of promoting the Fine Arts by spending the public money on frescoes, statues, and pictures, is quite fallacious—and he proves it with that admirable logic which peculiarly belongs to him. His reason for the conclusion he has come to is, that though portrait-painting was the branch of the Art which received most encouragement in England, we have now no portrait-painter equal to SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS or SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE. We were not aware before that SIR JOSHUA or SIR THOMAS were paid out of the public purse, but we are glad to live and learn at the feet of such a Gamahiel as SIR G. BOWYER.

BOWYER then shoots his flight at the frescoes. Poor frescoes!—It was said they were coming off the walls—it would be well if they did. One of them represents a brutal insult offered to the remains of CHARLES THE FIRST by a Roundhead soldier, thus giving extreme offence to SIR GEORGE BOWYER "as a Royalist and Cavalier." These are new characters for this versatile civilian. We have long pleased ourselves with imagining him in the chain mail and red-crossed surcoat of a Knight of St. John; and now for a while we may picture him to ourselves in the Vandyke doublet and falling collar of the Caroline age. Why should not SIR GEORGE offer himself to the House as a model for the central figure of a series of historical designs to take the place of the subjects fixed by the Fine Art Commissioners? We might begin with BOWYER as an Ancient Briton, in his woad and tattoo-marks, as

"Wild in woods the noble savage ran."

Then we might have BOWYER as a Saxon captive in the Roman slave-market,—"*non Anglus sed Angelus*,"—with St. Augustine in raptures over his combined innocence and beauty;—then BOWYER as a Crusader, in his habit of the Order of St. John, drawing the teeth of an unbelieving Jew, till he comes down with his unhallowed dust for the good of Mother Church Militant;—then BOWYER as at once Papal Legate and Royalist, upholding JOHN against his rebellious Barons at Runnymede;—then BOWYER as an ecclesiastical lawyer, by the Smithfield faggots, sniffing a roasting heretic, *temp. Mariae Sanguinolentæ*;—then BOWYER as a Jesuit Seminarist, giving a dagger, with his blessing, to a Romanist conspirator, in the days of good QUEEN BESS;—then BOWYER as a pillar of the Old Faith, settling the details of his *coup d'état* with the much maligned GUY FAWKES;—then BOWYER as a Cavalier in love-locks, and a point-lace band falling over his buff coat, backing up that blessed martyr CHARLES in his seizure of the Five Members;—then BOWYER as a pious Page at Whitehall, carrying the historical warming-pan into the bed-room of MARY OF MODENA, or kissing the hand of JAMES THE SECOND which has just flung the Great Seal of England into the Thames;—then BOWYER as a faithful adherent of CHARLES EDWARD, in full retreat from Derby, or grinning through a hempen collar at Tyburn;—and lastly, BOWYER kissing PIO NONO'S toe, and invested with the Order of the Spur in the Vatican!

Here would indeed be a series calculated to rejoice the heart of any Royalist and Cavalier,—though it would unluckily exhibit SIR GEORGE invariably on the side which a base and brutal Nineteenth Century insists on calling that of darkness, tyranny, and superstition. But SIR GEORGE, besides his general abuse of the Arts in the House of Commons, condescends to particulars. He is severe, for instance, on *The Baptism of King Ethelbert*, because the King is naked, except his crown, and kneels by a font, "in which he could no more be immersed than in a teacup." It is unlucky that MR. DYCE in both points—the nakedness of the King and the smallness of the font—should have followed the nearest available authority, and should have shown us *Ethelbert* under baptism, as the MSS. of nearly the same date show AGILULF, King of the Lombards, in the same act.

SIR G. recommends the Government "to put a stop to an expenditure which produces results which give foreigners a very low idea of the standard of Art in England." Perhaps SIR GEORGE does not sufficiently consider that if foreigners go for their "standards" to Parliament, they may be liable to undervalue other things besides our Art. Suppose, for instance, they were to fall upon SIR GEORGE'S own speeches as standards of English sense and Parliamentary wisdom?

But nothing in SIR G. BOWYER'S speech becomes him like the closing of it. He tells us that "he places great reliance on the Noble Lord at the head of the Government, in matters of taste!" We have long been accustomed to deplore LORD PALMERSTON'S unhappy bent

in Art, but we have never yet seen so conspicuous a condemnation of it as this reliance of SIR GEORGE BOWYER'S. SIR GEORGE is sorry he was not "present at the recent debate on the style of the Foreign Office, to show that there was at least *one* Italian question on which he agreed with the Noble Lord." Let LORD PALMERSTON pause before it is too late, and reflect what it is to have SIR GEORGE BOWYER agree with him!

But BOWYER was not the only new light that last week saw set up to guide the House aright in matters of Art. OSBORNE—the brilliant BERNAL—or BURN-ALL, as he might be called, in consideration of the heat, light, and brightness of his wit—had preceded BOWYER. He was laubent, corruscant, flashing. How his lightning were made to play about the devoted heads of the poor painters, who had laid their profane hands on the walls within which OSBORNE deigns to enlighten and convulse the world! Think of MACLISE, or DYCE, or HERBERT, or WATTS, in the hands of OSBORNE—mere mice in the paws of a lion! Only it seems hardly worth while of this monarch of the woods to waste his gigantic strength on such small deer! There was LORD MACAULAY'S old New Zealander called up to ask, what *he* would think of the frescoes, when he sat down on that famous sketching job of his, from the broken arch of London Bridge. But no; the frescoes would have all faded from the walls long before the New Zealander's visit—they were falling off already—"Cordelia was defaced, and Lear was almost invisible."

The House's enjoyment of this exquisite fooling might have been lessened had it been told at the time that the facts were untrue—that *Cordelia's* beauty was as fresh, and *Lear's* age as venerable, as when MR. HERBERT first withdrew the screen from before his fresco. And this even the brilliant BERNAL was forced to admit the next night. But he got more of his own peculiar chaste and refined fun out of the very admission, telling us it was true that *Cordelia* and *Lear* were all right, but "*Regan's* nose was in a rapid state of decay, and would probably fall off before the Session was over." We might remind MR. OSBORNE that even if his charge were true, many a Member might envy MR. HERBERT'S fresco, and wish that his own "*Ayes*" and "*Noes*" could be as easily effaced from *Hansard*, as *Cordelia's* eyes or *Regan's* nose from the plaster of the Poets' Corridor.

MR. PUNCH would only remind these brilliant orators, and cruel critics, that art, like oratory, is not learnt in a day—that it requires a long course of experiments before you can hit the way either to ornament the walls, or amuse the groundlings, of Parliament. But, comparing Art and Oratory, we should be sorry indeed to pronounce the Art that adorns the walls of the House of Commons as low in its way as much of the eloquence that is considered sufficient to enlighten and amuse the Members of that House; and we would in conclusion remind Honourable and facetious Members who may be inclined to applaud or imitate OSBORNE and BOWYER, that "it is an ill bird that dirties its own nest." It will be a fair day for England when she can feel as proud of the work done and the speeches spoken within the walls of Parliament as of the works painted upon those walls, with all their deficiencies; and we must protest equally against being committed to the histories of SIR GEORGE BOWYER, and the æsthetics of MR. BERNAL OSBORNE.

A LADY'S RIDDLE.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"Brompton Square.

"GRACIOUS knows I am in no temper to be amusing, but here is a riddle which may *shame* a BRUTE, I mean of course, a *husband*!

"What is the difference between me and LORD PALMERSTON?"

"Why, last Wednesday he was at a delightful Whitebait Dinner at Greenwich, and I wasn't."

"Let a wretch's conscience and my old bonnet say *why*."

"Yours truly,

"AN OPPRESSED WIFE."

CAUTION TO EXPLOSIVE PEOPLE.

By the Gunpowder Act, which comes into operation on the 31st of August, it is enacted that:—

"No person shall throw, cast, or fire any squib, serpent, rocket, or other fireworks, in or into any thoroughfare, or public place, under the penalty of five pounds for every offence."

If the above Act, which seems to be a death-blow aimed at the reputation of GUIDO FAUX, is strictly enforced, we look upon MR. BERNAL OSBORNE as a ruined man, for it stands to reason that no fortune can stand against a perpetual series of finses, if he has to pay £5 for every squib he flings about in the House of Commons, or elsewhere. The only public gain may be that, though MR. OSBORNE may be ruined, still there will be an end put to the "offence" he is so frequently guilty of; for we conclude that, when he is no longer able to pay for his amusement, the Hon. Member for Liskeard will be locked up.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



dream of putting. She is of a far too delicate physique to play in what is termed 'grand opera' with suitable effect; and although her voice and figure have by no means reached maturity, one can't fancy they will ever attain to GRISI growth. I only hope she won't be spoiled by the overpraise she gets, and that she will not strain her voice and vulgarise her style by singing too much of the trashy *Traviata* school of music. They say GRISI's voice is worn, and so no doubt it is, for has she not been using it for more than thirty seasons? I only hope if I hear PATTI take her final farewell in 1891, her voice may sound as sweetly as did GRISI's the other day, when twelve thousand came to Sydenham to be present at her leave-taking.

"Of course one can't please everybody, and I think I hear old GROWLER grumbling at my impudence in writing about the opera, seeing that my letters are professedly dramatic. Well, the opera is not the drama, it is true, and sticklers for mere words may therefore find some fault with me. But surely GRISI has been great both as an actress and a singer, and indeed to my mind the very finest acting is not seldom to be seen upon the operatic stage. To take part in an opera requires not less a musical than a dramatic course of study, and if not the highest it is clearly the most difficult form of footlight art. A prima donna has not merely to learn the words, and study the fit bearing of a part, but she must likewise commit to heart the music of it, and in the full swing and torrent of her passion must mind her sharps and flats, her pianos and her fortes, and never be a beat behindhand with a note.

"In this age of fast farces and degenerate burlesques, it is but seldom that one gets the sight of a new comedy; and although that at the Haymarket is not, strictly speaking, "new" (albeit the playbill so declares it), there is certainly some novelty in seeing a translation from the French done in five acts. The piece is neatly written, and cleansed from aught unsavoury there may be in the original; and as the five acts only occupy two hours and a quarter, one surely cannot well complain that they are tedious. MR. CHARLES MATEWS and his wife make up most becomingly in the costume of the period of LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH; and this ancient date is marked by *My Lord* and *My Lady* having married 'for convenience;' a thing which in high life one knows has long since been extinct. MR. BUCKSTONE has a part which is not very funny, but is not at all coarse; and for the absence of the latter quality I can willingly look over any absence of the former. I feel inclined, moreover, to give a word of praise to MR. ANDREWS, from New York, who plays a monkeyish French valet with much excellent grimacing, and yet without any attempt to make too much of a small part.

"At the Princess's, MR. HAMLET—otherwise known as M. FECHTER—still continues to attract. When I looked in the other evening there was scarcely a stall vacant. Some people may doubt if it be praise to say so, but his is a performance which bears seeing bit by bit, and I think that one enjoys it all the more for doing so. Well-nigh every line has its appropriate look or gesture, and very many of the points are so carefully minute that one's attention need be fresh to appreciate them properly. As a contrast, a while since, there appeared on the 'off' nights a Transatlantic lady, who played *Rosalind* as no one but a Yankee-ess could play her. Certain of the critics objected to her dress, as being far less fit for SHAKSPEARE than for a burlesque. But I think her costume suited her conception of the character; for in calling women 'wimmin,' and saying 'linnimunts' for lineaments, she clearly showed she was burlesquing the part that SHAKSPEARE wrote.

HER PONCHE,—I suppose now that the Government have had their Whitebait Dinner, the season may be well nigh accounted to be over, and MR. GYE I think shows wisdom in closing Covent Garden before his senatorial supporters have all left him. To the man who has been jaded by six months of London life, a partridge has far more attractions than a PATTI; and were GRISI to return for another final farewell, she would stand but little chance of competing with the grouse. Having no rival worth thinking of, and keeping open house for four or five nights every week, MR. GYE must have this year put money in his purse; and since he spares no pains for the pleasing of the public, as one of them I certainly can't grudge him his success.

"Next to *Norma's* leave-taking, the *début* of *La Sonnambula* has been the feature of the season, and her performance bids fair aural promise for the next. Will she ever equal GRISI? is a question I hear asked, but which for my own part I should never

A PIPER WORTH PAYING.

FROM a Cork newspaper, *Mr. Punch* has the pleasure of extracting a portion of a Report which has filled him with a variety of sensations too numerous to mention. It may not be known to Saxons that the beautiful city of Cork (and it is *that*, and as for the girls, O HONORA, excuse this wild throbb, and be still, thou fluttering heart—but this is weakness) is governed in some way by a Mayor and a Council. The other day there was a meeting of this august body to administer what is termed the "Improvement Department." Gentlemen who are fortunate enough, through their conjugal relation, to be aware of what milliners used to mean by an improvement, will perceive, shortly, how appropriate is the name of the Cork Committee of Public Safety.

The Mayor presided, and various topics came under the notice of this Cork Parliament. A gentleman named SHEEHAN, perhaps an Englishman from his name, and from the icy calmness with which he discussed the subjects of debate, first relieved himself of his impatience at not seeing in its place a certain statue ordered on the previous Friday, and then proceeded:—

"MR. SHEEHAN referred to a letter which he had read at the Department at the previous meeting, purporting to have been written to him by a clergyman of the city, begging his influence to better the position of the poor curates, and have some bye-law enacted against the wearing of Crinolines, as the writer had only £60 a-year, and his daughter was putting him to enormous expense by her indulgence in the present inflated style of dress. Now, continued MR. SHEEHAN, I see that gentleman says he didn't write that letter, but I'm sorry he didn't, for it's a very sensible and logical letter. (*Laughter.*) It's a shame, sir, I say, to have poor curates treated as they are. (*Order, order.*) I say it's a shame, sir, and I'll give notice of motion about it. To have only £60 a-year, and to have their daughters begging them with their hoops. (*Order, order.*)"

The mutinous cry was followed up by somebody—one SCOTT, and these Scots have no imagination—complaining that the subject was not connected with the business that ought to be in hand, that of a Pipe Committee. MR. SCOTT is possibly single, and does not know that piping has a good deal to do with certain articles of costume. But MR. SHEEHAN squashed him at the shortest notice:

"MR. SHEEHAN (*excitedly*). It has, SCOTT. I say it is most inhuman for women to be going through the streets with large hoops all out this way round them, so that people can't pass. (*Laughter.*)"

Then a MR. EXHAM endeavoured to put down the energetic MR. SHEEHAN, but the exhemplary EXHAM had no chance. In answer to his suggestion that such matters were not for the Department of Pipes, responded—

"MR. SHEEHAN (*warmly*). I say they are, Sir. I say they are. (*Order, order.*) It is most unnatural for those ladies to be going through the streets with such things on. (*Oh, oh, order, order, and laughter.*) I know it, Sir. I know it. I have eight daughters myself wearing hoops, so I'm more connected with them than they. (*Laughter and uproar.*)"

Eight daughters! If those young ladies inherit their father's straightforwardness, earnestness of purpose, and good sense, *Mr. Punch* deeply regrets that he has not eight sons of

"ONE WHO PAYS."

marriageable age, for in those two cases he would present the eight young gentlemen with sixteen tickets, eight return, and eight single, and pack them off by this night's rail with orders to come back with each of the eight MISSES SHEEHAN as a MRS. FITZ-PUNCH, or not to come back at all.

There were some further tyrannical attempts to stop the oratory of Mr. Punch's possible Connection, but he had said his say, and the Council, which may be regarded as Sat Upon, humbly proceeded to dance to its own Pipes. More power to your respectable elbow, MR. SHEEHAN, and here's luck to you, Sir, and to the young ladies, and its proud Cork ought to be of having such a Councillor.

A ROD IN PICKLE.



RECENTLY in the House of Commons, the House having gone into Committee upon the Statute Law Revision Bill, MR. HENNESSY, according to the reported debate, said that as the Bill was intended to repeal useless and obsolete laws, he thought the Ecclesiastical Titles Act might well be included among them; and, SIR G. C. LEWIS having, in answer, observed that the motion of the Hon. Gentleman partook rather of the nature of a practical joke than a serious motion, thereupon the gallant crusader,—

“SIR G. BOWYER asked whether any one could point out what practical effect the Ecclesiastical Titles Act had had. (Hear, hear.) If an act which had never had, and never would have any force, was not an obsolete Act, he did not know what was one.”

It is not at all difficult to point out to SIR GEORGE BOWYER what practical effect has resulted from the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. The *prestige*, to quote a word from the vocabulary of humbug, of the POPE and his priesthood, was shaken by the enactment of that measure. Many people were prevented from turning papists, who, had it not passed, would have thought it had been defeated by supernatural power, but who lost their growing faith in the POPE when they saw him beaten by the British Public. The progress of the Italian revolution was probably much accelerated by, and there is reason to suppose that the emancipation of Italy has been in no small measure owing to, the spectacle of the self-styled successor of St. Peter opposed and baffled in his attempt to subjugate the people of England.

If no practical effect had been likely to be produced by the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, why did Honourable Gentlemen of SIR GEORGE BOWYER's persuasion so violently endeavour to arrest its progress in the House of Commons? Why did the POPE's Brass Band trumpet against it so furiously, and why, as MR. HENNESSY, or any other one of them, might say in a national form of speech, do they still keep harping on the same string?

The Ecclesiastical Titles Act will doubtless be a dead letter, so long as Roman Catholic Bishops confine themselves to minding their theological business. Let any of them endeavour, like some of their foreign brethren, to foment sedition, and then, if they cease to be contemptible, and become dangerous, SIR GEORGE BOWYER will probably find that the Act which he considers obsolete will have quite force enough for the purpose which it was meant to serve.

ADVICE TO THE INTEMPERATE.

If you will “drink like a fish,” let it be then like the gold fish, whose entire globe contains nothing but water.—George C—ksh—k.

DONE IN A MINUTE!

Two negro newspapers are now published, one in New York, and the other in Boston. Of course, they are printed in black letter?

THE ONE GREAT THING THAT HAS PASSED THIS SESSION.—Passing LORD JOHN into the House of Lords.

GOYON AND DE MÉRODE.

A Day of Leicester Square.

Ah! 'ave a you eerd ze news wheech 'ave occur joost now?
MONSIGNOR DE MÉRODE wiz GOYON 'ave our row.
Ze GÉNÉRAL demand, and MONSIGNOR deny,
Surrender of Zouave for some offence to try.

To GÉNÉRAL GOYON, of MONSIGNOR MÉRODE,
Ze ansare, in Ingles expressed, vas “You be blowed;
I vill a not give op ze unfortunate to you;
Your mastère ees von rhog, von ombog, and von doo!”

Ze GÉNÉRAL GOYON, to hear zis bad language
Spoke of NAPOLÉON, flew into von great rage;
“Aha!” he cry, “ze coat protects you what you wears,
Else I wode give you two great boxes on ze ears.

“Take off your priestly robbs which keeps your shoulders warm,
And I of GÉNÉRAL will change ze uniform
Zat now on your honneur I 'ave inflicted stain,
I may you render satisfaction on ze plain.”

MONSIGNOR DE MÉRODE replied, “You'll me excuse;
Ze offer to accept, for why I most refuse.”
“MONSIGNOR DE MÉRODE,” say GÉNÉRAL GOYON,
“To me it plain appears zat you are von poltron.

“Ze boxes of your ears vat causes you no pain,
Since as you zem accept zey morally remain,
Behold, you see ze tip of zis extended toe;
Conceive zat you arrest ze kick I make just so!”

MONSIGNOR DE MÉRODE did zereupon retreat,
Like von small dog wiz tail between his hinder feet,
Ze soldier of him claimed surrender by-and-by,
And seat him down to eat von plate of ombule pie.

MAY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION NEVER ALTER COLLABORATION.

OUR excellent contemporary the *Daily Telegraph*, published on the ultimate day of July a biography of a Duke just deceased, and also an eloquent leading article on the same individual. Desiring to complete our judgment of the character of the departed, we could wish to know which of the articles, published simultaneously, is to be accepted as truthful. For, lo!

Biography.

“Extravagant he was, certainly; overbearing he may have been; but he was, at all events, in prosperity brave and generous, with all his faults.”

Leading Article.

“His life was pre-eminently a mean, shabby, and shuffling one. He muddled away his millions as though they had been the rents of a coalshed. * * * Had there been anything noteworthy, anything really estimable in his character, he would not have been suffered to sink so entirely into decadence.”

As the Cabman remarked to the ladies and gentleman in *Pickwick*, when all gave him contradictory orders as to the door at which he was to stop, “All I say is, settle vich it is.”

But if collaborateurs differ, contemporaries differ almost as widely. The *Telegraph* observes:—

“The town rang with indignation when he not only overpowered his son and heir into cutting off the entail of the estates, and robbing him and his seed for ever for the parent's folly and the creditors' greed, but absolutely prosecuted him for perjury before a court of justice, when he denied having signed a certain deed, which, like a hundred others, was given him in all haste to subscribe to, not to examine. The host of eminent witnesses who were proud to accompany LORD CHANDOS into court—LORD BROUGHAM, the Provost of ETON, &c. &c.—was sufficient proof of the son's character, and the father's character was made evident to all men by the fact that his son stood at the bar on such a base charge—that son whom the father's creditors so trusted that they made him receiver of the estates, a post which enabled him to live comfortably—even luxuriously—had he not out of his income supported the man who prosecuted him!”

The *Morning Chronicle* says:—

“Warm-hearted and hospitable in former days, and honest and just in the hour of difficulty, the late Duke willingly allowed his estates to be sequestered, so that his creditors might be paid in full. In this effort he was honourably seconded by his only son, the MARQUIS OF CHANDOS, as our readers are aware. The present Duke, remarkable for his business habits, must, ere long, be in possession of an income calculated to support his dukedom. As opinions opposite to these facts have been very generally entertained, it is only fair to the memory of the late Duke that this statement should go abroad.”

Again we must revert to the language of the excellent *Pickwickian* cabman, and say “Settle vich it is.” We might have to progress in our Golden Book.



END OF THE SESSION.

Mr. Bull. "SO THE WORKMEN ARE OUT AT LAST! PLENTY OF SHAVINGS, MR. PAM, BUT MIGHTY LITTLE WORK, I'M AFRAID."

A SHORT WAY WITH SECULARISTS.

We congratulate the partisans of absolute squirearchy on the verdict of that enlightened Devonshire Special Jury, which, at the last Exeter Assizes, in the case *BRADLAUGH v. EDWARDS*, awarded the Plaintiff, who sued the Defendant for assault and false imprisonment, the lowest amount of damages which they could legally give him. The assault consisted in a seizure of the necktie, and a pressure of knuckles into the throat, by Policemen acting under the orders of the Defendant, their superintendent. The imprisonment included five hours in an underground cell, without fire or light, in the month of March, and lasted from Sunday till Monday morning. It was, therefore, an injury for which a British Jury, more jealous of the liberty of the subject than zealous for the authority of justices, would have ordinarily given heavy damages. The Devonshire Jury gave MR. BRADLAUGH one farthing.

The fact was, that BRADLAUGH was not only one of those fellows who ought to be put down, but he was one of those fellows who ought to be put down without any ceremony or standing upon niceties of law. This fellow, BRADLAUGH, who calls himself "Iconoclast," is a secular lecturer. He was collared and walked off to the station-house by the direction of MR. EDWARDS, the Plaintiff, out of a field which he was about to deliver a secularist lecture in, and which he had hired for that purpose. MR. EDWARDS had previously, instructed by the Magistrates, prevented him from lecturing in Devonport Park, a place in which he had no business but what the authorities chose to grant him. They could not legally exclude him from the field which he had hired, so their officer, MR. EDWARDS, strained the law a point for them, and did it illegally, at the small cost of one farthing, and legal expenses, which he will not, of course, have personally to detract.

The lecture which MR. BRADLAUGH meant to deliver, had he been permitted, would, there is every reason to believe, have formed an exposition of opinions much the same as those put forward in *Essays and Reviews*. On that heterodox work Convocation could only venture to decide that there were grounds for proceeding to synodical judgment. It availed itself of an excuse to shrink from pronouncing judgment thereon. The timidity which Convocation thus displayed must have been very painful to the enemies of free theological discussion. Proportionally cheering to that intelligent party must be the boldness of a

Magistracy and Constabulary who rush in where Divines fear to tread, and take an "Iconoclast" into custody; and they doubtless feel equally reassured by the healthy spirit of dogmatism which must have actuated a Jury that virtually sanctioned them in doing so. MR. EDWARDS'S Policemen caught MR. BRADLAUGH by his tie, and dug their knuckles into his neck. MR. BRADLAUGH is a layman, and his tie may be a black one, or a bird's-eye for aught we know. Is there no Constable, likewise, ready to seize hold of the white tie of any or every clerical writer in *Essays and Reviews*? Cannot the REV. ROWLAND WILLIAMS, D.D., Vice-Principal and Professor of Hebrew, St. David's College, Lampeter, Vicar of Broad Chalke, Wilts, be collared like MR. BRADLAUGH, by the Police, and conveyed summarily to Quod, at the charge of one farthing only, instead of costing the BISHOP OF SALISBURY a mint of money for his prosecution, and perhaps getting off after all?

Hurrah for the orthodox reaction which perhaps is commencing! It is by no means enough that every man shall be responsible to a court of law for the expression of his theological opinions. Fellows who go about lecturing, and inculcating views the assertion of which may or may not be unlawful and punishable, must have their mouths stopped at once. This object is to be effected by the Policemen with his grasp on the lecturer's "choker." Thus, and not by a tedious and expensive trial, to say nothing of argument, should the preachers of unbelief be silenced: as they are at Devonport, and might have been at Naples in the time of BOMBA. The Magistrates becoming judges of controversy, and the Policemen enforcing their decrees, the office of justice of the peace will become a holy office indeed, and the constabulary will rise into familiars of a British Inquisition. This consummation most devoutly to be wished, will at least result from the prevalence of that superiority to vulgar solicitude for freedom of discussion which, in the case of *BRADLAUGH v. EDWARDS*, was signalled by a Devonshire special jury.

A Man of High Family.

It is not generally known that M. BLONDIN is connected with one of the most illustrious families of the English Peerage. The great funambulist is confidently asserted to be a scion of the House of Somerset.



THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

"MR. PUNCH, SIR,

"Charleston, July 26, 1861.

"I HAVE proposition to make. Your valuable journal, world wide reputation, great influence ought to have, like other papers, Special Correspondent at Seat of War. I am the man. In short, War Correspondent by nature. If you accept my offer I will telegraph my letters to St. Johns, N.B., whence they will be forwarded to you *via* steamer—thus you will obtain details ahead of all rivals. Of course in sending communications over the wires, I must be as concise as possible, to save time and expense, which may produce a certain twitchiness of style, to this however you may not object. Accompanying letter specimen of my style:—

"Am now in Charleston, very centre of Secessionism. Was told in North I should be able to get neither lodging nor food in this city; How absurdly things are exaggerated at distance. Found little or no difficulty in securing fair portion of billiard table on which I sleep quite comfortably; a little inconvenient in the morning, to be sure, when they commence pool, for although they have no right to play at *my* end before 7 o'clock, still it is almost impossible to prevent balls flying about occasionally. Gentleman, this morning made winning hazard off back of my head, but they would not let it count, which I was not sorry for on whole, stroke unintentional I know, but billiard balls hard, and human nature weak, particularly about lower part back of head. As for food live on clover, or something confoundedly like it, call it gumbo, have it three times a-day. Yesterday dined off split chicken, looked like arms of Austria broiled. For breakfast they serve us species of vulcanised pancake, known I think (mind, only *think*, so if mistaken do not set me down as another MR. ARROWROOT, of *Times* correspondence notoriety), known I think, as corn-dodgers, or flap-jack. One elastic substance served up with treacle, so as to resemble blister, is I *know* called Buckwheat cake.

"To-day witnessed one of institutions of country in its most striking aspect. Public Bar Room at Free Lunch time. Most Drinking-saloons of any eminence, spread lunch table from 11 to 1 o'clock, every one who chooses comes in, eats as much as he likes, and pays nothing. About 12 o'clock dropt into 'Gem,' great crowd people there, eating, drinking, smoking, talking. Large table set out, boiled beef, oyster soup, gumbo, dried fish, cheese, crackers, and bread. Gentlemenly barkeeper mixing drinks in highly artistic manner, pouring liquid from one tumbler to another in parabolic curve over his head.

General hum of conversation, in which the words 'Secession,' 'Southern Confederation,' 'No how you can fix it,' 'that long, slab-sided, nigger-stealing son of a gun, ABRAHAM LINCOLN,' 'No sirree hoss!' most frequently heard. Shuffling of feet, clinking of ice in huge pitchers, &c. Works of Art adorn walls—female figures in high style of undress most patronised. Spittoons as large as bushel baskets generously distributed over marble floor, easy chairs in all directions—gentlemen sitting on shoulder-blades. Accompanying drawing faithful representation of scene.

"Charleston picturesque old city—quite classic ground—has a ruin somewhere—powder-mill blown up several years ago. People of Charleston talk about their antiquities—one house eighty years old. Several fine hotels, two or three excellent churches, and very nice arsenal. Voluminous market place, well supplied with okra, squash, pumpkins, peanuts, pop corn, yams, squirrels, robins, clams, &c. Mutton and beef not very abundant, South Carolina having seceded from butcher's meat. City Hall a neat little edifice. Post Office somewhere in church. There is good deal of sea, and bay, and water of one kind and another round about, with several forts in it and on it. Good esplanade, called White Point Garden—walks macadamised with peppermint lozenges, or sea-shells, don't know which, anyway beautiful effect.

"State of Society, generally, very much disorganised. Bodies armed men patrol streets all night. Everyone armed to teeth, if they have teeth; very often have not in this country, in which case, armed to upper lip or organ of philoprogenitiveness. Have been arrested five times, brought before vigilance committee, suspicious character, who was I? where did I come from? &c. &c. Stated was personal friend of *Mr. Punch*, Special Correspondent.—All right, let off immediately. *Mr. Punch* greatly respected here, next to GENERAL WASHINGTON.

"Attended grand caucus last night—great demonstration. Principal speaker burst all buttons off shirt front, said if Northern States would only contract to carry the mails as usual, and supply them with ice, poultry, hay, and firearms, South Carolina would never surrender, rather perish! Patriot's grave better far than something else—patriot's everything better than everything else, nothing like patriots, in fact every man not patriot ought to have his head punched (or words to that effect). Agreeably surprised at dignity and decorum with which meeting was conducted—only one fight, and that attended with no fatal results—wounded man walked down street next day, expected to

recover. Southerners certainly very gentlemanly men, should feel more at ease in their society if they didn't carry quite so many bowie knives about, don't see how they manage it. I only wear two, one up my back, other down leg of pants, and small revolver in breast pocket, still find it inconvenient in sitting down,—feel as if I had received ticket to Orthopedic Institution, and been very thoroughly treated.

"However, I hope to avoid any unpleasant feeling by carefully conforming to customs of country, am conforming continually, consequence is, am becoming very popular—great number of distinguished persons already call me JIM—drink with every one; this morning took two 'stone walls' and a 'General Jackson' before breakfast. After breakfast met JUDGE KING, invited me to 'smile,' and we smiled; presently joined by DEACON MASON, smiled again (in this land you can smile and smile, and not be a villain), result was, I drank three 'brandy cocktails,' two 'gin slings,' one 'battered rum,' and a 'moral suasion' by lunch time; obliged to do it in order to maintain social position. Kind am getting very popular; met GOVERNOR PICKENS to-day, offered me post of Judge of Supreme Court, 'when things got fixed up a bit;' informed him I knew nothing of law: replied it was of 'no consequence,' 'had I common sense?' I thought I had; he considered that quite sufficient, I was 'just the man they wanted.'

"Negroes less prevalent than I anticipated, not very industrious class of people, seem to occupy themselves chiefly sitting on barrels, corroding large cars of boiled corn, exhibiting rows of teeth that look like keys of piano. Dreadful fall in niggers recently (will rise by-and-by, I suspect). 'Niggers aint worth half what they wos,' general sentiment. Head waiter at hotel weeping bitterly at breakfast, inquired cause; told me he had suffered severe pecuniary loss, three months ago was worth fifteen hundred dollars, now would not sell for more than seven hundred. Free niggers go about streets trying to sell themselves in order to realise before civil war breaks out. My opinion is, there will be no secession for long. North will cut off supply of ice, Southerners will have none to make mint juleps, whole South in a state of Ancient Mariner, have to cave in, and there will be an end of this estrapade. Once more Eagle will soar above prostrate body of defeated anarchy. Lion will lie down with lamb, everything O.K.*

"Talking of customs of country, I wish you would publish accompanying portrait of COLONEL BRONZE, gentlemanly proprietor of Pavilion Hotel. Also portraits of JIM SNOOKENBACK, gentlemanly barkeeper, and MR. KELLY, gentlemanly porter of hotel. These little attentions quite usual, I assure you, custom of country. Hope you will not allow yourself to be influenced by any absurd preconceived prejudices against puffing, if so it will seriously embarrass private arrangements of

"Yours, "GORILLA."

[We have received 1376 applications from gentlemen residing in America, each applicant offering to become our War Correspondent. We will see about it; but at the same time it is doubtful whether we shall want any War Correspondent until there is a war.—Ed. Punch.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

A STORM of £10 notes set in with unprecedented severity immediately upon the appearance of *Mr. Punch's* infimation that the reason why he cut short his Parliamentary narrative last week might be learned by means of such enclosures. It would be manifestly unjust to his correspondents did he publicly reveal a secret which they were invited to purchase; but for the satisfaction of posterity he has prepared a memorandum of the facts, and has deposited it in the Record Office, where it may be inspected any day between 10 and 4 after the 1st January, 1899. The Index word is "Weyze-Goose."

The concluding days of the Session offered little that deserves immortalisation. The LORD CHANCELLOR took an opportunity of informing the Lords that the Bankruptcy Bill, with all its mutilations, would be of great service to the commercial world, and that he had no doubt the Chief Judge clause would be introduced in the next Session. LORD PALMERSTON stated that he did not think that the Spaniards meant to retain permanent possession of Tetuan, but that he believed they were using it only as a screw to get money out of the Moors. He also expressed himself very strongly upon the atrocities of the brigands of Naples, and hoped that "those wretches would shortly meet with their just punishment" notwithstanding that they were sent out from "the holy city of Rome." LORD SHARPSBURY finished his work for the Session by one of those deeds which incline *Punch* often to forgive him for his spiritual tyranny over LORD PALMERSTON in the bishop-making department. He obtained an address for inquiry into the condition of the children who are employed in a variety of trades that do not come under the action of existing restrictions. And when it is known that in some of these trades infants of four and five years old are worked twelve and fourteen hours a day, it will be thought that it is almost time to protect them against the greed of parents and of employers. The Galway business was again brought forward, and LORD PALMER-

* O. K. in the American language, stands for "all correct," or "jori korrekt."

STON thought that much was to be said in favour of giving the Company another chance. He has made the discovery that Galway is, geographically, the most central port in the West of Ireland, and so forth. The Government is unpopular in the green isle, and if a dissolution should now take place, the Tories would grab a good many seats. But the Prince's visit, to be followed by one from the QUEEN, and the announcement that the claims of Galway will be favourably regarded, may do something for the Administration, and the CONSTABLE (who by the way is shortly to be presented with his staff upon the Heights) is wide awake to the exigencies of the crisis. To another and more important exigency he also proposes to show himself equal. The States whose forces sustained on the Eighth Sunday after Trinity, last past, the most remarkable defeat that has been inflicted on soldiers since America was discovered, have devised a curious administrative plan. They declare blockades of ports, but propose to levy customs by means of ships that are to sail out and intercept customers. This is a bit of bold ingenuity, but LORD PALMERSTON is blind to its cleverness, declares it preposterous, and will not permit English vessels to recognise the absurdity. We may hear more of this difference of opinion between a Premier and a President.

There has not been much else worth note, and the Commons, like the audience in other theatres, were played out with a stupid farce. MR. SCULLY had began a speech on the wrongs of Ireland, when he was shut up by the Black Rod, on

Tuesday, August 6th, PRINCE ALFRED's birthday, when PRINCE ALFRED's Mamma sent the following message, which was delivered in the silver tones of the new LORD CHANCELLOR:

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

The Session done,
You have your QUEEN's free leave to cut and run:
For services, from all degrees and ranks,
Your Sovereign tenders you her heartiest thanks.

With foreign powers she's on good terms, just now,
And trusts there'll be no European row.

Italia has elected to unite
Under KING VICTOR's sway. May all go right!

In Yankeedom is raised the battle-cry:
We mean to put no finger in that pie.

The Powers have quashed that horrid Syrian riot,
Withdrawn their troops, and hope for peace and quiet.

India's improving hugely, and expresses
Hope to be lifted from financial messes.

BELOVED COMMONS,

Thankfully is noted
The willingness with which the Tin was voted.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

The QUEEN reveres
The noble spirit of the Volunteers.

Gladly she wills the measure that allots
The forfeit seats of two most wicked spots.

Gladly she wills the Bill (my Bill) that deals
Justice where now the Bankrupt Harpy steals.

And gladly welcomes (not before its time)
Consolidation of the Law of Grime.

Henceforth, the Indian with well-tutored mind
May serve his Sovereign in the East, he'll find.

You've treated properly, the QUEEN is sure,
Harbours; and Sea Tolls; and the Settled Poor.

Nor can She pass unmarked the striking fact
That you have passed a decent Drainage Act.

Pleased, she beholds throughout her wide domain
Order, contentment, and obedience reign.

Now to your Counties. Do your duties there,
(The Speech concluded with the usual prayer.)

Then the great *Punch*, with quiet smile, drew out his golden pen,
Jotted these diamond paragraphs, admired of gods and men;
Then called unto PEELEDIES, "Ho, WILLIAM GLADSTONE, ho!
Bring me a quart of claret, man, the wine thou vauntest so."
The wine was brought by GLADSTONE, and the cup was held by PAM,
And the new Earl, JOHN RUSSELL, begged permission to stand Sam,
Which *Punch*, the ever-affable, gave JOHNNY leave to do,
And bade SIR ROUNDSELL PALMER show his science with the Screw.
Out blobbed the cork, out gurgled fast the wine so fresh and cool,
"Who loves not woman, wine, and song," saith LUTHERAN, "is a fool."
This quoted *Punch*, then heaving up the goblet, with a wink,
(The beaded bubbles winking, too, upon the purpled brink),
"I'd drink," he cried, "to Woman, and I'd sing to her beside,
But at this present speaking I am better occupied."

Then throwing back his Jove-like head, the proud Immortal poured
Adown his throat the wine which like a mountain cataract roared,
Nor paused he till the goblet he reared loftily on high,
Reversed, had turned its bottom to the everlasting sky.
Some drops remained, which *Punch*, whose wit no coarseness e'er may sully,
Flung as libation in the face of MR. VINCENT SCULLY.
Then, with a condescending nod that filled their hearts with glee,
(Such power have the Celestials), "Ha, I'm better, boys," said he.
"Here shuts the Session's chronicle, here ends the Tale of Talk,
The sixth of August is a day I mark with whitest chalk,
And truly glad am I to think that with these words is DONE
THE ESSENCE OF THE PARLIAMENT OF EIGHTEEN SIXTY ONE."



PLAY.

FINERY IN THE KITCHEN.

We lately called attention to the fact that English maid-servants have not the very best of education in the world, and that ladies would do well, when they engage a pretty china-breaker, to ascertain that she has not been a pupil at a day-school, where more regard is paid to Crinoline than cleanliness, and where pocket handkerchiefs are held of less account than peacock-feathered porkpie hats. This mania for fine dresses is a sadly growing evil, and ill-educated minds of course are most affected by it. Many a servant squanders her savings in cheap finery, and spends on Sunday shawls and bonnets what would well nigh furnish her a cottage when she married, or at least afford some shelter against a rainy day. Instead of having forethought for feathering their nests, girls too often only think of feathering themselves, and by dressing far too finely for their station, they affront the homely lovers they are anxious to attract.

How far ladies are to blame for the finery and aped gentility of servants, is a question which, if asked, stands little chance of being answered, except by misogynic monsters who are ungallant enough to sneer at the fair sex. Woman, say the cynics, is an imitative animal, and if a servant sees her mistress extravagant in dress she herself becomes infected with the mania, and makes herself ridiculous by giving it full vent. Having neither taste nor money to turn it to advantage, she takes a leaf out of the fashion book on which her mistress pins her faith; and walks out of a Sunday like a daw in peacock's plumage, or a Swelles in burlesque.

Of course, except to Tyrant Fashion, Britons and Britonesses never will be slaves: and now-a-days our servants are by far too independent to submit to any law for their sumptuary restraint. It is a pity, nevertheless, that we have not a national costume for our domestics, as we have for our QUEEN'S Ministers and servants of the State. Our pretty china-breakers would look a vast deal prettier in suitable attire, than they do now in mock millinery and Brummagem glass brooches, and cheap cotton imitations of costly foreign silks.

We women live for each other—that is, for the love of criticism of each other.

AN ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SOME years ago, English notions of expediency induced the authorities of London to execute a certain Scottish gentleman of title. Since that time opinions have been a good deal modified, and the individual in question is now regarded as a patriot, not only in his own country, but in that of the posterity of those who put him to death. There the matter might have rested, unanimous sentence being given in favour of the deceased, and his place in history being assigned him. He was a very brave, rather ferocious, and occasionally successful retarder of the process of amalgamation which has fused Scotland and England into the single nation which now leads the World. However, certain Scots think that more ought to be done, and have resolved on erecting a memorial tower to the personage in question. This is their affair, and not that of the southern portion of the island. *Mr. Punch* might not have alluded to the business at all, but from his having received a great number of letters from Scotland, a few of a taunting character, but not amusing enough to be reprinted, while the large majority call on him as a Britther Scot to "walk into this absurdity." Now, he cannot exactly walk into it, because it is not yet built, and for the reason above-mentioned, he does not intend to walk into the artificers. He prefers to let justice be done in the matter by Scotsmen themselves. Ho! doomster!

He answers his correspondents from the Land of Cakes by the following paragraphs. They are written in Edinburgh, and published in Inverness, so may be taken as the sentiments of the Capital of the Lowlands, and of the Capital of the Highlands:—

"Stands Scotland where it did? Has it been raised on the wings of patriotic enthusiasm high into the empyrean, into the seventh heaven, or has it merely reached, through the efforts of a few busybodies, the lowest elevation known as a fool's paradise? Nothing is more surprising than the realisation of the so-called 'National' Wallace Monument, for I have never yet seen or heard of anybody who approves of it, except, of course, DR. ROBERTS. Everybody seems to laugh at and ridicule the affair, yet a large sum of money has been scraped together, and the wonder is not that the amount is small, for even so poor a nation as the Scotch, but that so much should have been screwed together by a few eager enthusiasts, who have as much right to be considered representatives of the nation as the three Tooley Street tailors. It has always been a marvel to me that the good sense of the people has not arisen to strangle in its birth this most ridiculous of ridiculous mice. There seems to be no one felicitous or redeeming feature in the case—the idea, the

site, the proceedings throughout, all seem equally unhappy. The idea seems on all hands admitted to be a useless mistake, and the localisation of the idea is perhaps the greatest part of the mistake. To be national, the monument (if monument there must be) should have been grander in conception, and conducted by more influential hands—by a body which really would have represented the Scottish nation, and not only the Stirling portion of it."

In another article the same unshrinking writer alludes to the ceremonial of the laying the first stone. He speaks of "that magnificent piece of tomfoolery, the Wallace monument,"

"Begun amidst all the petty festive demonstrations of country masonic lodges and free gardeners. This gigantic mistake and useless commemoration is much more likely to cause the lion to turn pale than all the sneers of the *Times*. A noted denouncer of humbug, whose signature of 'RANDOLPH' is well known to readers of the *Scotsman* as a sure token of something at once racy, picturesque, and sensible, suggests that the Wallace Monument should be immediately followed by erections to the memory of NOAH on Mount Ararat, and of NEBUCHADNEZZAR on the irrigated meadows near this city! Those personages he conceives to stand in need of commemoration as much as WALLACE."

And the *Scotsman*, as even southern readers need hardly be informed, is the Edinburgh journal which expresses Scottish opinion in the most reliable manner. *Mr. Punch* may therefore conclude, first, that he has completely answered his Correspondents, and concludes, secondly, his respectful reply by a quotation from a great English poet:—

"Ye Powers wha mak' mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill of fare,
Auld Scotland wants na skinkin' ware."

In Omne Volubilis.

"MR. SCULLY, amidst cries of 'Oh, Oh!' was then proceeding to draw attention to the condition of Ireland when he was interrupted by the black-rod."—*Times*, Aug. 6.

WHAT! you *would* have the last word, my SCULLY,
Till CLIFFORD's black-rod stopped your clack!
What a pity, my true Irish TULLY,
That the rod wasn't "birch," 'stead of "black."

WHAT THE ACCOUNTS OF THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS SHOULD BE WRITTEN ON.—Flying Sheets!



A NICE GAME FOR TWO OR MORE.

"— FIXING HER EYES ON HIS, AND PLACING HER PRETTY LITTLE FOOT ON THE BALL, SHE SAID, 'NOW, THEN, I AM GOING TO CROQUET YOU!' AND CROQUET'D HE WAS COMPLETELY." (From *Rose to Emily*.)

THE RUN FROM MANASSAS JUNCTION.

YANKEE DOODLE went to war,
On his little pony,
What did he go fighting for,
Everlasting goney!
Yankee Doodle was a chap
Who bragged and swore tarnation,
He stuck a feather in his cap,
And called it Federation.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Yankee Doodle, he went forth
To conquer the Seceders,
All the journals of the North,
In most ferocious leaders,
Breathing slaughter, fire, and smoke,
Especially the latter,
His rage and fury to provoke,
And vanity to flatter.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Yankee Doodle, having floored
His separated brothers,
He reckoned, his victorious sword
Would turn against us others.
Secession first he would put down
Wholly and for ever;
And afterwards, from Britain's crown,
He Canada would sever.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

England offering neutral sauce
To goose as well as gander,
Was what made Yankee Doodle cross,
And did inflame his dander.

As though with choler drunk, he fumed,
And threatened vengeance martial,
Because Old England had presumed
To steer a course impartial.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Yankee Doodle bore in mind,
When warfare England harassed,
How he, unfriendly and unkind,
Beset her, and embarrassed;
He put himself in England's place,
And thought this injured nation
Must view his trouble with a base
Vindictive exultation.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

We for North and South alike
Entertain affection;
These for negro Slavery strike:
Those for forced Protection.
Yankee Doodle is the Pot;
Southerner the Kettle:
Equal morally, if not
Men of equal mettle.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Yankee Doodle, near Bull's Run,
Met his adversary;
First he thought the fight he'd won:
Fact proved quite contrary.
Panic-struck he fled, with speed
Of lightning glib with unction
Of slippery grease, in full stampede,
From famed Manassas Junction.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

As he bolted, no ways slow,
Yankee Doodle holloaed
"We are whipped!" and fled, although
No pursuer followed.
Sword and gun right slick he threw
Both away together,
In his cap, to public view,
Showing the white feather.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Yankee Doodle, Doodle, Do,
Whither are you flying,
"A cocked-hat we've been licked into
And knocked to Hades," crying?
Well, to Canada, Sir-ree,
Now that, by Secession,
I am driven up a tree,
To seize that there possession.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Yankee Doodle, be content,
You've had a lenient whipping;
Court not further punishment
By enterprise of stripping
Those neighbours, whom if you assail,
They'll surely whip you hollow;
Moreover, when you've turned your tail,
Won't hesitate to follow.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

THE FIRST THING THAT MEETS THE EYES
OF A TRAVELLER ON HIS RETURN HOME.—The
sight of a Bill.



“Ahullo Brother Jonathan
Where are you all running to?”

“Just quine to take Canada.”

HOW THEY WENT TO TAKE CANADA.

“For the outrage offered in the Queen’s Proclamation, the United States will possess itself of Canada.”—New York Herald.

THE GENERALISSIMO OF THE RUSSIAN FORCES.

THE subjoined alarming piece of intelligence is contained in a letter from Constantinople:—

"I may mention, however, that whilst GENERAL IGNATIEFF is thus diplomatising on the Bosphorus, letters from Jassy report that his colleague in arms, GENERAL GRABB, has moved as far down as Skolanga, on the Pruth, with an efficient force of 12,000 men, comprising infantry, cavalry, and artillery."

Of all the Generals in the Russian service, the most redoubtable is GENERAL GRABB. He is also the oldest. PETER THE GREAT, when he made his celebrated will, appointed GENERAL GRABB his executor. It was really GENERAL GRABB who directed the operations of the Russian army which crossed the Pruth seven years ago, and began the war which ended in the Crimea. This distinguished veteran was highly regarded by the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, who never took any political or military step without consulting GENERAL GRABB. It is true that ALEXANDER THE SECOND is reported to be a pacific sovereign, but knowing what are the traditions of Russian policy, we cannot but regard with considerable apprehension any movement on the Pruth which is directed by GENERAL GRABB, whose name is synonymous with annexation, and the seizure of territory, and everything else that he is able to lay hold of.

A MEDAL FOR THE MUSEUM.

"SPEECH is Silver, but Silence is Golden." Students, not being as a general rule much acquainted with the precious metals, may not feel the full force of this Oriental saying. Yet doth *Mr. Punch* recommend his friend MR. PANIZZI to have the line engraven, in extremely legible characters, upon the tables of the grand Reading Pavilion in the Museum. Let it be written upon the screen which severs the reader from his opposite neighbour, let the words be so placed that they shall perpetually Strike the Eye of a talker, thereby doing what his neighbour, persecuted by chatter, desires to do in another manner, studied in the Alexandrian school—that of ALCO REED.

Our Reading Pavilion is a great thing, and a comfort to the literary soul, and more dear unto it than Young Memnon, or the Splitting Giraffe, or the Fossil Man, or the Stone Tortoise, or even the Four Thousand Guinea Theseus. The room is a room wherein *Mr. Punch* "hath a delight to sit," for it is "an open room, and good for winter," and also for summer. And the lady-readers, now that they keep themselves to the *Quartier Crinoline*, and bring not their bright glances to disturb stern research, are an ornament to the rotunda, and a softening of the atmosphere thereof. Many more things could *Mr. Punch* indite in honour of that delectable abyss of lore, and of him who boldly and nobly seized the Quadrangle, reversed the problem, Circling the Square, and fortified the Quadrilateral against all attempts to take it for mummies, dried fish, moonstones, south-sea island clubs, coal-lumps, crocodiles, tertiary strata, and other instructive matters, beside which tired and listless children are dragged, and drag their weary little feet, and would gladly babble o' green fields if they were not afraid of having their ears boxed. But it is not now that *Mr. Punch* hath to speak in praise; save by implication, which indeed is the delicatest form of praise, though the coarse puffing of the present age knoweth it not.

But by St. Cadmus, O PANIZZI, we must take order with these chattering Nuisances that infest our temple of study. The complaints we hear of them are grievous.

Mr. Punch, sitting in one of your easy chairs with the noiseless castors, hath, perhaps, a dozen books called as witnesses before him, and he is busily hearing them all, and comparing the evidence of one with another, and noting whether a difference in testimony is material or trivial, and whether it occur in an early or a late edition, and heeding whether he is taking the testimony of a thoughtful recorder, or only of some slovenly and slavish compiler, booksellers' hack, and he has to keep his attention wide awake, lest in making up judgment he mislead the millions who rely on his acumen and candour.

Then cometh an inconsiderate Snob (any inconsiderate man is a snob) and sitting down, or lounging near one's next neighbour beginneth to Cackle. Either he doth it with some impudent loudness, as much as to say, "I shall speak if I like," or with some sneaking whispering, which implieeth a knowledge of guilt, but a persistence therein. This is even more irritating, O PANIZZI, than the louder talk, and usually lasteth much longer. And the neighbour, at first vexed, groweth interested, and then an argument comes on, and the paper cutter is used to enforce points, and slappeth the books, and the undercurrent of jabber rusheth overwhelmingly over one's ears, sweeps away one's recollections and delicate points, and finally washes one up to the central table, to reclaim one's tickets in a venomous state of mind.

How shall we stop these chattering creatures? Will the inscription which *Mr. Punch* has suggested, do for the purpose? No, he fears not, or why do they disregard, O PANIZZI, thy gentlemanly hint that "Silence is essential in a place devoted to Study." We must take

sterner order with these Museum Snobs. Why should their selfishness make their betters uncomfortable?

So, O PANIZZI, *Mr. Punch* taketh counsel of the Coin and Medal Department, and lo and behold the result!



There! as QUARLES says:—

"Is not this type well cut, in every part
Filled with rich cunning, and with Zeuxian art?"

There is a typical yet truthful presentation of the case. There be the donkeys, that is to say gentlemen, who disturb our Reading Pavilion, and there is *Mr. Punch* affably inviting them to desist. Now, dear PANIZZI, perpend. Have the above stricken as a medal—you have our unsought, unbought leave to do so—or have it graven in any convenient way you will. Let it be called "*Punch's* Bad Mark." Attach thereto a ribbon, which should be, considering the subject, of the colour of the ribbon of the order of the Thistle. Supply specimens to the courteous and intelligent gentlemen who attend on us, and do such good service in the Reading Room. And be it an instruction to them—one which they, imbued with the student spirit, will gladly follow out—to notice a Jaberer, or to hear complaint of him. And let one of them come behind such Jaberer, and over his ass's ears pass the ribbon, and in strictest silence (that the hint be clearer) invest him with the above order—and if he be already in orders, for some of the notorious disturbers of the room are, or seem, parsons, let him be known as the Vicar of Bray.

One word more. Small wit gibeth at Woman's talk, and would carp at the Spheres for making kindred music, could small wit hear it. But such wit would utter falsehood as well as folly did it aim at the Ladies of the Museum. *Mr. Punch* watches them narrowly, always indeed finding it hard to turn away his immortal eyes from such sights, and he hereby maketh it known that They neither talk, nor permit talk. And, bless 'em, if they did, would he scold? No, but he would have a finger of HARPOCRATES, carved in whitest ivory, and he would smilingly approach the speaker, and gently pressing that ivory upon her coral lip, would present the ornament to her for a brooch, and a memorial of his love.

No, it is masculine Chatterers and Jaberers whom *Mr. Punch* desires to put down. And mark you, ANTONIO, if the Medal will not do it, *Mr. Punch* may waste an hour in making some more easily recognisable sketches of the criminals. He laughs now, but let them beware of his "waked wrath."

Definition.

BY AN ANTIMATRIMONIALIST.

WHAT is "a Club?"

It is a weapon of defence carried by male Gorillas to keep away the White Women.



WAGGONER. "Here be your Bar'l, Measter."

YOUNG HOPEFUL. "Thank'ee, my lad; if I'd a penny in my pocket, I'd give it you."

THE SONG OF THE TALKATIVE MEMBER.

ATR.—"I never does Nothing at all."

Oh, dear, how the Newspapers scold,
And us poor M.P.'s how they blame:
Every Session we're sure to be told
We do nothing but talk! 'tis a shame.
Instead of our sticking to work,
They complain that, whatever befall,
Aught save making long speeches we shirk,
And do next to nothing at all!

If some Member a measure brings in
Which a boon to the public would prove,
We make a vast clatter and din,
But to pass it how slowly we move!
If a ticklish affair of the State
For prompt legislation should call,
We get up a party debate,
And we do next to nothing at all!

You'd think that our conscience would stay
Us from wasting the national time,
And that when we have nothing to say
We should hold idle gabble a crime;
But all conscience we overboard throw,
And, heedless of duty its call,
We keep our tongues e'er on the go,
And we do next to nothing at all!

A Case of Real Distress.

KIND Reader, drop a tear of pity for poor, injured DR. GRAY! You remember his late squabble with M. DU CHAILLU, and how he clearly came off second best in the dispute. Well, now the Government have actually bought one of the Gorillas; and, in his post at the Museum, DR. GRAY will have the charge of it, and thus will always have before his eyes a *souvenir* of his defeat. Poor DR. GRAY! he may well look rather black at it. We have rarely known an instance of more barbarous brutality. It really is as cruel as knocking a man down, and expecting him to treasure a fragment of the stick.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"THE other evening, having a half hour or so to kill before going to a party I did not care to go too early to, I looked in at the pleasant little Gallery of Illustration. To judge by what I saw of it, the new entertainment goes more briskly than ever, and they who have not seen it should not lose the chance of doing so before the season ends. I know of no place where a pleasant laugh may be enjoyed more surely whenever you drop in, or where the lover of light music may hear it done in better taste. With three such excellent performers as MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED and MR. PARRY, music cannot fail to be attractive at the Gallery, and if I may pick out a fault in the present entertainment, it is that full advantage is not taken of this fact. Any entertainer can make fun of a smashed bandbox or the dropping of a tea-tray (which stale stage ways of laugh-moving I think the British Playgoer would gladly see abolished); but no others that I know of are so musically gifted, and they who recollect the voice of dainty *Ariel* would gladly hear it less in dialogue and more in solid song.

"The Princess's closed last week after a season of success achieved by MONSIEUR HAMLET, who, I hear it whispered, has for some while since been studying to appear as MONSIEUR OTHELLO after the recess. Whether the praise which he has gained while wearing his light hair will be extended to him after he has gone and blacked his face, is more than my prophetic soul can take upon itself to state. But he is far too good an actor to act a good part badly, and though the dark *role* may not suit him quite so fitly as the light one, we may be sure that his will be an intellectual performance, and that he will play the *Moor* with careful thought and taste. Doleful people may bewail the declining of the drama, and declare there's no love left for aught but farces and burlesques; but I think it shows good sense is extant still in England that a single play of SHAKESPEARE'S has served to cram a theatre for one and seventy nights, and this without the aid of either splendid scenery, or attested-by-authorities correctness of costume.

"At the Olympic MR. ROBSON has revived *Plot and Passion*, and is delighting people nightly by his careful personation of the wily spy

Desmarez. Did he take the hint from 'ONE WHO PAYS?' I wonder, for a few weeks since I spoke of this as one of his best characters, and one that shows what he can do with a part which in less able hands might have but slight effect. I think that his dramatic power is better shown in parts like this, than in his wilder freaks of acting in fast high-pressure burlesque.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

CHANCERY IS THE BEST MOTHER FOR LEGAL ORPHANS.

OF seventy-five lawyers who died in 1858, the Registrar-General tells us that "fifteen died without making their wills." We are positive that this was not neglect, or arising from any cowardly fear lest the execution of the act should hasten their exit from this world, or from any other mean cause; but simply sprang from the benevolent desire to avoid litigation by nobly refusing to get a brother confederate to draw up their will, and still more nobly refusing to draw it up themselves. Their experience evidently taught them, that it was safer to leave their property to chance than leaving it in the hands of the lawyers. We should like, as a great consolation, to know how much of the property of those fifteen lawyers who died intestate was eventually swallowed up by the Law. The Law is a savage Saturn, and frequently devours its own children.

A White Fib.

ANTI-PRESIDENT JEFF. DAVIS, in his last Message to the Secession Congress, asserts that the Confederate States took up arms in defence of their liberties. JEFF. DAVIS takes great liberties with language. The fact is, that they rebelled in defence of their slaveries. ANTI-PRESIDENT DAVIS appears to be a man who really would not hesitate to swear that black is white.

THE FATE OF POLITICAL REFORM.—Like all reforms, it is put off till to-morrow.

THE GAME OF CROSSING THE RHINE.



N Wednesday last week a very pretty game of soldiers was played on the Rhine at Strasbourg. The 6th Regiment of Pontonnier Artillery, under the inspection of GENERAL SEVELINGES, performed the amusing experiment of throwing a bridge of boats across that river. It was as good as a play. Our informant, the *Times* Paris Correspondent, tells us that—

“A number of distinguished persons who were invited to witness the operation were accommodated with seats on a stage erected for the occasion. The bridge was composed of 40 boats, and measured 240 yards in length. It was completely fixed in 45 minutes with a rapidity seldom equalled.”

What a highly diverting spectacle for the people on the right side of the river,

the right side being understood to be the stronger side, the side that is right because it has might, but physically called the left side of the Rhine! GENERAL SEVELINGES and his merry men of the 6th Artillery Pontonniers threw a bridge of boats over the water from Strasbourg to Kehl only for fun, as schoolboys say. He had no idea at the same time of showing the Baden folks how soon the thing could be done in earnest. They comprehended all this, and accordingly behaved with the utmost politeness towards their military visitors:—

“As soon as the bridge was completed, GENERALS SEVELINGES and BARGELLA, COLONEL BRECKHEIM, and several of the persons invited, crossed the river to the Baden side, where they were received by BARON WEILER, Commander of the fort of Kehl, and by the corps of officers.”

They were received in the same playful spirit as that in which they came:—

“The Baden troops formed a line, and presented arms as the French Generals and their suite passed.”

The presentation of arms on the part of the Baden troops was evidently intended to intimate that they took the mock invasion of their country as a capital joke. Of course they presented their arms at their French friends by levelling them at their heads, with the facetious feint of going to fire at them as enemies. Not, however, that they meant to signify that under the real circumstances then represented they would ever dream of doing any such thing. The game of invasion would be one too serious to play with forces who were likely to resist an actual attack. The operation of bridging the Channel with iron-plated steamers, so as to render the landing of French troops possible on the Kentish coast, is not one which our neighbours would be likely to perform in sport. Should they, however, think proper to indulge in such a frolic, they would probably receive an intimation that we, in our insular dulness, do not understand jokes of that kind. No doubt, if they came after that, they would be received with all martial honours; but those honours would be naval and not military in the first instance. A Channel Fleet (if there happened to exist one) would present arms to them; but those arms would be chiefly Armstrong guns, shotted, and there is too much reason to apprehend that they would go off. The spree or lark of a descent on the shore of England would not proceed and terminate so pleasantly as that of crossing the Rhine; which having been accomplished in the manner above described:—

“The bridge of boats was left open to the public for above half an hour, and the small town of Kehl was crowded with French soldiers of all arms. Though the crowd was immense, no accident occurred.”

It is to be apprehended that any sort of bridge, thrown, how jocularly soever, across the Channel, would not remain open a minute longer than the time wherein the British naval force could demolish it; and if the small town of Dover were crowded with French soldiers of all arms, it would be our fault or our misfortune that they had not all of them been disarmed. Accidents perhaps, properly so called, would not occur in the case supposed, because the artillery, which as aforesaid, would go off, would not go off accidentally. On the other hand, our lively neighbours, with all their mirth, and all their good nature, would be equally apt to misunderstand and resent such a piece of practical fun on our part as the rehearsal of a hostile movement on Calais or Boulogne. Games of this kind are very apt to end in quarrels, and when acted even on a small scale, unpleasantly affect the apprehensions of bystanders. Our gallant allies would create the less alarm in Europe if they would be content to practise pontooning on rivers of their own, and not play at crossing the Rhine.

FOUR INSCRIPTIONS FOR A MONUMENT,

To be Erected in Virginia, on the Scene of the Great Stampede of the Federal Army, July 21, 1861.

FIRST FACE.

(BY THE *TIMES*' SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Bull's Run.

BULL'S Run? Which Bull's? Write out the name in full,
That when Posterity the tale shall con,
She may be thoroughly aware the Bull
Who made that run, was JONATHAN, not JOHN.

SECOND FACE.

(BY A YANKEE VOLUNTEER.)

Manasses Junction.

I, JONATHAN, here own in confusion and compunction,
With a curse for those who blundered, and a blush for those who ran,
That in the composition of the said Manasses Junction,
There was too much of the asses, and too little of the man.

THIRD FACE.

(BY A U. S. SENSATION REPORTER.)

Go sit-a-nger, tell, how for our country nigh,
Where yesterday we ran, to-day we lie.

FOURTH FACE.

(BY A YANKEE NOTION-MONGER.)

Our HOBBS's Yankee *Look* henceforth the field,
To our M'DOWELL's Yankee *ball* must yield.

NOT A BAD COMMISSION.

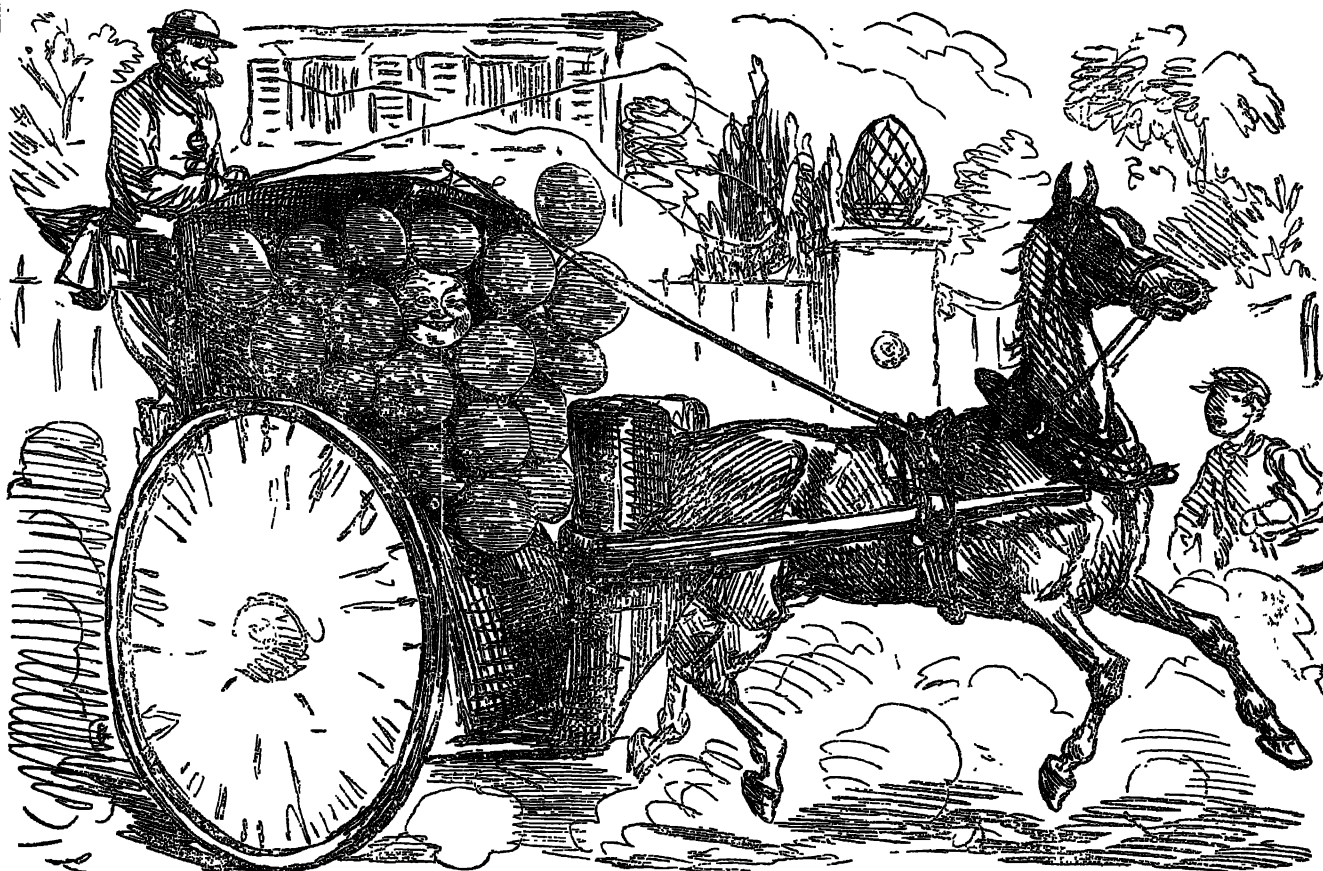
THERE must be one person who has good reason to rejoice in the absence of the QUEEN on all Parliamentary solemnities, and that is the LORD CHANCELLOR, who, we are informed by the papers, receives £500 every time he prorogues Parliament, and the same sum for opening the Houses, “by Commission.” The above are not bad fees, though we cannot help fancying that many persons might be found who would undertake to do the same sort of thing much more cheaply. For instance, we are positive that our old friend JOHN COOPER would be happy to go through the performance on any occasion for a ten-pound note; and more than that, he would add considerably to the effect by rounding the periods in the graceful inflated way peculiar only to practical elocutionists. We will be bound that the QUEEN'S Speech would be read in such a style as it had never been heard before! What can the LORD CHANCELLOR know about elocution? Besides, only look at the economy of the thing. Supposing, now, that JOHN COOPER was engaged to open and close Parliament at the rate of £10 for each ceremony, there would be a clear gain to the nation of £980 a-year. Moreover, we would guarantee that, as often as painfully necessary, JOHN would not mind composing a graceful apology for the absence of HER MAJESTY, and that he would not charge an extra penny for it. His many years' practice of appearing at the footlights with his hand upon his heart, and entreating “the indulgence of his kynd friends,” would recommend him of all others for this particular duty. We will willingly bet one year's entire income, if there is any Rothschild rich enough to deposit so large a stake, that if the admired representative of the *Ghost* in *Hamlet* were to read the QUEEN'S Speech, he would draw a much larger House than the LORD CHANCELLOR.

In addition, it is our opinion that there should be some difference between the payment of the two sums for the two different operations. At present there is a shameful equality between the two which we cannot help condemning as a most disgraceful disproportion. We would willingly pay the LORD CHANCELLOR any sum, no matter how large, for closing Parliament, but then on the other hand we would begrudge him the smallest possible coin for opening it. In fact, it is a great question whether he ought not himself to pay us for the latter ceremony. It is so great an offence that he could not be fined too heavily for it.

A Disclaimer.

In a capital article on “Scottish Character” in the new number of the *Quarterly*, quotation of an Aberdonian retort is made, with the remark, “*Punch* translates this ‘Do you want to argue, you beggar?’” *Mr. Punch* begs to say that he never translates anything, and may perhaps be therefore reproached with want of humanity to the dioceses of some of SHAFESBURY'S bishops.

A TROUBLED CONSCIENCE.—The Toothache of the Mind.



RECOLLECTION OF A JOLLY OLD PATERFAMILIAS WE SAW THE OTHER DAY, WITH SOME AIR-BALLOONS FOR THE CHICKS.

STEAM WANTED AT THE ADMIRALTY.

THE French have eleven iron-cased frigates afloat or in commission, and no less than seventeen building; and yet the only iron vessel belonging to this country will not be at sea before October. The Admiralty is not only slow in giving its orders, but equally slow in executing them. They have just asked from certain firms for tenders for three more iron ships; and yet (says the *Times*), "the Admiralty has not now any information with reference to iron ships which they had not at the least as fully this time last year." In the same day's paper from which the above extract is taken, there is a report of MR. ST. AMANT, the well-known Chess-player, who has succeeded in fixing a maximum of time for the moves in Chess. A gigantic sand-glass, which is made to measure the space of two hours, is placed by the side of each antagonist. While the sand is running through, the player is bound to make twenty-four moves. We are informed that the trial of this limit has been most satisfactory.

Why should not the experiment that has proved so successful with the Chess-board, be tried also with the Board of Admiralty? We should like the maximum of time to be fixed for all their moves. At present they are so dilatory, that the patience of the lookers-on is well nigh exhausted. Their rival, who no sooner conceals a new move than he boldly executes it, is quietly winning the game right under their nautical noses. Where he has got seventeen pieces on his sea-board, we have scarcely got one. Some limit ought to be fixed. Let it be two, three, four years, if you like, only let it be strictly adhered to; or, upon the first violation of the rule, let the present slow unequal players withdraw from the board. It is deplorable to see the French beating us with their scientific play, and outstripping us in every new invention by the speed and dexterity of all their movements.

A Fast Race.

THE Yankees have long been extremely fond of boasting that they are by far the most go-a-head of nations; and after hearing how they went a-head in running from Bull's Run, we cannot well dispute there being some ground for their boast.

SLEEPERS THAT ARE SURE TO PUT THEIR BOOTS OUTSIDE.

IN a trial that was heard at Wells, it came out on evidence that there "were 500 out of 1000 farmers in Somersetshire who went to sleep on horseback." We have heard of sleep-walkers; but sleep-riding is quite a new habit. We should have thought, too, that this strange custom of sleeping would have been more prevalent in Beds than in Somersetshire. We should be sorry to practise it ourselves, lest we should eventually fall (and the fall might not be a very agreeable one) the victim to a nightmare. We always thought that there was not less difficulty experienced in catching a Somersetshire farmer asleep than there proverbially is with a weasel. Perhaps it is on account of his being so uncommonly wide awake during the day that he cannot afford to wait until bedtime before he closes his sleepy eyes. Let us hope, for their own safety, that whilst they are in the saddle they contrive to sleep fast. Since these Somersetshire farmers are so fond of sleeping on horseback, we wonder they do not engage *four posters* at once.

The Run upon Washington.

THE defeat of the Federalist forces at Bull's Run will, it is said, lead to a change of the name of the rivulet so heretofore denominated. Those who are apt to boast that they whipped BULL have now been whipped themselves. BULL's Run that was, therefore, we understand, is henceforth to be called JONATHAN's Run.

Protection for Passengers.

THE Duke of York's Column and the Monument on Fish Street Hill are disfigured by cages surrounding their summits, and put there to prevent anybody from jumping off them. It is a pity that want of space hinders the object in view from being as effectually secured by the erection of railings around the bases of the monuments, sufficiently extensive to keep people from being tumbled upon by any fool who happened to throw himself over.



THE RIGHTS OF LABOUR.

AUNT. "Willy, my Dear Child, you must be fatigued with Digging your Garden I'm sure. What would you like to do now?"
 WILLY. "Oh, Aunt, please, I should like to have some BEER!"

THE CRICKETER'S LOSS AND GAIN.

To MR. ALDERMAN GUTCH.

MY DEAR ALDERMAN,

The following paragraph appeared in the *Post* on Tuesday last week:—

"THE WEATHER.—Yesterday the thermometer registered in the streets of the Metropolis 110° Fahr. in the sun, or 85° Reaumur, or from 95° to 97° Fahr. in the shade, a heat almost unprecedented in this country; whilst at the Royal Humane Society's receiving-house, Hyde Park, and other similarly exposed situations, the instrument at noonday recorded 119° Fahr."

In the same paper, Sir, on the same day, was published a report of a cricket-match between the "Fourteen of Kent and All England" which had come off on the day before at Canterbury. It began with the remark that "This day was everything favourable for cricket, the sun shining brilliantly," which was followed by a description of the play that took place under that same brilliant sun. According to this astonishing narrative, after some hours of violent exercise:—

"The batsmen now made runs quickly, and they remained in till the dinner-bell rang, when GOODREW had marked 35, and MR. KELSON 21. The ground, which was rather thinly attended at first, now became thronged. After the repast MR. KELSON and GOODREW resumed the batting, HAYWARD and GRUNDY bowling."

What did MRS. GRUNDY say? What does your worship say to the idea of not only playing at cricket at a temperature of nineteen degrees above blood-heat, but also of going and sitting down to dinner, eating and drinking with a cricketer's appetite, and then getting up again and playing on a full stomach; a stomach so full as such an appetite must have rendered it? Surely, Sir, one would think that apoplexy must be a chimera, and *coup-de-soleil* in fact mere moonshine. Bless your soul, Sir! fancy yourself, in the glare of a sun almost hot enough to broil a steak, running backwards and forwards and jolting up the contents of an interior distended with fluids and solids, ingested under compulsion of ravenous hunger and raging thirst. The bare imagination of such unseasonable exercise must affect you with vertigo. Your brain, doubtless, reels to think of it.

The great evaporation which, during a game of cricket at 119° Fahr., must go on from the skin, no doubt considerably relieves the player from sensations both of heat and fullness. But whereas cricketers perspire so copiously as they do, how can it be that they are so fat as they generally are? That their obesity is a fact is demonstrated by most of the photographs of their chief celebrities which are exhibited in the shop windows. If you want to fatten a pig you not only stuff him, but keep him still. Your own corpulence is likewise owing as well to sedentary habits as to excessive alimentation. But the cricketer violates one of the conditions of which the combination is generally requisite to constitute an abdominal convexity. He takes tremendous exercise attended with immense depletion. The only supposition by which his bulk can be accounted for is, that much of substance as he loses, still more does he take in. Then how much that must be! If you and your brethren would forswear bodily inaction, and addict yourselves to cricket, you would probably consume even more than you do, and the customary 250 tureens of real turtle would not perhaps half suffice for the dinner on Lord Mayor's Day. Would it not, then, be advisable to establish a Lord Mayor's Ground to serve as a Lord's Ground for the City, so that the Aldermen and Common Councilmen, and the rest of the Civic dignitaries might go and play cricket there, thus earning an appetite the result of which will be the still further aggrandisement of your already immense corporation?

I have the honour to be, my dear Alderman, your worship's ever welcome and willing guest,

W. G. G.

P.S. Excellent sauce as cricket seems to be, it has the great advantage of not conducting to gout like some other condiments, whilst, considered as a stomachic, it is more efficacious, as well as more salutary than any "Alderman's Mixture."

"ROUNABOUT PAPERS" THAT ARE MOST ACCEPTABLE AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR.—Circular Notes.



DIVERSIONS OF DRILL.

CANDID COMRADE. "I tell you what I've been thinking, Buffles. It would be a capital thing to be as Stout as you are in the event of an Invasion."

BUFFLES, who does not appear to see it, asks "Why?"

CANDID COMRADE. "Because no Regulation Bayonet could go through YOU."

TEAREM'S LAST.

DOG TEAREM has once or twice of late been barking in such a key that his voice has been mistaken for that of a turnspit, or some yet more ignoble animal of the canine species. TEAREM has now and then been seen very busy with his tongue, apparently licking strange boots. At least, however, TEAREM has dogfully asserted his breed. On the occasion of the ARCHDUKE FERDINAND-MAXIMILIAN'S late visit to Southampton, MR. ROEBUCK, at the Victoria Assembly Rooms, is reported to have spoken the following words with reference to the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA:—

"I honour that great monarch who, from his high mountain, has seen that there are things below him worthy of regard, and who has made the people the participants of his power. I believe the English people thoroughly and entirely appreciate the value of what the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has been doing. It has been growing slowly upon them, and I think that the people of England at this hour believe they understand what he is doing. He has not attempted to make one party superior to another; he has not attempted to make one part of his great dominions superior to another; but he has attempted to give all alike a constitutional government."

Now, at first sight, or hearing, this specimen of TEAREM'S bark, would convey the erroneous impression that TEAREM, instead of being a staunch rough terrier, was a parlour spaniel. But, on consideration, it will be seen that in opening his mouth to pronounce the above quoted paucytric, TEAREM not only barked, but also bit, and that severely. TEAREM'S eulogy of that "great monarch" to whom he alluded was, in fact, a piece of biting satire. TEAREM knows under whose rule Venetia groans, and under the scourges of whose haugnen ladies have bled. TEAREM is fully aware of the circumstances under which the sovereign whom he ironically slaviced, granted a constitutional govern-

WOMAN!

Lines written more in Sorrow than in Anger.

OIL, cease at Woman's pride to preach,
A truce to Press and mangle,
Say not the star she sighs to reach
Does from a Marquis dangle.
Who deems that Operas may win
The heart, which Worldlings harden,
Must own, like fruit, it ripens in
A Box at Covent Garden.

It may be her ambition dwells
In some cold Settlement,
Where Truth lies, not in holy wells,
But in dividends and rent.
It may be subtle serpents lurk
Around her at her dear age,
Whispering softly, "Study BURKE
On the sublime old Pcerage!"

If from her hook escape an Earl,
She hangs her pensive head,
As if—poor, disappointed girl!—
The vital Spark had fled.
Belgravia! mark her deep despair,
She speaks in accents tender,
"My mother bids me bind my Hair,
And I must not offend her."

"Am I not a Mason and a Brother?"

ACCORDING to the *Herald's* American Correspondent, this question seems to have been asked, to small purpose, on the race-course of Bull's Run. A Master Mason, floored, made "the sign of distress," but a brother with a bayonet declined to recognise the intimation, and incontinently dismissed the other "from labour to repose." Probably this would not have happened under the Presidentship of "the judicious Tyler." *Brother Punch* would like to know whether the immunities of the Order of the Gridiron extend to civil broils?

PENUM HABET IN CORNU.

THE grand Italian Exhibition about to be held at Florence, will comprise, it is officially stated, a show of Cattle from all parts of the Peninsula. *Mr. Punch* wonders whether it will contain a specimen of a monstrosity, happily about to become extinct—the Papal Bull?

ment to his subjects; the circumstances of a thorough defeat just suffered, and the imminent disruption of his empire. TEAREM, attached to his own bone, knew what to think of that prince who is trying to take away the Diet of others. TEAREM knew also that he was speaking to the people of Southampton, whose ears once, when ANDREWS was Mayor, within the memory of boy, resounded with each other's acclamations of KOSSUTH, whom they were the first to welcome to the shores of England. They, he was sure, would understand the hyperbole of his mock sycophantic bark, and well enough perceive that TEAREM was only pretending to be LICKEM, and was really vindicating his breed and name by tearing 'em to pieces.

Homage to the Scotch Rifles.

BY A SPITEFUL COMPETITOR.

It seems that the Scots
Turn out much better shots
At long distance, than most of the Englishmen are:
But this we all knew
That a Scotchman could do—
Make a small piece of metal go awfully far.

SOYEZ SAGE—AND ONIONS.

"If the Tories come in," says the *Journal des Débats*, "we shall certainly see a NORMANBY at the Board of Ministers." *At it, dear M. DES DÉBATS?* No, no. *On it, you mean, and this will happen whether the Tories come in or not, and the date will be Michaelmas.*

METEORS FOR THE MILLION.



WITH great fitness (as *Punch* is very eminently a scientific journal), a letter has been sent us by an eminent astronomer, begging us to keep a sharp look-out for meteors, and to help him in recording their position and appearance. That the instructions which he gives us are as luminous as the bodies he requests us to observe, the extract we append here will supply abundant proof:—

“Let a smooth tree or firm erect post, 5 or 6 inches thick, be selected, and the ground made level about it. The observer, provided with a piece of chalk, will embrace the tree with his clasped hands at full arm's length, the head and body being held erect. At the appearance of a Meteor, the body will be swung about until the bole of the tree or post intersects upon the heavens the central point of the Meteor's path, and there, without deranging body or eye, he will chalk at the centre of the tree's face a small figure (1), and note at once opposite to a similar number in a book or form of registry the

hour of an imaginary clock-dial, towards which the Meteor might be judged to have shot from the centre outwards, 12 o'clock being imagined at the top of the post.”

If it do no other good, obedience to these orders will at least afford good exercise, and as this will be taken in the evening after dinner, doubtless many scientific digestions will be helped by it. We can conceive a portly star-gazer clasping a tree “at full arm's length,” and at full stomach's distance also, and swinging about his body every time he sees a meteor, until the bole of the tree crosses the meteoric path. As for bidding him do this “without deranging body or eye,” one might as reasonably expect him not to whisk about his coat tails, or to crumple his cravat. Derangement not alone of dress and body, but of mind would be likely to ensue to any corpulent observer, who should attempt to practise the agile feats required of him, and at the same time to inspect “an imaginary clock-dial,” besides taking out his pocket-book to register the hour, and chalking a small figure “at the centre of the tree's face.” What the tree's face may be, we leave him to conjecture, and also how he will perform the varied manual work required of him, while all the time embracing the tree with his clasped hands. Nor are those we have recorded the only tasks expected of him,—

“To this note he will add the time by a common pocket watch, with the letter (m) meteor, if the star be attended by a tail: but if the star be tailless, the letters (s) or (f) according as the motion of the star is judged slow or fast. In the case of the appearances (m), brief notes of the star's aspect may be recorded; but in the case of tailless stars, the letters α, β, γ , to denote descending magnitudes of them (Iko a Lyre, the stars of the Wain, the 2 side stars of the Cross, the 5 stars of the Dolphin, &c. for standards,) and a, b, c , to denote the length of flight in steps of 10° and under, will, with accurate records of the times of observation, suffice in most cases to identify the bodies. The same process will be repeated with all the successive meteors, 2, 3, 4, that appear within the hour of observation.”

After the observer has obeyed all these directions, which are so vastly clear and lucid that a word of explanation would be needless and impertinent, the meteoric nightwatch is to be concluded thus:—

“A ‘horizon circle’ should now be drawn about the stem, where it is cut by the horizon line of the observer; and a ‘south line’ erected vertically to this upon the south face of the trunk, by clasping the stem as in a meteor observation, and observing the north star at any time when it can be seen. The distance of the observer's eye from this horizon circle, when standing erect at arm's length clasping the tree, is to be measured with a tape, and likewise the circumference of the circle itself, while to the appropriate numbers in the book, are to be appended the tape measures of ‘Height above the Horizon Circle’ and ‘Distance Eastward from the South-line’ of every figure chalked upon the stem of the tree.”

Explicit as the orders we have quoted may appear, they are nevertheless by no means so complete as we could wish; for no mention is made of what observers are to do in case a meteor falls behind them, nor is it said if to corroborate their scientific evidence they must dig up the tree or post by which they made their observations, and send it to the *savant* to whom they send their notes. There is enough, however, said to show how people who are blest with scientific minds may enjoy an economical and pleasant evening's recreation, by sticking up a linen pole in the middle of their grass plat, and taking sights at any meteors at the risk of taking cold. There is likewise the further risk of their mistaking for a meteor the bull's-eye of a policeman, who might be upon his rounds and inspecting their back premises, at the time when their nocturnal star-gazing takes place. Such accidents may happen to most scientific persons, especially at eventide and after a good dinner, when their vision, if not double, is not the most distinct.

LINES ON THE AMERICAN LOAN.

How enviable that man's lot
From need to labour free,
A heavy mortgage who has got
On others' industry.
No daily cares his bosom vex,
His sleep is sound and sweet,
For him no question doth perplex
Of making both ends meet.

Hard earnings not obliged to hoard
Against a rainy day,
That happy mortal can afford
An Income-Tax to pay.
Not such men Schedule D deprives
Of what they should lay by
For helpless age, or leave their wives
And children when they die.

I wish I had a certain sum,
That money to invest,
And live on means derived therefrom;
Usurious interest.
For then no more I forced should be
My talents to employ;
Should others have to work for me,
And live but to enjoy.

Yet if that sum of money, now,
I had the luck to own,
America I'd not allow
To tempt me with a Loan.
Though she should offer seven per cent.
Or ten might guarantee, ;
With Railway Stock I'd rest content,
Or with Consols at three.

Because her word is not her bond;
Her promise is pie-crust,
A sort of which I am not fond:
Her pledge fools only trust.
Who'll lend her cash, does she suppose,
To carry on the War?
Too broadly stamped her paper shows
Repudiation's R!

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

THE address of the Hungarian representatives to the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA is a protest against his Majesty's attempt to make them exchange their Diet for participation in the Reichsrath. FRANCIS-JOSEPH must be sanguine to expect that a nation retaining the name of Hungary should consent to exchange its substantial Diet for an airy substitute. Hungry dogs will eat dirty puddings, and hungry men may sell their birthright for a mess of pottage; but hunger is just what would naturally induce Hungary to retain and hold fast her birthright of a constitutional Diet.

A Card for Pam.

THE Lord Warden is affectionately entreated to recollect that he is in some sort a Church-Warden, and must not entirely delegate his functions to an avowed Sidesman, like LORD S. When the Warden has next to choose a bishop, let us for once have a hierarch who succeeds to something of the knowledge of Languages possessed by the first bishops. The successors to the Apostles should not be Apostle-Spoons. It is not pleasant to read at the Museum the notice, “Bishops learning Greek are requested not to dogsear the *Delectus*.”

A JOKE PICKED UP NEAR ST. GEORGE'S.

WHAT is the difference between the Bridegroom at a wedding and the Potboy at a “Public”?—Why, the one is in a Hy-meneal, and the other, don't you see, is in a low-mental position.



DABBLING.

Master Jack (to very refined Governess, who has suddenly appeared). "OH, MISS FINNIKIN, DO COME IN; IT'S SO AWFULLY JOLLY!"

THE ROMAN BRIGAND TO HIS RECRUIT.

AIR—"Gentile Zittella."

DESPERATE fellow,
To Naples away!
Rome's Pastorello
Offers thee pay.

Pray do not linger too long on the road;
Light is advancing and Freedom's abroad.
Desperate fellow, &c.

Desperate fellow,
Strike without fear;
Rome's Pastorello
Charters thee here.

Hence! to thy speed benediction add wings!
'Tis Pio Nonno himself who now sings!
Desperate fellow, &c.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

CALL a spade a spade; but, according to a contemporary review, the author of a book about Rome, intitled *Roman Candles*, calls a strait waistcoat a "waistcoat that is not crooked." Surely this gentleman should be put into a strait waistcoat himself. He would then learn that a strait waistcoat is no straighter than any other waistcoat, and unless content with calling a strait waistcoat a strait waistcoat, would perhaps describe it as a waistcoat that is not wide, but narrow. To the "high priests or cardinals" the same writer applies the name of "flamina." He may intend a very subtle joke at the expense of the high priests, one that an extremely venturesome ancient Roman wag might perhaps be conceived to have taken the liberty of cracking on a clergy such as that of CYBELE. Possibly he may be aware that *flamen* a puff of wind, and *flamen* a high priest, are noun-substantives of different genders. If so he is one of those persons whose Latin scholarship is greater than their knowledge of English.

NO JOKE.

Caution to Hotel-Keepers and Others.

WE have received information to-day that a shabby, plausible vagabond is touring about under the assumed name of one of our artist contributors, and victimising divers Hotel Proprietors. We trust the following letter may check his proceedings:—

"SIR, "On last Monday a gentleman came to the above Hotel, took luncheon, and entered into conversation with other gentlemen, casually stating that he was _____ the artist for *Punch*. He afterwards took a sketch of the County Hall, which he showed to some visitors, and said in a fortnight it would appear in print. He then ordered dinner for two at half-past six on the following day, and said he should want a bed. Being Race time, I could not accommodate him with the latter, but on Tuesday I provided the Dinner. He ordered Fried Sole, Cutlets and Ham, and a Sweet Omelette; he came to his time alone, his friend not having arrived, and sitting in the Coffee-room, made himself very familiar, and was evidently an educated man; in fact, three or four gentlemen known to me came into the Bar, and asked who he was, he was such a clever fellow. I told them _____, from *Punch*. Some Champagne was had, he having to pay for one bottle. We were very busy the last day of the Races, so Mr. _____ slipped off, and we have not seen him since. He had on Monday Pale Ale and Biscuits, change for sixpence (the sixpence he told the Barmaid to charge in his bill); on Tuesday, Sherry and Bitters, Dinner and Champagne. I must confess I felt suspicious, his boots being very bad, and his general appearance not quite up to the mark. A plaid cap and round trowsers were his principal attire; but as I have frequently visitors of rank who are not particular in dress, and genius is often eccentric, I did not pay so much attention to his appearance, seeing he had nice white hands, and that he could sketch and talk well. I have since heard from a Mr. R_____, of London, that the real _____ is a quiet gentlemanly man, very different from this talking, boasting fellow. I thought I had better let you know, as others might be taken in who would be proud to entertain any of the *Punch* staff, and it is too bad for such a rascal to go through the country with _____'s Card.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant, ELLEN STENNING."

"P.S. He offered Mr. _____ of _____, £5 10s. for an Antique Gold Ring just found on the Field of the Battle of Lewes, taking Mr. E.'s name and address in his Pocket-Book. Mr. E. would not part with it."

"LADIES' LIGHT DRESSES"—From the frequency with which it takes fire, we should say that Crinoline was entitled to be called, *par excellence*, "The Lady's Light Dress."



THE REAL ITALIAN BRIGAND CHIEF.

A CHALLENGE.

"MR. PUNCH's excellent joke about MR. GLADSTONE and the Irre-
moveable Poor Bill reminds us—"

Ha! There is an audacity which becomes sublimity, and it occurs
to Mr. Punch that it has been reached by the individual who, after a
variety of similar Sells, has dared to venture upon an allusion to Mr.
Punch, as bait for a trap—as the means of leading the public into the
perusal of an Advertisement of a—

No, you don't.

You are a smart man, offspring of BENJAMIN, and manufacturer of
what you call the best and most perfect—

Sold again, MR. B.

But, really, when you introduce the *clarum et venerabile nomen* of Mr.
Punch into your advertisements, you ought to do it more respectfully.
Mr. Punch's "excellent" joke! How dare you particularise? Which
of his jokes is not excellent? And, moreover, he never jokes at all.
He sometimes enfolds a slice of wisdom between layers of sugared irony,
but if you think that when in his wildest mood he flings a jest you
have nothing but a jest, you are in a state which demands his com-
passion. You swallow a moral in every jubbe, and if it does not do
you good, you are past physic, and had better think about deciding
between the cemeteries.

Nevertheless, as there is some ingenuity about your Sells, and once
or twice they have made Mr. Punch smile, he presents you with some
suggestions. Did you ever hear of VIRGIL? He was a Latin poet.
He wrote some verses. Somebody else claimed them, and was rewarded
by an Illustrious Patron. VIRGIL, incensed, wrote the beginnings of
four lines, thus:—

"Sic vos non vobis —
Sic vos non vobis —
Sic vos non vobis —
Sic vos non vobis —"

These he sent to the Liberal Patron, who requested the Impostor to
finish them. Impostor couldn't, and was kicked. Here are four
beginnings of Puffs for you. Let us see whether you can finish them.
If you cannot, and moreover cannot do it with neatness, we retract the
condonation of your offence, and purpose upon the earliest occasion, to
inflict such a terrific castigation as—never mind.

Now "take off your coat, and roll up your sleeve," and try at this.

"ALFRED TENNYSON has exquisitely commemorated the enchantment by which
Merlin was rendered powerless through arts which himself had taught to the wily
Vivien. Some day, perhaps, the Laureate will enbalm the beautiful moral in the
Story of *Thomas the Rhymer*, who was carried to Fairy Land, and remained there for
a time which he supposed to be seven hours, but which was in reality seven years.
As the great magician of our own time, Mr. Punch, observes, THOMAS must have
slept on one of those banks on which the wild time grows. But ————"

And at this,—

"ONE OF THE BEST American stories is that of the boy who was always being
scolded by his father, and who, being roughly ordered to go out and fetch a log for
the fire, went away altogether. Returning, a full-grown and powerful man, to visit
his parents, he recollected the circumstances under which he had left his home. He
heaved up a huge piece of timber that was lying near, opened the farm-house door,
and beheld his father and mother in their old corners. 'I've brought the wood,
father,' he said. The calm parent looked at him for a moment, and replied, 'Well,
you've been a darned long time about it, and now put it down, and eat your
supper.' Now ————"

And at this,—

"ACTION, action, action, was the Greek orator's rule for a young speaker who
desired to produce an effect on his audience. According to historians, some of the
orators of ancient days carried this rule to such excess as to walk up and down
while they spoke, and a speaker of this kind was tauntingly asked by the Athenian
Mr. Punch, 'How many miles have you declaimed to-day?' One ————"

And lastly, at this:—

"SIR G. C. LEWIS, the new Secretary for War, has ruthlessly demolished many of
the fictions of antiquity. We know not whether he places any faith in the charming
story of the friendship of *Damon and Pythias*, but we should be sorry to lose our
own belief in that delightful tale. From our youth we have enjoyed the noble
devotion of the young Greek who offered himself hostage for his friend, and who,
when the time appointed arrived, but not the friend, went calmly forth to die for
him. The last moments; the youth kneeling for the blow; the shout of the crowd;
the horseman spurring madly on; the spring of *Damon* upon the scaffold, the
repentance of the tyrant—are things we would not willingly let die. Still, if SIR
GEORGE ————"

Now, Sir, VIRGIL has written. Finish, or you are an Impostor, and
by the Nine Gods, shall be told so.

A Home Question.

IN the return of "Home-made Spirits" lately issued by the Govern-
ment, we can find no mention made of the spirits which last summer
were "summoned from the vasty deep" by shallow-pated spirit-rappers,
and which, as MR. HOME the medium was generally present to assist
the manufacture of the spiritual intercourse, may fairly be included in
the list of HOME-made spirits. It may be that these Spirits were left out
of the return, because they have never fairly come up to proper proof.

HOW THREE FISHERS WENT SALERING.

THREE Mothers sat talking who lived at the West—
The West end—as that eldest son went down,
Each thought him the husband that she liked the best,
For the girl who had watched him all over the Town.
For men must pay or women will weep—
And their dress is expensive, and many to keep,
And their Mothers are always wo-o-ning.

Three gentlemen lounged at their club-house door,
And they thought of those girls as the funds went down;
They thought of their bunkers and thought them a bore,
And of bills that came rolling in "ragged and brown."
But men must pay or women will weep—
Though debts be pressing—still Mothers are deep,
And keep up a constant wo-o-ning.

Three gentlemen lay in three separate cells—
The last season's "necessities" pulled them down—
And the women are weeping and ringing their bells,
For those who will never more show upon Town,
For men must pay or women will weep,
And the sooner you do it the sooner you'll sleep,
And good bye to the Ma' and her wo-o-nings.

SAVAGES IN SUFFOLK.

MR. PUNCH,

"If your nerves
are in good order and
you want a new sen-
sation, let me recom-
mend you to try a
trip to Lowestoft by
the Eastern Counties
Railway, when either
Suffolk Volunteers
are going off from a
review, or Suffolk
Yachtsmen are re-
turning home from a
regatta. The
chances are that in
the one case blank
cartridge will be
banged out of the
windows of your
carriage, and that in
the other the pro-
gress of your train
will be marked by a
continual discharge
of squibs and sky-
rockets. This at



least has been my personal experience on two occasions lately when
travelling to Lowestoft, and I think it shows how finely bracing
is its air that, after being shattered by the first of the attacks, my
nerves were in three days set up enough to bear the second. Unluckily
I cannot say so much quite for my wife; for she, poor soul! has not
my iron constitution, and she was therefore so affected by the rifle
fusillade that she has gone to bed each night with cotton in her ears,
lest she should be awakened by her dreams of railway fighting.

"I am aware that in imputing the faintest tinge of fault to our
gallant Volunteers, I may be mistaken for an idiot who thinks ill of the
movement, and is glad of the least chance to throw cold water and con-
tempt on it. But on the contrary, *en masse*, I much admire the Volun-
teers, and seeing that they save us from much military outlay, as a
taxpayer I trust they will increase and flourish. It is precisely to this
end that I think such silly freaks as firing rifles on a railroad ought to
be exposed for public condemnation, and if I had my way the delin-
quents should forthwith be drummed out of the ranks. Surely, after a
review, every cartridge pouch should be examined by the sergeants, to
see that all the rounds served out have been expended, and, if not, to
see the surplus received back into Store. And surely Volunteers should
know better when off duty than in any way to make themselves a
nuisance to the public and a disgrace to their corps. Such freaks as I
have mentioned rob the movement of its dignity, and tend to bring it
sadly into disrepute. Except in educated circles the word '*distinguo*'
is in England but very slightly known: and it is too bad that the
Volunteers should sink in public estimation, because a few Gorillas
please to act after the manner of street-boys on Guy Faux day, and to
blaze away their powder for no other earthly purpose than kicking
up a row.

"With regard to firing rockets out of first class carriage windows

(which I saw done at Beccles on Thursday the 8th instant), this perhaps may be a custom of the county, for Suffolk has proverbially the epithet of 'silly,' and its fitness to be called so is by such freaks amply proved. Not being of a speculative turn of disposition, I have never held a share in the Eastern Counties Railway; by which investment, I have heard, enormous wealth may be amassed. But if I were a shareholder I should certainly take care to inquire at the next meeting what effect the sparks from fireworks had on first class carriage-linings, and what per-centage of the public would like a squib-and-cracker carriage attached to every train. I have no wish to deprive people of sensible amusements, and if the sports I have described are held to come within that category, I think that they who like them should have full leave to enjoy them. But there are proper times for all things, and one person's recreation must not be another's nuisance. So if a man can't travel half-a-dozen miles by railway without banging off a rifle, or blazing off a sky-rocket, I think he ought to hire a special train for his amusement and not be privileged to shatter the weak nerves of the public by it.

"I remain, *Punch*, Yours obediently,
"AN ENEMY TO GORILLAS."

CAUTION
O SMOKING



SCENE.—SOMEWHERE IN THE WILDS OF SUFFOLK.

GALLANT VOLUNTEER. "I hope you don't object to Gunpowder Smoke, Sir. I've got four more Blank Cartridges."

DIXIT, ET IN MENSAM.—

THE SCENE IS A PIC-NIC, AND MR. JOSEPH DE CLAPHAM VENTURES TO THINK THAT HIS FIANCÉE, THE LOVELY BELGRAVINIA, IS A LITTLE TOO FAST.

Now don't look so glum and so sanctified, please,
For folks *comme il faut*, Sir, are always at ease:
How dare you suggest that my talk is too free?
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

Must I shut up my eyes when I ride in the Park;
Or pray would you like me to ride after dark?
If not, MR. PRIM, I shall say what I see,
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

What harm am I speaking, you stupid Old Nurse?
I'm sure Papa's newspaper tells us much worse,
He's a clergyman, too, are you stricter than he?
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

I knew who it was, and I said so, that's all;
I said who went round to her box from his stall,
Pray what is your next prohibition to be?
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

"My grandmother would not—" O, would not, indeed?
Just read HORACE WALPOLE—Yes, Sir, I *do* read.

MRS. ROCHEFOUCAULD'S MAXIMS.

BEARDLESS youths are most prone to arrogance and self-sufficiency. As they grow older their whiskers cover a great deal of their cheek.

Men should never choose a flirt for a wife, be she fair as Venus. The sagacious housewife avoids the fruit that has its bloom off.

It is difficult to hide one's vanity; but it is more difficult still to wear it gracefully.

Refinement covers a multitude of improprieties.

Some women blush to prove that they have a little modesty left.

When a female friend asks your advice about a lover, say that he is not worthy of her, and counsel her to reject him. She will vastly relish the compliment you pay her, and the lover may fall to your lot into the bargain.

Tears are a woman's best and most convincing reasons.

A looking-glass never pays compliments, but it enables us to win them.

We are "very happy to see" people whom we detest, and "very much obliged" to persons whose favours are nuisances. We return thanks for the kind inquiries of acquaintance who have not the least interest in us, and whom we rather dislike than otherwise.

A woman will tell a secret to *you*, "because you're different"—but to nobody else.

We trample upon our fallen sisters to show the world how firm of foot we are ourselves.

Time is our bitterest enemy. He makes us wear caps.

Children are milestones that tell the world the distance a woman has travelled from her youth.

How to Improve one's Writing.

We beg to announce (for we have a reason for it) that there is a new novel published, called *Under the Spell*. We believe (and this is our reason for making the gratuitous announcement, for which the publishers, if they have any generosity in their minds or tills, ought to pay us the full value of an advertisement) that it is the secret production of one of LORD MALMESBURY'S pet clerks, who wrote it with the laudable view of improving himself in his orthography previous to going up to pass his examination.

Besides, what's my grandmother's buckram to me?
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

"I said it before that old *roué*, LORD GADDE;"
'That's a story, he'd gone; and what harm if I had?
He has known me for years—from a baby of three.
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

You go to your Club (and this makes me so wild,
There you smoke and you slander man, woman, and child;
But I'm not to know there's such people as she—
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

It's all your own fault: the Academy, Sir,
You whispered to PHILIP, "No, no, it's not her,
SIR EDWIN would hardly—" I heard, *mon ami*;
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

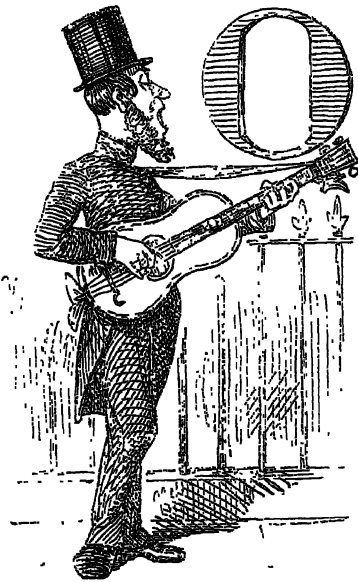
Well there, I'm quite sorry; now, stop looking haughty,
Or must I kneel down on my knees and say "naughty?"
There! Get me a peach, and I wish you'd agree
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

TO PERSONS OF FLOATING CAPITAL.—Cannot the Thames Embankment be somehow managed by the investment of money as a speculation in the proposed Bank of the Thames?

SERENADE BY MUSICAL POLICEMAN.

(ACCOMPANIED BY HIMSELF ON GUITAR.)

AIR—"Deh vieni alla finestra."



H come to the area rail-
ing,
Delight of my heart and
soul!
Thou knowest thy lover's
falling;
I long for a nice hot roll,
O'erflowing with lots of
butter;
And over a cup of tea
I long, how I long, to
mutter
The vows of love to thee!

Thy people are out of
Town now,
Board-wages thou may'st
be on,
Thou safely canst take me
down now
The family all are gone;
No child crying, "I see
MARY
Up out of the kitching go
To a Pleaceman outside
the airey,
And both went down
below!"

A LECTURE ON MNEMONICS.

THERE is an invention called Mnemonics. It is intended to muddle the memory under pretext of assisting it. A person who cannot remember three figures, say 6-42, is told to think of the "Sikhs," and their great "fortitu"de in the last war. Mr. Punch has not much respect for this invention, and rather less for anybody who requires it. If a person gives proper and undivided attention to a statement, he can remember it. Nobody forgets anything in which he is really interested. He only wants "waking up," just like his friend who pretends not to hear you the first time you speak, and always makes you repeat your question. Notice him in the presence of his superior, or of somebody whom he wants to serve him. He can hear fast enough then. Memory can "wake up" in similar fashion. One's wife often forgets what one has told her about the National Debt, but does she ever forget the day for LADY SUSAN'S party

The other night Mr. Punch was unluckily in company with one of the Professors of Mnemonics, who wished, naturally, to distinguish himself under the eyes of the Immortal. A fable in manner as colossal in intellect, Mr. Punch assented to an experiment. The following conversation ensued:—

Professor. Will you favour me with a subject, Mr. Punch?

Mr. Punch. Take the Census. There is a pretty young lady beside you (Pretty Young Lady smiles and blushes), make her remember the English, Scotch, and Irish returns, and the total.

Pretty Young Lady. O dear, I am sure I never shall.

Mr. Punch. Well, my love, let him try.

Professor. But I don't know the numbers myself.

Mr. Punch. More shame for you. Give me a card. (Writes.) There! I have written them down for you. Now go a-head.

Professor. My dear young lady—

Mr. Punch. Stop, hold hard. She is Our dear young lady; so don't begin your art of memory by forgetting yourself.

Professor. I beg pardon.

Mr. Punch. Go on, then.

Professor. MISS SPARKLES, I will first endeavour to fix the English Census in your memory. I shall take the liberty of omitting fractions.

Mr. Punch. If you do, I shall take the liberty of punching your head. None of your shuffling. Come. In England and Wales, there are Twenty Millions, and sixty-one thousand, seven hundred and twenty five persons. Shall you remember that, my darling?

His Darling. O dear, no, not if I were to try for a year.

Mr. Punch. Go it, Professor.

Professor. In the first place, Miss, we want Twenty. That is a Two, and an Ought. Now, the figure 2 is something like the written letter n.

Mr. Punch. As much like a hen as you're like a cock. But let's hear, Henny-penny.

Professor. Like an n. And a nought is like an O. Well, now we must make a word, which is "no." Will you remember that, young lady?

Young Lady. But a young lady's "no" means "yes" sometimes. I might think of that, and get dreadfully wrong in my arithmetic.

Mr. Punch. Very well said, my dear. One for your nob, Professor.

Professor. It is not fair for you to interfere. Now, we've got No, which means Twenty. Now for Sixty One. Well, 6 is exactly like a written 0, turned the other way, and 1 is a capital I.

Mr. Punch. You might as well say it was a capital nose.

Professor. Be quiet, Sir. Well, d, e, is di.

Mr. Punch. Never say die.

Professor. So we have no, di.

Mr. Punch. Or Noddy. Is this TOM NODDY'S secret?

Professor. Be quiet, Sir. Now for Seven hundred and Twenty-five and 7 is like an F turned the other way, and 2 as we said is n, and 5 I must ask you to think of as 2—it may help you to think that L in Roman numerals means 50, and there are five letters in "fifty."

Mr. Punch. Never saw such an ell taken when an inch was given, before.

Professor. It's quite easy when you are used to it. There we have f, n, and l, but as that makes no word, we may put in vowels, only remember we don't use them in counting. What can we make of f, n, l?

Mr. Punch. I know, but it would be rude to say, only with humbug after it, I know who would be described, and I don't mean celestial.

Professor. Sir, you are impolite. Suppose we say final. Put all together, and we have "no di final." Now, how many people are there in England and Wales?

Young Lady. Let me think. N stands for nought, and O stands for one, that's 91, and final means fifty, yes, that's right, and there are 915 people in England and Wales. No, that can't be right, because there are more than a thousand in our little town near Reigate—O, I suppose there are 915 millions.

Mr. Punch. Potaturus te saluto, Professor.

Professor. Rome wasn't built in a day, Mr. Punch.

Mr. Punch. Who said it was? Don't you go cutting off to Rome—but finish your teaching, or own that it's no go.

Professor. With proper attention, my system could be mastered in a few weeks.

Mr. Punch. I'll teach her the numbers in a few minutes. My love, how old are you?

Young Lady. Twenty, dear.

Mr. Punch. Then think of your own age for the millions.

Young Lady. To be sure, I shall never forget that. But when I'm twenty-one?

Mr. Punch. Then there will be twenty-one millions.

Young Lady. Delightful! But the little numbers. I shall never remember those.

Mr. Punch. Six one seven two five,
Dick's won heaven's blue hive.

The sounds will remind you. Think of DICK, because it's the short for RICHARD, who—O, I know all about it. Did DICK never tell you that your eyes were heavenly blue—very neglectful of DICK if he didn't, and that he hoped he had won their favour?

Young Lady. For shame—what a tease you are.

Mr. Punch. Come, there's "Dick's won heaven's blue," and as for the hive, a pretty poet said that a pretty lady's lips looked as if a bee had stung it newly. Did DICK ever tell you that a bee had come out of a hive and stung your lip?

Young Lady. No, he never did.

Mr. Punch. Did he ever tell you anything about your lips?

Young Lady. Never mind. But I shall always remember that. I am 20, and—let me see, DICK's six, won one, heaven's seven, blue two, hive five. There are 20 millions, and 61725 people.

Mr. Punch. Hurrah, hurrah, hooray! [Dances about the room.]

Professor. Ah, but that's quackery.

Mr. Punch. You're another.

Professor. Am I?

Mr. Punch. Yes, you are.

Professor. Am I?—take that!

Mr. Punch. And you take that! [Exeunt, fighting like good ones.]

Gradual Justice for the Roman States.

By a letter from the Eternal City we are informed that "trial by jury is to be gradually introduced into the ex-papal provinces." Such a famine of justice has, under the papal government, prevailed in those states, that the people, almost starved for the want of that moral necessary, are unable to take too much of it at once, and have to be fed with a little at a time.

CONSOLATION FOR COCKNEYS.

It is all very well to talk of the fine boulevards of Paris; but in the French metropolis, where the rent is so high, and the living so dear, there is not one street to be named with Cheapside.



MAJOR ALDERSHOT RETURNING FROM PARADE, FLATTERS HIMSELF THAT HIS RAT-TAILED CHARGER IS MUCH ADMIRER SINCE THE SADDLER HAS SUPPLIED HIM WITH A "NEW TAIL!"

ALLEGED SUICIDE OF THE POPE.

THE truthful PAUL CULLEN, titular Archbishop of Dublin, in a pastoral as romantic as usual, lately addressed to his flock of simple Arcadians, pronounces the subjoined panegyric on "Our beloved Holy Father, PIUS THE NINTH:"—

"Though violently assailed by the enemies of God and religion, he steers with a firm hand the bark of Peter. Whilst other princes and statesmen present a lamentable picture of weakness or perfidy, and are tossed about like fragile reeds, he upholds the principle of eternal justice and the rights of the Church and of society with undaunted courage, at the same time edifying the world by his meekness, his humility, his fortitude, and all the other virtues which adorn Christ's vicar on earth. What a happiness that God has given to his Church so holy a pontiff to guide and direct her in these troubled times!"

We are informed that the principle of eternal justice, and the rights of the Church and Society, have been upheld by the POPE with undaunted courage, whilst at the same time he has edified the world by his meekness and humility, in ordering FATHER GIACOMO, COUNT CAVOUR'S Confessor, into the custody of the Inquisition. FATHER GIACOMO went to Rome at the POPE'S summons, to give his Holiness some account of CAVOUR'S last moments, and the Court of Rome is said to have committed him for examination by the Holy Office, either because he refused to acknowledge that he had improperly given COUNT CAVOUR absolution without having first obtained from him a retraction of his political opinions, or because he declined to break the seal of confession. The Papal Court is also reported to have deprived FATHER GIACOMO, now liberated, of his benefice. If these statements are true, they are additional confirmations, if any additional confirmation were needed, of the truth as it is in CULLEN.

But, surely, they can hardly be truer than the marvels related in the *Lives of the Saints*, or in the autobiography of *Baron Munchausen*. They are too bad to be true. The POPE, indeed, exemplified his idea of the principle of eternal justice by refusing to surrender MORTARA the kidnapped little Jew. But then his Holiness confounded his notion of eternal justice with his conception of the rights of the Church. His spiritual personality commanded his temporal personality to retain the christened little Israelite. But in placing FATHER GIACOMO under arrest,

particularly if for refusing to divulge the secrets of the Confessional, the temporal half of the Sovereign Pontiff would have urged his spiritual moiety to the commission of sacrilege and persecution against a faithful priest. It is difficult to suppose him capable of making a Father Confessor a Confessor to the Tribunal of Penance. Such an act would be suicidal. The temporal ruler would cut the spiritual ruler's throat. No one doubts that Pius Nono believes in the Church which he governs, and by the profanation and injustice of which he is accused, he would, in doing for himself and his supremacy, have effectually knocked that Church on the head.

Besides, FATHER GIACOMO is the subject of VICTOR-EMMANUEL. His detention would have been a *casus belli*. Is it possible that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH would protect the POPE in such an outrage as that upon the King and nation of Italy, and the Roman Catholic Church itself to boot? No, no. What DR. CULLEN says must generally be reversed in order to be believed, but let us hope that the character which, in the above quotation from his pastoral, is ascribed to his Holiness, is not quite to be understood in so completely opposite a sense as it ought to be if the POPE has really arraigned FATHER GIACOMO, and punished him for giving absolution to a dying penitent, or refusing to split upon his shrift. Had he been guilty of such conduct as that, NAPOLEON would tell GUYON to remove the bayonets on which (with St. Peter's cushion intervening) the Holy Father is now hoisted; and the consequence would be ridiculous and painful.

A Warning.

"MR. J. ARTHUR ROEBUCK is engaged upon a political history of his own country."—*Literary Gossip*.

So much the better. But he must not appropriate the title of LADY CALCOTT'S charming book. He is not to call his work *Little Arthur's England*.

NOTE ON A RECENT PHILIPPIC.

WHY IS BERNAL OSBORNE like a fishmonger?
Because, when out of plaice, he naturally resorts to Billingsgate.



THE CONSTABLE OF DOVER.

"THERE'S YOUR STAFF, PAM. YOU KNOW THE PARTY YOU'RE TO KEEP YOUR EYE ON."

PAM UPON THE HEIGHTS.

(After ALFRED TENNYSON.)

NOR old, stood PAM upon the Heights,
The Commons roaring at his feet,
And Beadledom, with antique rites,
Did him the homage meet.

Punch, in his place, did much rejoice,
Not for the title then assigned,
But glad to hear the brave old boy's
Name shouted on the wind.

Admiring much his British pluck,
His ready tongue, his cheery jest,
His never downing on his luck,
But hoping for the best.

His hate of humbug, saving such
As should to humbugs still be flung,
His speeches, void of artist-touch,
Yet suiting English tongue.

His deeper hatred for the gang,
Who, prating of some Right Divine,
Doom freedom's friends to starve, or hang,
Or in foul dungeons pine.

Cheer for the Constable! Our foes
Find him the nightmare of their dreams;
We, the wise Englishman, who knows
The falsehood of Extremes.

ROEBUCK'S ORATORY.—We should say that lately there has been a trifle too much of what the Yankees would call "the spread eagle" about it.

SANITARY JUSTICE TO SCOTLAND.

IN an abridgment of the Registrar General's Report about the population of Scotland, the health of that part of Great Britain is described as having been generally good during the past quarter. The diseases named as having been most prevalent are scarlatina, diphtheria, and in some places, typhus. Among them vulgar prejudice will learn with astonishment there is not enumerated one case of simply cutaneous disease, that is to say, of cutaneous disease which is merely local and unaccompanied by constitutional symptoms. Scarlatina is an eruption; but scarlatina is also a zymotic affection; and none of its symptoms exhibit any resemblance to a peculiar kind of apparent performance on a stringed instrument, which may be described as playing without music. There is at least no evidence to warrant the conclusion that the malady metaphorically represented as expressing itself in a series of violin movements executed in dumb show is endemic in the Lowlands, or that the Highlanders have any particular occasion, on account of relief afforded to superficial irritation, to invoke blessings on the memory of an ancestor of his GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL. Our Scottish fellow-subjects have been too commonly accused of labouring under a general necessity of employing sulphureous friction. English provincial bigotry itself must admit that the accusation is at least not proven.

PARALLEL FEET OF ARMS.

THE PRINCE NAPOLEON has been visiting the historical battle grounds of Fairfax and Manassas. Considering the alacrity that the Prince has frequently displayed in leaving scenes of danger, he must have been profoundly moved on the spot; so much so that we can imagine his being tempted to parody the well-known speech attributed to the COMTE D'ARTOIS, when he returned to France, and saying pathetically to the distinguished Yankees collected around him, "*Mes amis, il n'y a rien de changé ici. Vous n'avez parmi vous qu'un Américain de plus.*" If PLON-PLON had only been at Bull's Run, we will warrant he would have been the very first to distinguish himself—we mean, in the same direction that others distinguished themselves.



GENTLEMAN. "What's the fare, Cobman?"

CABBY. "Vell, Sir, the fare's Two Bob; so suppose we say Half-a-Crown?—another Cabby would have charged you Three Bob."

DR. PUSEY ON THE TURF.

THE subjoined extract from "Sporting Intelligence" relative to the run for the Trial Stakes at Oxford races will edify some of our readers:—

"As soon as the flag dropped, *King of the Forest* instantly went to the front, with *Overton* lying at his girths; *Gawwilet*, *Commander*, and *Dr. Pusey* side by side a few lengths behind. As they came up to the distance the weight began to tell upon the *King*, who fell back into the third place, *Overton* and *Commander* both passing him. Opposite the stand *Commander* was leading, and he came through and won easily by two lengths; half a length behind *Overton* came *Gawwilet*, the same separating *Gawwilet* from *King of the Forest*; *Dr. Pusey* was last."

It will be seen by the foregoing statement that DR. PUSEY occupied the position of the winner in a donkey race. There is something remarkable in this fact; especially as having occurred at Oxford Races. Many people will be surprised to learn that DR. PUSEY, on the trial as above decided, proved to have no followers in Oxford. DR. PUSEY, too, has always been considered as decidedly a fast goer. Yet the odds were against DR. PUSEY; a very small party backing him, and grave doubts being entertained whether the Doctor would run for stakes, never having yet gone quite so far as *Highlyer*, ridden by PRIEST. He has probably let in a few of the yokels. The Puseyites are of course rather down in the mouth about the defeat of their favourite, who had better be wrapped up, along with themselves, in those old horsecloths which they have revived in most of their stables. The defeat of DR. PUSEY at Oxford need not prevent him from running for the Derby, when perhaps we shall see what he can do against SPURGEON.

The Height of a Warm Imagination.

THROWING open the windows—lying gracefully at full length on the sofa (having previously put a plate of shrimps on the table before you)—and listening to the gentle trickling of the watering-cart as it paces slowly up and down the street; with the happy combination of so many luxuries, it becomes as easy as lying on the beach, and throwing pebbles into the sea, to fancy that one is doing the *dolce far niente* at the sea-side. We beg of the reader, who has anything of a tropical imagination, to put on only a suitable costume, and to try it just for a couple of hours.

THE PURSUIT OF JOKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE Painters inside the house and the Pavors hammering away violently outside! The two senses of smell and hearing being attacked, beyond all power of stoppage, outrageously at the same time. On our word, it is enough to make a BRIGHT swear!

THE GREATEST OF THE "GREAT UNPAID."—The National Debt.

A SPARROW MARKET NEAR SOUTHAMPTON.

A PETITION has been presented to the French Corps Legislatif for the protection of sparrows and other small birds, with a view to the benefit of agriculture, on the ground that they do infinitely more good by destroying insects, than mischief in eating corn. On this point there would be some difficulty of convincing the British Farmer, and particularly, we should think, that type of him represented by the gentleman whose name figures in the subjoined newspaper paragraph:—

"A PALPABLE STRETCH OF THE LAW.—Yesterday, before ADMIRAL WIGSTON and MR. J. H. FORBES, magistrates sitting at the Southampton County Bench, GEORGE GARRATT, a boy living in Humdwell, Southampton, was fined 2s. 6d., without costs, for stealing four ears of wheat, the property of MR. LONGMAN, of Hill Farm. The boy picked the ears of wheat in a pathway, and was caught by the prosecutor, and given into custody, remaining so for forty-eight hours, the prosecutor insisting on pressing the charge."

A gentleman capable of causing a boy to be imprisoned for forty-eight hours for stealing four ears of wheat picked up in a pathway, and afterwards of pressing such a charge of theft against the juvenile prisoner, must be much fonder of his wheat than he is of his species. He would, therefore, naturally be disposed to show no mercy to the feathered tribes, which certainly do consume a considerable quantity of wheat, even if they exterminate a more considerable quantity of insects. Their estimated destruction of insects would be quite overlooked by a gentleman infuriated by the visible consumption of his wheat. The boys in the neighbourhood of Hill Farm, instead of stealing MR. LONGMAN'S wheat, and getting imprisoned and fined for picking a few ears of it, might make a good thing out of that gentleman's animosity against depredators on his cereal produce. They should devote themselves to killing sparrows, save all the heads of as many sparrows as they can catch, and take them to MR. LONGMAN. Of course MR. LONGMAN will give more than half-a-crown for the head of every sparrow, because the bird will have stolen very much more than the four ears of corn which were picked by MASTER GEORGE GARRATT.

STINGO FOR SUMMER.

WE have been enjoying some delightful summer weather, and the thirst it has induced has by no means been unpleasant, at any rate to men who have a fondness for cool drinks, and have been careful not to heat themselves by taking too much stimulant. Just the sort of mild and harmless beverage to revel in is the beer whereof a sample, being chemically tested, is discovered to contain:—

Alcohol	5.000
Extractive	3.885
Acetic acid030
Water	91.085
	100.000

This stingo is pronounced by a competent examiner (whose report has lately reached us, in common, doubtless, with a number of the beer-bibbing community) to be "the richest in alcohol for its price" that he has tested; and he adds he feels "persuaded that it is a genuine article." We are happy to append to this chemical certificate our belief that such a beer must be most thoroughly innocuous, provided that the *agua* it contains be really *pure*, of which, seeing that it is by far the principal component, we think there should be given some satisfying proof. Grog made in the proportion of five parts of spirit to ninety-one of water, would not harm the tenderest infant, if the water were but proved to be a "genuine article;" but if the water were impure, we question very much if that amount of alcohol would be sufficiently an antidote to what the water might contain. Were we at all concerned in the sale of the strong beer to which we have drawn notice, we should lose no time in issuing a medical certificate, attesting to the aqueous purity of the drink; for however great his love for unwholesome beverages, surely nobody would like to drink a pailful of Thames water with but a teaspoonful of spirit to avert the chance of illness.

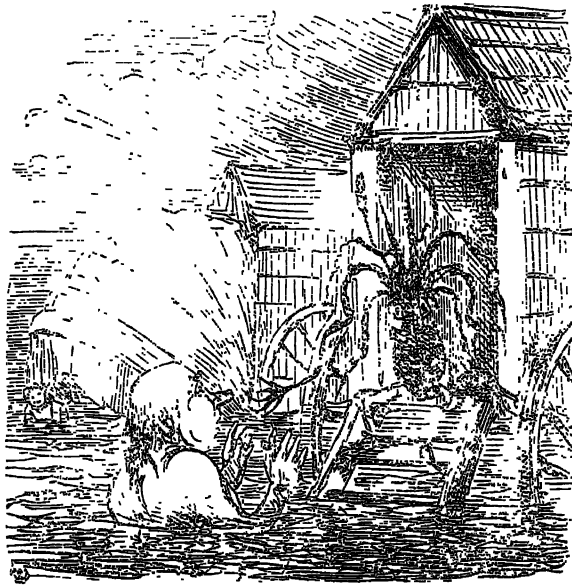
Truly Catholic.

AT Boulogne, at present, the Priests are incessantly offering up prayers "for the Conversion of the English Sovereign." HER MAJESTY will not object to her Protestant subjects being very "agreeable" to such conversion, while the exchange is, as now, 25 francs, 30 centimes.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE SEA-SIDE.

RAMSGATE this year is so overflowingly crowded, that on Friday last the following inscription was written in large letters on a board, and posted up on the beach in front of the bathing-machines:—"SEA FULL—NOT EVEN STANDING-ROOM FOR A BABY!!!"

LATEST FROM RAMSGATE.



S EDWIN lounged on the pier to get a relish for his dinner, after swallowing two monstrous blotters for his breakfast, he said to his ANGELINA, "Tell me something funny, dearest, and so excite the cachinatory muscles of my diaphragm, for I have been told that laughing is provocative of appetite."

Thus bidden, as in duty bound, the wife of his fond bosom peered for a brief moment to the seaward of the pier, and receiving inspiration from the freshening breeze that blew there, whispered, "Canst say, love, why the pleasant island of Ceylon is so favourite a resort for marriageable ladies?"

EDWIN, thus appealed to, scratched his nose and stroked his whiskers, but not finding his wits sharpened by either of those processes, was forced to let his wife explain that the answer to her riddle was that his blank looks, she added in

the island she referred to was full of Cingaleses. Observing compassion, "Now, dearest, don't be stupid, can't you put an 'h' in, and pronounce it 'Single he's'?"

Feeling it expected of him, EDWIN tried to laugh, but alas! he could do little more than get up a faint giggle. Whereupon his *placens vero*, made another daring effort to excite his risibility, by asking "Who is the most dangerous young lady in a ball-room?" and adding in the same breath, "Why, of course, dear, a LUCIANA."

Conscious of his density, EDWIN tried his best to look as though he understood her: but, struggle as he might for it, the giggle would not come, until, putting with her tiny hand his sorely puzzled brow, said ANGELINA, "you are sadly dull, dear love, this morning. Can't you divide that Christian name, and call it a *loose-cinder!*"

A LAY ON A LADDER.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, is it true
What ROEBUCK has declared; that you
Have struck a bargain to call home
Your red-legged garrison from Rome.
Getting, for Rome's evacuation,
Sardinia as consideration?

A ladder Fancy views you in
The act of poisoning on your chin
The Holy Father at the top
Of that uncomfortable prop.
A zany of the lower class
Thus sonactinnes balances an Ass.

That Clown, ere he at last appears
The Creature of extensive ears,
To coax what cash he can from out
The pocket of expectant loud,
Keeps crying "Two pence more, and then
Up goes the donkey, Gentlemen."

You, whilst you show the ladder-feat,
Seem to propose another treat
To Italy's impatient eye:
"Another session!" is your cry:
And then you'll crown her eager hope:
"Sardinia—and down goes the Pope!"

VICTOR-EMMANUEL, if he code
Sardinia, will be fit indeed
On ladder to be poised by Clown.
A Donkey! who will lose the Crown
For which he gave Savoy and Nice,
And now will break up Europe's peace.

He is not such an Ass as that,
He will not be so gross a flat
As such a heavy price to pay
For what a war will take away,
And—who can tell?—perhaps restore
To Pope and Kaiser as before.

A SAMPLE OF SCOTCH CHAFF.

THE Scotch, or Scottish, people (will some linguist please tell us which adjective is right?) have not the reputation of being vastly witty, but they have the reputation of being fond of money, and when they possess it, of being loth to throw away so much as a bawbee. But that there are some exceptions to the national rule is shown, we think, in some degree by this advertisement, which a correspondent cuts for us from a north country newspaper:—

WANTED, by a Volunteer Rifle Corps, in the immediate neighbourhood of Glasgow, a **TARGET** for Ball Practice. Must be very strong, particularly in the centre, as their present Target has had the bull's eye completely blown out, from the incessant hitting to which it has been subjected. Will be glad to exchange with any of the Glasgow Companies, whose Targets are generally in a state of first-rate preservation at the bull's eye.
Address "Bull's Run," Herald Office.

To please the frugal mind of an ordinary Scotchman, a joke, to be enjoyed, must be at the expense of some one other than himself. But here we have a Scotchman incurring the expense of inserting an advertisement, that he may thereby gain insertion into print of his small jest. What incites him to poke fun at the Glasgow Volunteers we have neither means nor wish to ascertain; and as we do not share his feeling towards the corps, we shall abstain from saying anything to bring them into ridicule. If it be true that their targets are in "first-rate preservation," we can only say we hope their shooting will improve; and as practice makes men perfect, the oftener they keep trying to blow their bull's-eye out, the more likely are they to succeed in time in doing it. Perhaps the advertiser's chaff may stir them to fresh efforts, and if so, there will be little reason to complain of it. Still we scarce think that our Riflemen enhance their reputation by making butts of one another through the columns of a newspaper, and putting into print small jokes which hardly seem deserving of it. In their military capacity bayonets, not pens, are the steel weapons they should stick to; and the only "leaded" matter they should care to meddle with ought to come not from the type-founder, but the regulation bullet-maker.

LEGAL METAPHYSICS.

It is to be feared that the law of domicile will never be satisfactorily settled, because it involves the perplexing question of Free Will.

THE COMPLAINT OF CHRISTOPHER SLY.

AT one of the late meetings of the Social Science Association at Dublin, Dr. P. W. MACKENZIE, of Waterford, who is evidently a water-drinker, read a paper on the subject of Dipsomania, the new social scientific name which has been applied to the passion for intoxicating drink. It is a compliment to the morality, if not to the intelligence, of the Pumps who spout observations on Dipsomania, to say that they do not know what they are talking about. Dipsomania, of course they know very well, means a mania consisting in uncontrollable thirst; but they imagine that habitual thirst is the cause of habitual drunkenness. Evidently they are unacquainted with the nigger's celebrated distinction between "drinkee for drunkee and drunkee for dray." Drinkee for drunkee is what they denominate Dipsomania; whereas that word is only properly applicable to inordinate drinkee for dry. Dipsomania is one thing, tipsy-mania another thing; and the latter is what they mean by the former. It is gratifying, however, to find any philosophers so innocent of all knowledge of the nature of intoxication as those must be who expatiate on Dipsomania. Philosophers are too commonly disposed to meditate behind a pipe, over a glass of grog, and under those circumstances to acquire by practical experience, a profounder acquaintance with the philosophy of drunkenness than with any other.

Disinterested Advice to Ladies of a Literary Turn.

NEVER marry an author. He is sure at some time or other to put you in his books, and the consequence is, you will come out, like those rare botanical specimens similarly preserved, as flat, and as dead as possible. Not a fraction of colour will there be left in you! There will only be the withered outline, by which you will be able to trace your original beauty.

In fact, a wife to an author is only so much book-muslin to enable him to dress up his characters with. To clothe others, the wretch does not scruple to cut up his own wife.—*The Hermit of the Haymarket.*

A HOPEFUL SENIOR.

"EIT? by Jove, Sir, a new lease!" Such was the exclamation of a sanguine old buck, who, before his toilet mirror, discovered by the aid of a double eye-glass, one black hair among his white whiskers.



A TIT-BIT.

Omnibus Driver (in the distance). "HOLLOA JOE, NOW YOU'VE GOT YOUR DUCK, I'LL SEND YOU 'THE PEAS!'"

CHRONICLING SMALL BEER.

"REVERED PUNCH,

"As a loyal British subject, I feel of course deep interest in the movements of our Sovereign, and read with great attention all the details of her doings which the newspapers supply. The more minute are their descriptions the better I am pleased, and the incidents which some minds may regard as commonplace, I consider of the utmost importance to be known, and think should stand recorded in the annals of the Court. You may conceive, then, with what pleasure I read in a description of the QUEEN'S journey to Ireland, that the Royal train reached Leamington punctual to its time, and, an interval of twenty minutes being suffered for refreshment,—

"On arriving at the Station, HER MAJESTY and the PRINCE CONSORT stepped out of the Royal Carriage, and proceeded to the room which had been elegantly furnished for them."

"There, now, is not that, Sir, intensely interesting? 'HER MAJESTY and the PRINCE CONSORT stepped out of the Royal carriage.' Surely every loyal heart must flutter with emotion on being made acquainted with so wonderful a fact. Doubtless, some people may say that if the Royal travellers wished to take refreshment, they could not get out of their carriage in any other way, and therefore that the act, as the French say, *va sans dire*, and need not have been noted. But to men of loyal minds, how short-sighted this view! By the statement I have quoted posterity will know that HER MAJESTY went into the Station for her lunch, and did not have it handed to her through the carriage window; an assertion which might otherwise be made in future histories, and which there might be no one living able to dispute.

"I could wish, Sir, that this manner of reporting regal movements were more generally followed than, unhappily, it is. Details the most trivial would for me possess deep interest, and I feel sure that many other people are of the same mind. I would fain, for instance, know what HER MAJESTY partook of when she stopped for lunch, and whether the PRINCE CONSORT ate as heartily as usual, and relished what he ate. Such details might to some readers seem slightly unimportant, and others might object that the private acts of Royalty should

never be made public, and that at meal-time no reporter should be suffered to take notes. But I am naturally, myself, of an inquiring disposition, and when I want to know a thing, I don't care much to ask if such knowledge be proper, or how it is obtained. In trifles I simply show the independence of my character, and what some folks may denounce as snobbish curiosity I look upon as loyalty, and pride myself therein.

"I am, Sir, a devourer of newspapers, and therefore an admirer of the

"PENNY-A-LINE."

"P.S. They say that the PRINCE CONSORT used to suffer from sea-sickness. Do you know if he be similarly afflicted now, and what preventive measures he usually adopts?"

WHATEVER YOU DO, CROW!

The French Cock, says the proverb, 's so glorious,
Reverses but make the bird prouder;
He crows mighty loud when victorious,
When vanquished, he only crows louder.

Yankee Eagles French Cocks now outstripping,
In assurance from flight and from blunder won;
Never doodle doo'd over a "whipping,"
Half so loud as they doodle-doo *under* one.

Exceptio Probat Regulam.

MR. HARVEY LEWIS, in a recent speech to his Constituents, complained of "the extraordinary and unjust antipathy on the part of provincial Members to do anything for the improvement of the Metropolis." As a rule, MR. LEWIS'S charge is just, but not at this moment, when the provincials have so greatly improved the Metropolis by taking themselves out of it.



“DO’H NOT A MEETTING LIKE THIS MAKE AMENDS?”

H—R M—J—Y THE Q—N. “MY DEAR IRELAND, HOW MUCH BETTER YOU LOOK SINCE MY LAST VISIT. I AM SO GLAD!”

A SOP TO CERBERUS.

OH! Tearem! Where's the set of teeth
 You were so fond of showing,
 With snap and snarl from out their sheath,
 At everybody going?

And where's the growl to all about
 Distributed impartially,
 For sins by that keen scented nosed out,
 Or morally or martially?

This Tearem? Of the flashing eye,
 The branding finger levelled,
 Till even PAM was fain to fly,
 And GRAHAM felt bedevilled!

This Tearem? Of all despots dread,
 Of all oppressors terror;
 Whose wrath on hate of wrong was fed,
 Nor mercy knew for error!

Tearem, whom constant to his post,
 Nor dodge nor feint could puzzle:
 The one true watch-dog (such his boast)
 No hand could coax or muzzle!

Tearem, who whosoe'er might trip,
 Was never known to blunder!
 The pleyer of the flaying whip,
 The wielder of the thunder!

Are these *his* teeth—an Austrian crust
 That harraless mouth and mumble?
 Is this *his* tail—that in the dust,
 Wags to a Kaiser humble?

Can a Herzoginn's hand bid drop
 That bristling crest tremendous?
 Or hath a SCHMARBURG found a sop
 To choke that maw stupendous?

What is the art that thus hath tamed
 Dog Tearem's nature savage—
 To praise, caress, brought tongue that blamed,
 And fangs but formed to ravage?

'Twould be to wrong th' old Dog, I feel,
 To hint that crusts or paunches
 Were used to make him come to heel,
 Or sit up on his haunches.

But though such tit-bits he would drop,
 And gallantly forswear 'em,
 For Cerberus there was a sop,
 And so there is for Tearem!

The sop of Cerberus was made
 Of wine and oil and honey;
 Of Tearem's sop, I am afraid,
 Th' ingredients cost less money.

The old dog, though as steel he's staunch,
 Of vanity so great is,
 Adown his throat you've but to launch
 Of butter *quantum satis*.

Butter—more butter—cram away
 Down that insatiate hollow!
 You cannot give so much, they say,
 As Tearem's game to swallow!

But when the unctuous dose is down,
 And happily digested,
 To smiles it smoothes his wrinkled frown,
 Lays low his bristles crested.

His bark a whine of welcome grows,
 His tail once stiff as poker,
 In languid volume earthward flows,
 Butter is such a soaker!

And thus on all the Tearem tribe
 This sentence we must utter:
 "Fifty Viennas could not bribe,
 But one's enough to butter!"

EUTHANASIA ACCORDING TO LAW.

WE despise that mawkish sentimentality which not only refuses to entertain the powerful arguments urged to support the infliction of capital punishment, but is also so weak and effeminate that it cannot even bear to hear mentioned those very particulars and details of an execution the statement of which is necessary to its own case. Therefore we do not hesitate to disgust the few squeamish readers that we may chance to have, by quoting from the *Times* the subjoined conclusion of an account of the late hanging at Derby:—

"Ten minutes elapsed after the bolt was drawn before life was extinct."

Hanging is the cheapest of British punishments, except whipping, and it is the most effectual security that we can take against a criminal. This is much to say in favour of hanging, and it is a powerful reason why all offenders, who are too bad to be only whipped, should be hanged. Till convicts can be made to pay for their keep, without competing with free labourers, hanging will, on economical grounds, remain highly preferable to penal servitude, not only for murderers, but for all other felons, thieves, and rogues, whose liberty is incompatible with public safety and comfort. Mawkish sentimentality would have nobody hanged; and in this desire mawkish sentimentality is logical; austere sentimentality is inconsistent in not demanding the execution of every offender whose death would be an example, and whose life is not worth preserving.

It is, however, simply as capital punishment, and not as a peculiar mode of inflicting that punishment, that hanging would be preferred by a social economist to any secondary penalty. The object of striking terror into the minds of the dangerous and troublesome classes would be better effected by burning alive, or breaking on the wheel. Mawkish sentiment, however, has succeeded in abolishing the infliction of death by torture; that is to say by torture intentionally contrived. It is impossible to hang a criminal without hurting him somewhat; but, in hanging him, the end in view is only to kill him, and in killing him, to hurt him as little as possible.

Now sometimes, when a criminal is hanged, as the reporters tell us, the drop falls, and in a moment the unhappy man ceases to exist. In the instance above cited, the sufferer was ten minutes in dying. If, when the drop falls, the malefactor is fortunate enough to get his neck broken, he dies at once. Otherwise he is slowly strangled. Hanging thus may be attended with torture or it may not; therefore it is an unequal punishment. Accordingly in France where equality, if not liberty, reigns everywhere, even on the scaffold itself, the guillotine is substituted for the gallows. Now, the gallows is not the tree of British Liberty, that Britons should cling to it, when some other contrivance might be made to answer the same purpose, and likewise act on the British principle of fair play. A steam Decapitator, for instance, might serve to meet the combined views of austere sentimentality and evenhanded justice, and would not be un-English, but would constitute one more verification of the common saying that the French originate inventions, but we improve upon them.

SEVERE TRIAL OF TEMPER IN HOT WEATHER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A CHOLERIC OLD GENTLEMAN. A COOL YOUNG PARTY.

SCENE:—A Richmond Railway Carriage.
 TIME:—About 12 noon.

Choleric Old Gentleman (panting, puffing, perspiring). Hot, Sir, tremendously hot.

Cool Young Party. It is warm.

C. O. G. Warm, Sir! I call it blazing hot. Why the glass is 98° in the Shade!

C. Y. P. Really! is that much?

C. O. G. Much, Sir! Immense!

C. Y. P. Well, then, the glass is perfectly right.

C. O. G. Right, Sir! I don't understand you, Sir. What do you mean by saying it is right, Sir?

C. Y. P. I mean that the glass is quite right to be as much in the Shade as it can in this warm weather.

[*CHOLERIC OLD GENTLEMAN collapses.*]

Sentence on a Bridge.

THE Chain of evidence having been complete against Hungerford Bridge—not a link having been found wanting—sentence of transportation has been passed upon it. It is to be transported to Clifton, and there to be hung in chains.

A PRINTER'S DEVIL'S DISCOVERY.—CANUTE was the author to whom we are indebted for the first use of the term "See Back."



THE ARTIST'S BRIDE.

FATHER (reading letter from lately married daughter in London). "And, dear Father, if you could send us any old worn-out smock-frocks, or corduroys and ankle-boots—Mother could get them from the farm-men for a trifle, it does not matter how shabby they are—they would be very useful to my dear Edward—"

MOTHER (with a shriek). "Mercy on us! my poor child! There, Sam, I told you how it would be!" (Faints.)

But it turned out from the sequel, that dear E. only wanted these garments to paint from, for his great picture of the "Statute Fair," that was the chef d'œuvre of the Season, and for which he got, say 4000 pounds, exclusive of Copyright.

THE GENUINE ART OF CRAMMING.

THE subject of one of the papers read during the session of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, was "The Influence of the Food on the Intellect," whereon DR. H. KENNEDY lectured a hygienic audience. The influence produced by food on the intellect would chiefly depend, we should think, on the fact to be stated whether the food in question is food for the mind or food for the body. Metaphysics, mathematics, natural and moral philosophy, history, biography, voyages, travels, novels, romances, poetry, and *Punch*, especially *Punch*, are all varieties of mental food which may each have their peculiar and important influence on the intellect; but the food contemplated by DR. KENNEDY seems to have been that which nourishes the brain in common with the rest of the body, and consists of various animal and vegetable substances popularly comprehended under the name of grub.

There is a psychological condition, corresponding to a supposed consistence of head, characteristic of certain persons who are commonly called pudding-headed. Others are described as leather-headed for an analogous reason. Perhaps these states of mind result from some particular kind of diet tending to induce as it were a coriaceous toughness or a doughy softness of understanding. The brain contains phosphorus, and so do many kinds of food; the phosphorus in the brain may be concerned in the evolution of luminous ideas; and it may be desirable for those whose intellects are dull to put themselves on a diet containing an extra quantity of phosphorus in order to obtain intellectual brightness. Some jokers perhaps eat, and more ought to eat, a great deal of phosphorus. If there be anything eatable that will nourish the intellect, how does it taste? "Fat panaches," we are told by SHAKSPEARE, "have lean pates," an observation extensively but by no means universally true, "and dainty bits," adds the divine WILLIAMS, "make rich the ribs but banker out the wits." On the other hand DR. JOHN-

SON said, "Sir, the man who will not take care of his belly will hardly take care of anything else." JOHNSON'S large intellect appears to have derived its nourishment from a great variety and enormous amount of savoury viands, in odd combination, some of them, as for instance, plum-pudding and lobster-sauce. Great geniuses are often consumptive—like DR. JOHNSON. Wits are generally epicures; the aptitude to say good things appears connected with the habit of eating them. What clever fellows your Worships would be if green fat ran to intellect as much as it does to paunch, and over indulgence in eating and drinking were always associated with mental gluttony!

If the intellect generally can be invigorated by peculiar diet, its several faculties may be capable of improvement each on a course of some particular article of food. In that case it would be a good speculation to set up an intellectual eating-house, or mental *restaurant*, near a college, in order that the students might cultivate particular branches of knowledge on the dishes suitable to each. This would be a great improvement on the system of eating terms in a vague and indiscriminate way, as prescribed at the Universities.

"Classical *salmi*, Sir. Mathematical stew. Chop and logic sauce, Sir, very nice. Hebrew calves' liver and bacon. Sanskrit curry. Historical aitch-bone of beef, Sir, Just up. Philosophical saddle-of-mutton, good cut, Sir. Chemical *fondou*. Metaphysical *vol-au-vent*. *Pot-pourri* of music. Veal jokelets, Sir, and *sauce-piquante*." Such, perhaps, would be the waiter's recital of the bill of fare provided at dining rooms established for the nutrition and refreshment of the intellectual powers, and then, perhaps, you would hear him shout down a voice-pipe, "Cook, two simple arithmetic mutton down together!"

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—It is now settled beyond all doubt that MR. THOMAS SAYERS is not going to Spa this year.

THE COOLNESS OF DR. CULLEN.



ORTHY DR. CULLEN has fallen foul of LORD BROUGHAM for having, in his place as President of the Social Science Association, dared to criticise the Papal Government. The Pastoral which contains the vituperation of LORD BROUGHAM, also contains the wonderful statement subjoined—

“At the same time the offerings of our faithful won for them the applause of the Catholic world, and Ireland was admitted by universal consent to have been the first and foremost among the nations that rallied round the manacled throne of the Roman Pontiff. The prowess of her sons on the battle-field of Italy crowned the former efforts of our island, and proved that the honour and interests of the Chair of St. Peter are interwoven with the dearest affections of our Catholic people.”

The Priest who has to read a Pastoral of DR. CULLEN's from the pulpit, might, at the conclusion of his task, do well to caution

the assembled faithful that what they had just heard was to go no farther. What must anybody outside of an Irish Roman Catholic Chapel, or any rational and commonly informed person in one, think of the above-quoted brag about the prowess of the POPE's Irish auxiliaries on the battle-field of Italy? DR. CULLEN perhaps means to say that MAJOR O'REILLY thrashed CALDINI at Castelfidardo. The POPE's Irish Brigade went to Italy on a fool's errand, and crowned all the former efforts of Ireland in the cause which they fought for with a fool's cap. They returned with holes in their garments, which were not made by bullets or bayonets, with fleas in their ears and elsewhere, and few wounds that were worse than fleabites and the bites of other insects. Some people are said to be more Irish than the Irish themselves. In like manner the effrontery of DR. CULLEN is brazen to a degree above the impudence of even the Brass Band.

NOVELTY IN NEEDLEWORK.

We have heard no end of tales about the wonderful precocity of the rising generation, but the instance of it noted in the following advertisement is perhaps of all the marvels that have reached us the most marvellous:—

WANTED, a clean, respectable GIRL, to NURSE a BABY, who can fill up her time in plain sewing. A country girl preferred. Apply, &c.

A Baby “who can fill up her time in plain sewing” must be a most surprising infantine phenomenon. The lady in the song, we are told, could solve a problem in EUCLID before she could speak; but for a girl to ply her needle when in a state of babyhood, appears to us a feat by no means less astonishing. We wonder, can this baby sempstress thread a needle for her work, and cut her cotton properly? The first named of these processes must be a little difficult, and as much as she can manage; for when they fill their needle, women generally, we notice, bite the thread to make it pass; and how a baby can do this is somewhat of a puzzle to us.

But, however this may be, a baby who can sew must be a treasure to its parents, for babies mostly begin squalling when not otherwise engaged, and their employments for the most part are limited to acts of taking nutriment and sleep. Now, sewing is the quietest of quiet occupations, and it must be a great blessing when a baby kindly takes to it.

As for the infant that has been the cause of these remarks, we hope this baby sewer will reap the full advantage of her early education, and be always competent to take that stitch in time which is proverbially the means of saving needle-less labour.

Reward for Early Hours.

We say to Young Ladies:—“As you prize your beauty, as you value your future prospects, go to bed early. Look at *Cinderella*! Whenever she went to a ball, she was bidden by her good godmother to leave off precisely at Twelve. And what was her reward? Why, she married a Prince!

SINECURES FOR SALE.

THERE is nothing at all singular in the following advertisement. On the contrary, enough of such to make the number plural are every week put in the *Record*, and other organs of the Church:—

CHURCH PREFERMENT FOR SALE.

MR. BLANK is instructed to DISPOSE of the NEXT PRESENTATION to the SINECURE RECTORY of Snoozewell. There are no duties of any kind to be performed, and the Living may be held with any other Preferment or Clerical Appointment in any part of the globe. The income is £285 a-year fixed, from which there are no outgoings of any kind whatever. The duties of the Parish are performed by a Resident Vicar, who receives the vicarial Tithes. Age of present Rector, 71. Price very low. Interest would be allowed till possession.

There is nothing strange, we say, in this announcement. The cure of souls has long been every whit as saleable as the cure of herrings; and even as the cure is, so the sinecure is also. Sinecurist Clergymen are nowadays as common as sinecurist Colonels; and the plan of getting pay without doing any work is no more practised in the Army than it is in the Church militant. Clerical auctioneers have pulpits by the score to offer from their pulpit, and pluralists who can afford to purchase sinecure appointments daily hear of something eligible offered to their notice.

We mean, therefore, nothing personal to the fortunate possessor of the next presentation to the rectory of Snoozewell, if we venture here to call attention to the sale of it: nor we trust will MR. BLANK feel offended by our freedom if we put into his mouth the following address, which in offering the property he might either sing or speak, and enliven it, if he so pleased, by the salutatory accompaniment with which the tune we have selected is commonly performed:—

AIR—“The Perfect Cure.”

Now, gents, draw near, and lend an ear,
I've something snug to offer,
All play and pay; now start me, pray,
Come, what's the price you'll proffer?
Who'll buy, buy, buy?—To a rectory I
The next chance can ensure:
Don't fear lest you'll have work to do,
For 'tis a Sinecure.

Refrain. A cure, a cure, a Sinecure!
Of this you may be sure,
An easy shoe you'll step into,
A perfect Sinecure!

“A thousand pounds”—“And fifty”—Zounds!

You really must bid quicker;

“One hundred”—“two”—No work to do,

'Tis all done by the Vicar.

“Four hundred”—“Five”—Come, look alive,

It's worth your while, be sure;

“Six”—thank you—“Eight”—short time you'll wait

For this snug Sinecure.

Refrain. A cure, a cure, a Sinecure!
Such slow bids can't be sure
To all I cry, come buy, buy, buy,
A perfect Sinecure!

THE PRESENT STATE OF LONDON.

THE streets of London are all up, and the blinds all down. We publish the above information for the benefit of the ladies who are at the sea-side, and to tell them, much as we may sigh over their absence, that there is nothing immediate or pressing to call them back to town, and they are fully at liberty to tell their husbands so. It is as well when that importuning admonition does come, that the dear creatures should be prepared with an answer that should be an effectual stopper for some weeks to future importunities. We can assure them that there is not a single person of note left in town, with the exception of the obliging successor of MR. MATTHEW MARSHALL, who is compelled to remain behind to sign the billions of bank-notes requisite for remittances. We had an interview with him only the day before yesterday, that to us was of the most satisfactory nature. We trust that his wrist, used as it is to autograph work, has by this time ceased aching.

An Atmospheric Fact.

MEAT will not keep in this hot weather, not even in a lodging-house. Though we have seen the meat safe over night, and were pleased to think it was so full of hope, and looked so promising for the morrow's dinner, yet the next day every scrap would be found to have gone, and gone too beyond all hope of recovery. Meat never goes so quickly as at the sea-side. In fact, it goes infinitely quicker than it comes. Husbands, who are fond of hot dinners, should go to a marine lodging-house, for they will never see there by any chance a bit of cold meat for weeks and weeks together.



PORTRAIT OF A CERTAIN STUDENT WHO IS READING SO HARD AT THE SEA-SIDE.

MINE HOST'S REJOINDER.

"Plantagenet Arms Hotel,
Diddleton.

"SIR,

"BEING myself and my wife connected with the hupper classes, having been Butler in the family of a Marquis until such times as I took this Hotel, in conjunction with MRS. GRIPER, which I am proud to say was lady's maid to a Duchess (also a Countess), I will not bemean myself by Answering Penny Publications, in which I am given to understand there is now many complaints upon the subject of charges at Respectable Hotels; but as my waiters tell me that some Gents, who should know better, introduce such subjeX in conversation, I write these few lines to ask you this question.

"Where do these Snobbs live that complains of our charges?"

"I am not myself, nor Mrs. G., much acquainted with the lower orders, but I am informed by some of my waiters that they know Parties as write to the Penny press, after they have sneaked out of a Hotel, and made a Gabble at the door, to get away without giving anything to the Servants. I am given to understand that these Sneaks, when they are at home, live in a way quite inconsistent with their blusterings. I should like to know which of them and their females ever see, much more sit down in, such rooms as mine, except when let out for their Holiday. I am told that when they are showed into my bed-rooms, where everythink is fit for the reception of the real Aristoxy, they stare about as if they were out of their spear, which I make no doubt they are. They touch my Marble wash-stands to find out if it is real marble, which shows what they must be accustomed to, viz., Painted Deal from the Tottnam Ct. Road. As for dressing-rooms, that frightens them, and they think they are going to be Separated for ever, instead of living like Ladies and gentlemen. As for a Toilet pale, they look at it like a progidy, and one gent whispered his Wife it were a Spittoon, as many Forreners perhaps came to our Hotel. They complain of charge for Boots, but it is Boots wich ought to complain that his brushes has to go upon such shoes as come here in the autum, some, if you will believe me, Soled and eeled! Do you think such Folk have Napkins at dinner in their own houses, or Finger-Glasses, or Silver forks? Electuary-silver I should say, sir, if anything better than 3 prongs. But try them with Asparrowgrass, sir, that is the test. Our QUEEN,

sir, and the real Aristoxy uses her fingers, but these Snobbs look afeard of the thing, and then Giggles, and take forks, and make some Low joke about looking like Tallow Candles. Then go away and write to a Penny Paper, printing their Bills, (which a party tells me is a Libel, and might be proceeded against,) but such Ignorance is beneath content, and let the World know that the Snob has once in his life time stopped in a Decent Hotel. By placing the above Remarks in your own Imitable Way, for I do not profess to be much of an Author, nor dont want to it, judging by Speciments, no offence to you, M^r. PUNCH, who are a gentleman, I shall be much obliged and so will the Trade, and what I say is, let those who dont like the Manners and Customs of respectable hotels stay at home or go to Slap-bangs, of which I am given to understand there are enuff in hevery Town for all the Snobbs that comes out for a Lark.

"I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

"BUMPSHUS GRIPER."

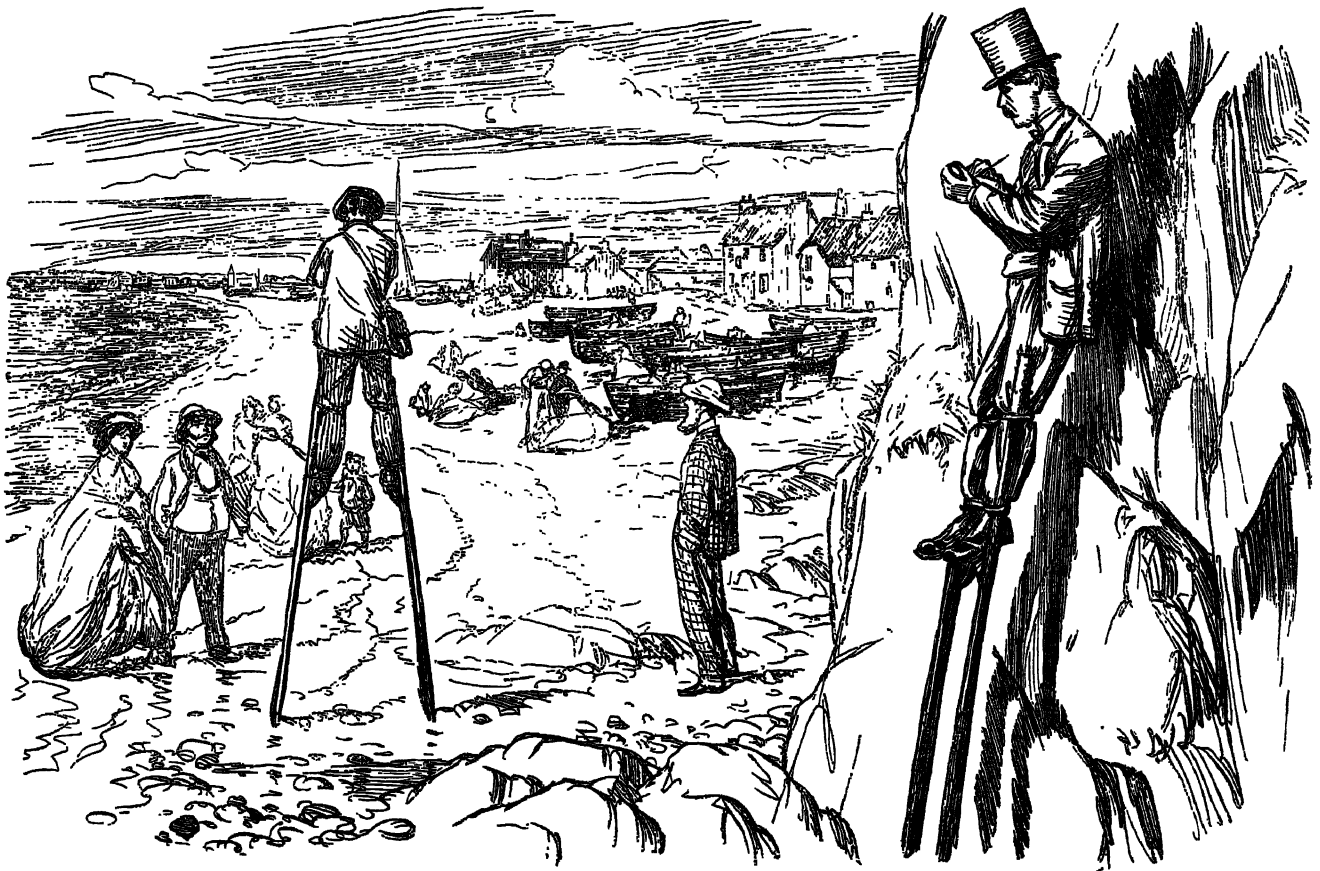
"P.S. One of them had the Impudence to ask my waiter for a Pipe! Being properly Rebuked, went into the Town and Sneeked in with a Penny Pipe up his sleeve, and locked his Door and smoked. Perhaps he will write that *Fact* to his Penny Paper."

One Who Obstinately will Not Leave Town.

THIS is the general time for taking holidays. We are all the more astonished, therefore, that the POPE does not think of taking his *Congé*. We are positive that not a soul would object to it, and, even supposing that he never came back again, we do not think that any one would be churlish enough to find fault with him. We do not know of a single person to whom change of air would do so much good as to PRO NONO, and it is time that the obstinate old gentleman was made, for his own good, to take it.

HYLAX IN LIMINE LATRAT.

A FOOL in France has just hanged himself because he has lost his faithful dog. We shudder to think what may become of the EMPEROR of AUSTRIA, if anybody should run away with Tearem.



HOW TWO FRIENDS OF OURS WHO CAN'T BEAR BEING LOOKED OVER WHILE THEY ARE SKETCHING, CIRCUMVENTED THE IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY OF THE VULGAR.

THE PARISIAN MASS MARKET.

SOME curious revelations of the tricks of the Mass Trade in Paris, have just transpired on the trial of a priest named VIDAL for frauds committed by him in that traffic. Not long ago, one of the oldest sacerdotal firms in Paris, carrying on business at a certain church, was found to have contracted to say, on behalf of the souls of parties deceased, some 30,000 Masses, for which the money had been paid; but the reverend contractors had failed to meet their engagements. It appeared that respectable houses and individuals concerned in this branch of commerce, were very generally in the habit of taking more orders for the release of souls from Purgatory than they were able to execute. This discovery led to an arrangement between the Massmongers and the Booksellers, whereby the latter undertook to act as middlemen between two classes of the former; the priests, on the one hand, who had taken orders to say greater numbers of Masses than they were able, and, on the other, those who were short of orders for Masses. The orders are taken by the priests, at one franc per Mass; and it often happens that one priest has accepted commissions to perform many thousands of Masses at that rate; bargains which he is unable to fulfil. The bookseller takes the Masses off the hands of the incumbered priests, and allots them to substitutes of the class out of engagements. He pays the priests whose surplus Masses he buys, in books, and remunerates those whom he employs to say them in the same kind, pocketing the difference in value, which, on an average, amounts to above 50 per cent.

M. l'ABBÉ VIDAL had mixed himself up with transactions of this kind, having adjoined the book-trade to the ecclesiastical and Massmongery line. Both as Massmonger and bibliopole, however, he committed the untradesman-like mistake of falsifying his accounts. In order to save his books, he enlarged the Mass-returns. According to the *Gazette des Tribunaux*:-

"He had taken 80,000, and had only performed 6,639. He put for one priest who said 60, 860; for another who said 35, 385, and so on. He was condemned to three years' imprisonment, 500 £. fine, and five years' suspension."

The REV. PÈRE VIDAL appears to have practised an operation in arithmetic precisely the converse of that which his evangelical studies

may possibly have informed him, was perpetrated by a certain Unjust Steward.

On a review of the facts above stated, it will be obvious that the Mass market in Paris is in a state of depression. The tendency of Masses is decidedly downward. It is not enough to say that Masses are flat, however applicable that epithet may be to their purchasers. One franc per Mass is a very low quotation; and by the foregoing account we see that Masses are done by the substitute priests at less than that.

When we consider what the Massmongers profess to sell, we cannot but admire the moderation of their prices, which we should have expected to be just thirty times as high.

In our point of view, of course, Masses are dear at a franc, and would be dear at a farthing. We, here in England, consider that to be capable of exchanging even the smallest sum for such articles, anybody must have more money than brains. In consequence of the foregoing disclosures, Masses must become quite a drug in the Parisian market—a drug whose only buyers will be the poorer class of simpletons, who constitute the bulk of customers for all quack medicines.

A Short Memory.

"And as for England," said M. CREMIEUX, pleading for his brother-Israelite, M. MIRÈS, "who can count upon her?"—*Daily Telegraph*.

SAYS Hebrew CREMIEUX,
 "I should like to know who
 Can count upon England?" and *Punch* answers—"You!
 When L. N., in a pout,
 Kicked Republicans out,
 You could count—and discount—upon Angle-land, Jew."

SOMETHING FOR A RAINY DAY.

THE New Post Office Savings Banks Act is to come into operation on the 16th of September. We do not know, however, whether we are justified in calling it an Act; for to our fancy it partakes much more of the nature of a saving clause.

MARTYRDOM SUPER MARE.



T the easternmost extremity of England, dear *Punch*, there is a pleasant little watering-place, which I shall christen Sandbath. The town is reachable (in time) by the Eastern Counties Railway, whose 'express' trains only stop five times in forty miles, and are rarely more than half-an-hour late in their arrival. Well, to Sandbath I have come, by the advice of my physician, to recruit after a season of unusual severity in the way of 'drums' and *déjetners*, City feuds and flower-shows, picnics and public meetings, and evenings with Gorillas. In most respects, I own, no spot could suit my purpose better. The air is of a highly appetising quality. I breakfast daily on fried fish, hot rolls, and eggs and bacon, with perhaps a slice of beefsteak pie by way of finish; I've a hearty lunch of bread and cheese and bottled stout at noon; and

what I eat for dinner is too monstrous to be mentioned. In addition to these dainties, I enjoy the further luxury of dressing as I please, and can lounge about all day in a wide-awake and slippers. My wife and daughters too are not required to change their clothes eleven times a day, as I believe is *de rigueur* at some more fashionable bathing-places. Moreover, Sandbath is at present quite innocent of Cockneys, and one can stroll out without having to exchange bows with one's greengrocer, or getting filthy penny 'Pickwicks' puffed into one's face by boys in porkpie hats.

"The place, however, has its drawbacks, other than the loss of time and temper in arriving at it. For instance, why am I not suffered to sleep after six A.M., nor take my after-dinner snooze without disturbance? So surely as I settle in my easy chair, so surely a cornopean strikes up opposite my window, or a band of strolling glee-singers carol forth '*Hail smiling Morn!*' as being a most fitting melody for night-fall. This is bad enough, but to be woke

at six o'clock when one with ease could sleep till nine, makes one feel still more vindictive to one's species. For don't think that insectal carnivora disturb one. So far as I can learn there's not a B flat in the place, and I believe if one were 'viewed' the inhabitants would rise *en masse* to compass its destruction. No, what wakes me every morning at the hour I have named, is the shouting of 'Fresh so-oles!' and 'Here's yar fine blo-o-aters!' by gangs of Stentors, men and boys, who keep parading by my windows without ceasing until breakfast. Now, what advantage there can be in this truly 'crying' nuisance I confess that it quite passes my conception to perceive. Surely everybody knows that if one wants fresh fish at the seaside, the only way to get it is to send to London for it. And is it likely any visitor would buy of any salesman who put him daily to the torture I faintly have described? In the autumn a fagged Londoner wants all the rest that he can get, and if the natives of a watering-place would find their fortunes prosper, they would do wisely to secure their guests against annoyance by keeping up in bathing-time a band of stalwart headles, who should drive all bloater-bellowers and street-squeakers from the town.

"I remain, *Punch*, yours in agony (for there's another organ playing),

"One who has unfortunately,

"A MUSICAL EAR."

Letter Perfect.

It has always been mentioned in favour of America, that she speaks the same noble language that we do—though, of course, with a slight nasal difference. There is certainly part of our alphabet that she is getting vulgarly intimate with—and that is, looking at her enormous loans at 7 per cent, the three letters, though she has often repudiated them:—I. O. U.

BOMBINA THE BOLD.

ACCORDING to the Turin Correspondent of the *Times*, the EX-QUEEN OF NAPLES is astonishing the natives and other inhabitants of the Eternal City by frequently going about Rome in man's attire. He says that—

"With her lord's privileged nether garments, she affects also manly swagger and bluster. She 'smokes like a sailor and swears like a trooper,' as if that looked pretty or sounded graceful."

Among the comic songs of the last generation, there was one which commenced as follows:—

"MR. SIMPKINS lived at Leeds,
And he had a wife beside,
Who, as she wore the breeches,
Would often wish to ride."

Probably the fair SOPHIA, who is the better half, not of another LORD BATEMAN, but, of the second FRANCIS, would also, as she swears like a trooper, so "often wish to ride," namely, in the same military manner as that practised by dragoons. FRANCIS, late of Naples, is to be congratulated on the similarity between his matrimonial relations, and those of the respectable SIMPKINS, formerly of Leeds. Would he were so honest a man!

The ex-royal SOPHIA, by the same account, has a will of her own, which manifests itself by the undermentioned indications:—

"High words and angry sarcasms are heard from the Quirinal's windows. Plates are slung at Royal heads, and fly into the streets to the great scandal of the Swiss guard at the Palace gates."

Should LOUIS NAPOLEON allow Rome to join the Italian union, and certain refugees take shelter in the safest place for them, heads of passengers will probably be cut open by plates descending from a window of one of the hotels in Leicester Square. Ultimately, perhaps, SIR CRESSWELL will be invoked to pronounce a judicial separation between a pair of illustrious exiles. Their companion in banishment, the POPE, would sanction a divorce which would not liberate the parties *à vinculo*. His Holiness would see the necessity of a divorce *à mensis*, in a case wherein the lady throws plates at table, and perhaps bottles.

It appears, however, that anybody who might be so rash or so

unfortunate as to upset SOPHIA, would stand a good chance of having something more dangerous than even a bottle fly at his head. In continuation of the above extract we are told that:—

"The Queen, though robbed of her sceptre, disdains to handle the distaff; she carries her dress revolver at her side; she delights in the exhibition of her skill; she aimed at a cat, the other day, in the Quirinal Garden—a fine Syrian cat, gray, long tailed, and hairy—who was basking in the morning sun (the Queen is up at 6) on the wall hanging over the grottoed fountains and water-works, which are one of the seven wonders of the city of the Seven Hills. Furring, and stretching, and gambolling, did the unwary tabby luxuriate in the sense of blessed existence, when the Queen took aim and fired, and the poor thing leaped up in the air, hit through her head, and dropped down like lead into a basin of water beneath."

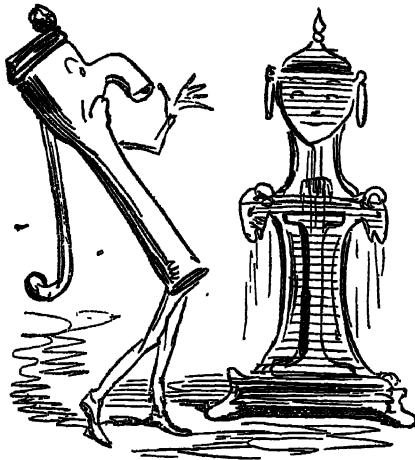
The cat which SOPHIA is said to have shot is alleged to have belonged to a SIGNORA BERTAZZOLI, CARDINAL ANTONELLI's sister; and consequently or at least subsequently to the act of felicide of which her ex-Majesty is accused, she has, we are informed, been almost cut by the Roman ladies. Let us hope that the accusation is untrue. SOPHIA may perhaps be masculine in her tastes, and also in her habits, even as much so as MRS. SIMPKINS of Leeds was. One of her photographs represents her as bearing, in the face, a very strong likeness to the late LOLA MONTES. We should not be much astonished to find that she really does dress like MRS. SIMPKINS, smoke, and swear, and throw plates. But we trust she did not shoot the cat. "Hawks," says the Scotch proverb, "wina pick out hawks' een." There is apparently too much of the cat in the composition of the heroine of Gaëta to make it likely that she would have deliberately slain such a fellow-creature. A female nature, capable of so savage a deed, would be one which would be properly described as canine.

What the Tories Say.

LORD PAM has all our confidence,
His Subs have less than half;
In fact, we like the Constable,
But don't admire his Staff.

THE ONLY THING THE AMERICANS HAVE GAINED AS YET BY THEIR CIVIL WAR.—The Income-Tax! and we wish them joy of it!

INFIRMARIES FOR DRUNKARDS.



If there is a mistake in the word Dipsomania, the error is confined to its two first syllables. There is no mistake about the mania. Topsy mania is a fact deplorably common. An unfortunate maniac of the tipsy class the other day jumped out of window. An inquest was held upon his remaining fragments. The concluding part of the report of that inquiry may be quoted as a warning to the Legislature:—

“Deceased had never expressed his intention of committing self-destruction, but the family kept a constant watch over him, owing to his being addicted to intemperance. A gentleman re-

lative expressed his regret, and also that of the other relatives, that, notwithstanding their endeavours to obtain restraint by means of a lunatic asylum for the unfortunate deceased, and thus to preserve his life, they were unable so to do. In consequence of being unable to produce a medical certificate. The deputy-coroner said it was to be regretted that there were no means in this country otherwise than by a medical certificate for placing persons suffering from the effects of excessive intemperance under restraint. He believed that if ready appliance and consent were given in many cases of *delirium tremens*, life would be saved. The jury concurred in the remarks of the coroner, and without further comment returned a verdict of ‘Suicide under temporary insanity.’”

Delirium tremens is a privileged delirium, and a precious privilege it has: the privilege of exemption from the possibility of being put under restraint. The consequence is often, as above recorded, “Suicide under temporary insanity.” Humanity must admit that the suicide of a sot, even, ought, if possible, to be prevented; and, besides, a sot transported with *delirium tremens*, and being at large in that condition, may destroy other people’s lives as well as his own. Some tipsy maniac, one of these days, will throw himself from a second-floor front, and tumble on a passing Member of Parliament’s head; perhaps a head entitled to be surmounted with a coronet or a mitre. Then at length will perhaps be added to the Statute Book an Act for the safe Custody and Care of Persons affected with *Delirium Tremens*. If any Noble Lord or Hon. Gentleman will charge himself with the introduction of a measure for this purpose, let him insert in it a clause for the establishment of Sots’ Hospitals, under the more polite denomination, if necessary, of Asylums for the Insanely Intemperate, to which institutions every Magistrate shall be empowered to consign anybody who may be brought before him in a state of *delirium tremens*.

PUNISH THE PUBLIC.

THERE would be no Thieves, says a dubious proverb, if there were no Receivers. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that there would be fewer thieves if there were fewer Tempters. It occurs to *Mr. Punch*, who is—even at this season of idleness—busily watching the World, and generally keeping it in order, that a great many of the robberies by Postmen might be prevented, if we began at the other end, and placed less temptation in the way of those who ought to deliver our letters safely.

Walking through Paris, the other day, *Mr. Punch* paused before a Letter Box, and read something to the following effect. He does not pledge himself to the verbal fidelity of his report, as he did not copy the inscription, for two reasons; first, because he had no pencil, and secondly, because it was much too hot to be standing in the sun for the good of anybody. But in his exquisite memory was instantaneously photographed the purport of an Imperial and Imperious notice on the part of the French Post Office, and the purport of such notice was this:—

“AVIS.

“Any person who shall put into a letter any article of value, as jewellery or the like, or any cheque, note, bill, dividend warrant, coupon, bank note, or piece of money, is liable to a Penalty varying from Five to Five Hundred Francs.”

What do you say to that, SIR ROWLAND? Why not ask your noble friend and chief, the P. M. General, to get you an Act of Parliament authorising you to issue such a notification as this? Let the Public be warned, instead of the Postman. Punish the Public, and not the miserable prig. Let it be understood that the only security for valuable property should be in registration, and that instead of inviting complaints that money and other articles wantonly exposed had been lost, the loser should be “invited” to pay a heavy fine for such

exposure. Treat him as the Police Magistrate sometimes (but not half often enough) treats the tradesman who hangs out his wares in the street. We shall have fewer Post Office prosecutions, when the party to be placed in the dock is the Tempter. Think over it, SIR ROWLAND!

THE M.P.’s SEPTEMBER SONG.

AIR—“I’m Afloat.”

We are up! I’m a-drift! What matters it where?
So I’m free from long speeches, late hours, and bad air?
I have pulled through the Session, a model M.P.,
Till they voted supply to its last £ S. D.
I’ve sat on when all rational men had left town,
Till the pavements were up, and the window-blinds down;
I have seen all the bores on their hobbies astride;
Irish Members, for once, in one lobby divide;
I’ve heard PAM upon Arts; I’ve heard OSBORNE on Arms;
And ROEBUCK expatiate on Austria’s charms:
But even such wonders have palled upon me,
And I’m thankful to feel I am free, I am free.
Ha! Ha! Ha! &c.

I have watched the cool Whips, moving slyly about,
To make it all snug for a cozy Count Out,
When some proser of fifty-bore-power got his night,
And rose strong in papers, in wind, and in fight.
I have seen the obedient retreat of the pack
From the benches before him, and the fatal at his back,
Till the limit was reached, and the total demand
For a “count,” freed the House—a glad holiday band!
But that joy was still chequered; we knew that the chain
We flung off the next morning would rivet again,
But now every morn as it riseth for me,
But confirms the glad news that I’m free—I am free!
Ha! Ha! Ha! &c.

Long vacations may brighten the lawyer’s dim eyes;
Cockney shopmen their sniff of the briny may prize;
Old Paterfamilias may rub off his cares
In the pleasures of Margate, the calm of Broadstairs;
The stout Alpine Club-man, more lives than a cat
May risk on the ice of Mount Blanc or Zermatt;
The Yachtsman may boast of his craft, and his pride
In cruising on Solent, and landings at Ryde;
But of all to whom August brings liberty back,
There’s none like the overwork’d Parliament hack.
None can relish a roll out of harness like me
When, the Session once up, I am free, I am free!
Ha! Ha! Ha! &c.

SPORT FOR DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS.

THE attention of foreign noblemen visiting this country, and fond of the chase, is directed to the subjoined announcement, dated from the Moors:—

“GREENOCK.—Notwithstanding the bad weather and the wildness of the birds, the grouse-shooting in this neighbourhood has been much better than was expected. They are not yet packed, and some of the young birds sit well and afford excellent sport.”

There, M. le Baron, and M. le Comte—there is a chance for you! Some of the young birds sit well, and therefore, they afford excellent sport. Of course they do; that is a logical consequence, Monsieur, if you are a good shot, and, whilst they sit so well, fire at them with such precision that they never get up and fly away.

Utilising a Nuisance.

MOUNT VESUVIUS is showing signs of an eruption. In eruptive cases, we believe, the doctors “throw in,” as they say, a black dose. CHALDINI should try a large “exhibition” of Neapolitan priests. Even if they did the mountain no good, the country would be all the better for the injection. We would give a trifle to hear their *De Profundis*.

Unfeline Conduct.

A PAINFUL rumour got into circulation the other day at Naples, to the effect that the ex-Queen had committed suicide. The impression was, however, dispelled, and also accounted for, by the more accurate statement (given by one of our contemporaries) that her spirited Majesty had shot a cat that was a favourite with some priests.



AFTER SUPPER—STRANGE ADMISSION!

Mr. S. "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF WALTZING WITH YOU, MISS JONES?"

Miss J. "I WOULD WITH PLEASURE, BUT UNFORTUNATELY I'M QUITE FULL!"

A GROSS CASE OF DOG-STEALING.

"MR. PUNCH,

"Bond Street, Sept. 1861.

"NOTWITHSTANDING the expense and pains which I have been at to procure for the masters of dogs protection from the hands of those vagabonds who are constantly lurking about with the intent to inveigle or snatch away from us our faithful four-footed servants, all England—and I may say Europe—has just witnessed as gross a case of Dog-stealing, I will undertake to say, as ever was heard of.

"That well-known gentleman, MR. JOHN BULL, was once blessed with an equally well-known Dog, of the rough Terrier species—a Dog invaluable of his kind, for giving the alarm whenever there was anything wrong in the house, and barking furiously at all suspicious strangers.

"This Dog has now belonged to MR. BULL for many years, and his fidelity was unquestioned until lately, when he was seen fawning in an extraordinary manner upon an ill-looking foreigner named FRANCIS-JOSEPH KAISER, who belongs to the Spread Eagle. Some say that this fellow contrived to deceive the animal by putting on a pair of top-boots resembling MR. BULL'S, which the old Dog, whose nose is not so good as it used to be, began forthwith to lick, not knowing the difference.

"I believe, however, the truth to be that the Dog had been coaxed over by the fascinations of some member of the Swell Mob, with whom the fellow is associated, who has patted him on the head, and taken him up at table, which he had an opportunity of doing a little while ago, when the dog is known to have visited the Spread Eagle.

"I have positive information that the fellow in question was seen the other day making off with a little Dog, whose description corresponds exactly to that of MR. BULL'S Terrier, under his arm. Should any of your readers catch sight of this party, whom they cannot mistake, they are requested to stop him, and make him deliver up the Dog to be restored to the owner. There will be no difficulty in identifying the animal: a Sheffield Terrier, and answers to the name of Tearem.

"I am, &c.,

"THE BISHOP OF BOND STREET."

SPLENDID NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

THE American Correspondent of the *Standard* states, we know not how truly, that her Majesty MRS. LINCOLN is doing much to make KING ABRAHAM unpopular. Her conduct is described as that of an uneducated female without good sense, who has been unluckily elevated into a sphere for which she cannot fit herself. This may or may not be, but when the writer in question, in designing to clench the nail, adds, "In fact, MRS. LINCOLN is making a *Judy* of herself," we beg to scrunch that Correspondent under the heel of our thickest cricketing shoe, and he is hereby scrunched accordingly. Making a *Judy* of herself, indeed! What nobler aspiration, what more beautiful ambition could fill the bosom of created woman? To fit herself to be a Bride for *Punch*, should Azrael, or SIR C. C., vary existing arrangements, or should *Punch* think favourably of Mormonism! The Correspondent of the *Standard* has unwittingly bestowed on MRS. L. the highest praise which pen can set down, and if it be true that a lady of such a nature is the Queen-regnant in the Union, the North is indeed to be congratulated. We hope to hear more of her Judyising proclivities.

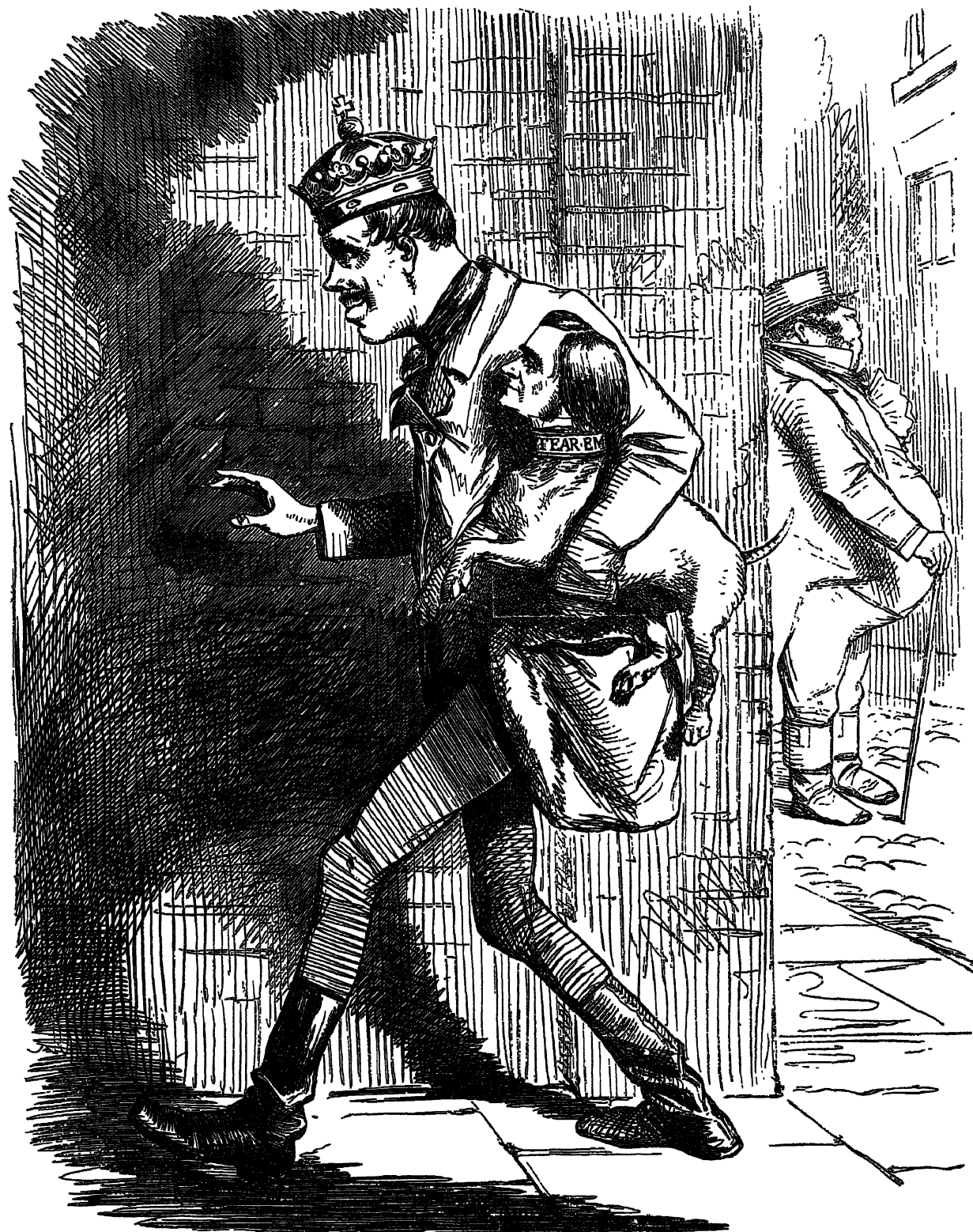
SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS KEYS.

THE *Popolo d'Italia* thus concludes an account of atrocities perpetrated by the Neapolitan brigands:—

"At Viesti and Vico the scenes of pillage and blood defy description. The populace and brigands, not satisfied with sacrificing twelve of the principal families of Viesti, roasted a Liberal alive and ate him."

Doing, possibly, some little injustice to a brute which, in spite of its teeth, is said to be a carnivorous feeder, the KING OF NAPLES and his ally the POPE, might say that the cannibals now engaged in a crusade on their account in Southern Italy, are carrying on a Gorilla warfare.

"A PROOF BEFORE LETTERS."—A Postage-Stamp.



GROSS CASE OF DOG-STEALING AT SHEFFIELD.

THE TWO VOICES.

(As heard by JONES of the Treasury about Vacation Time.)

A STILL small voice said unto me,
"Wilt thou not take of liberty
The six weeks that they give to thee?"

Then to the still small voice I said,
"What use is a vacation, fled,
Ere chin can with a beard be spread?"

To which the voice did urge reply,
"To-day I saw young BROWN go by
In cab with luggage piled high.

"Vacation-longings rent the veil
Of his old husk: from head to tail
He blazed a heather-tweed male.

"He took the northern night-mail through,
Shot grouse, stalked deer, drank mountain-
dew;
Nor thought upon the kites he flew."

I said, "Of fellows about town,
Nature moulds some as with a frown;
She smiled when she created BROWN.

"She gave him brass; to shake the bones,
Took four-in-hand across the stones;
'Tis quite another thing with JONES."

There to the silent voice replied,
"Humility that veileth pride!
Look through the office: it is wide.

"Than BROWN—'tis truth that I rehearse—
In Treasury, as in Universe,
Are many better, many worse."

"Will waiting make thee more inclined
To stir? Next month thou mayst not
find
Weather so suited to thy mind."

Then did my answer clearer fall
"One English month of sun and squall
Is like another, after all."

To which he answered, scoffingly,
"Good JONES, suppose I grant it thee,
Who'll care what *thy* six weeks may be?"

I would have said, "Thou canst not know,"
But, as it probably was so,
I let the observation go.

Again the voice said unto me,
"Thou art as bored as bored can be;
'Twere best to cut the Treasury.

"Thy salary scarce thyself can keep:
Up by ten pounds a year to creep!
E'en now in debt thou art chin-deep!"

I said, "I *may* have an advance;
If I resign, I lose the chance,
And for another berth may dance.

"A Private Secretary's place
I may pick up." But he, "To grace
Thy name of JONES? A likely case!"

"I should be glad to go," said I,
"But how to raise the wind, whereby
My wings shall gain the force to fly?"

"Think not of that," the voice replied,
"Thy fellow-clerks, on every side,
Still for each other's bills provide.

"Acceptances they've asked of thee;
Now, in thy turn, essay and see
If *they* acceptors will not be."

I said, "Of paper I am sick;
The three months *will* come round so quick;
No; rather strive to stretch my tick.

"But where is there that I can go?
Each English watering-place I know;
Many are snobbish—all are slow."

"Baden," the voice replied, "is near.
Roulette thy leisure hours might cheer
And thy expenses help to clear."

"Or it might clean me out," I said,
"Down to that last rouleau of lead,
Clapped in a pistol to the head."

"The Bernese Oberland sublime."
The voice replied, "that is the clime
Where now 'tis fashionable to climb."

I said, "I know the fact, but JONES
Has some compassion on his bones;
His motto's, 'Easy o'er the stones.'

"Besides—not counting risks to skin,
Hotel bills long, and commons thin,
I can *not* stir—I've not the tin!"

I ceased, and sat as one forlorn,
Benumbed by that sharp voice of scorn
When sudden on the air was borne

A second voice, that at mine ear
Soft whispered, "Be of better cheer;
Enjoy the leave, and have no fear."

Like PATTI's voice, whene'er she takes
One's spirit, in a brace of shakes,
And even BROWN to "*Bravi!*" wakes,

Such seemed the whisper at my side.
"What is't thou knowest, sweet voice?"

I cried:
"A hidden hope," the voice replied.

"There's your old Uncle—he that made
His fortune in the India trade—
May hop the twig—or that old maid,

"Your Aunt GRIMGUFFIN, may go hence;
Long she has kept you in suspense,
But you're her heir, if words have sense.

"Or there's that nice girl, with a clear
Two thousand Three per Cents. a-year,
Now looking for a husband *here*."

Then forth into Whitehall I went,
And with the West-ward tide I blent,
And wondered at my discontent!

I wondered while I paced along,
The very snobs that swelled the throng
Seemed happy as the day was long.

I wondered why I had made choice
To commune with the gloomy voice,
Rather than that which said, "Rejoice!"

THE LADY AND THE VOLUNTEERS.

"DEAR SIR,

"Islington.

"I HEAR that a large shopkeeper in the City has ordered his young men either to get out of his shop, or to give up their Volunteering. Quite right, too, *Mr. Punch*, and I say, as a lady, that I praise him for his spirit and his good sense. I am heartily glad of it. Since the young men in the shops have taken to Volunteering, I have observed a marked change in their manners, and that change for the worse. They serve you, certainly, and I do not know that I can exactly recollect any downright want of respect to me (I should soon have walked out of any shop if I had seen that), but I have noticed that when they have produced everything that I have asked for, and mentioned its price, and all about it, they seem to think that no more is required from them. One may take it, or leave it. There is much less eagerness to please, much less attempt to guide your judgment and persuade you that it is the very thing you want, much less of what—I call it *proper attention*, but what my husband (who is prejudiced) calls fawning and servility, but which, if one is a lady and has money in one's pocket, one has a right to expect from the lower orders. Shopping is not shopping, if it is merely asking for what you want, buying it, and going away, and we like to be canvassed for our favours, as you do for your votes. I do not approve of stuck-up young men, and I hope that you will stand by this person, who has set a proper example. One of these days we shall have the young men declining to sell ribbons and flannels, and declaring that it is work for girls. I should like to see myself in a shop with pert minxes waiting on me. Please to support this shopkeeper, *Mr. Punch*, and believe me,

"Yours sincerely, HONORIA DAWDLINGTON."

"P.S. I suppose the Early Closing and the Volunteer business go together. I *choose* to shop in the evening, when it is cool and pleasant,

and when I have my husband (and his purse) with me. Besides, how can you buy colours, for evening wear, by daylight? It is preposterous. And how are poor servant-girls to manage? Ask any servant-girl if her sentiments are not the same as mine. And yet you call yourself a friend of the people!"

THE EGG AND THE YOKE.

(COMMUNIQUE.)

"THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, on the representation of an agricultural commission, will shortly sanction an edict prohibiting the destruction of Small Birds or their eggs."—*French Paper*.

"THE Eagle suffers Little Birds to sing,
Nor is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing
He could at once abridge their minstrelsy."
Divinest WILLIAMS! in fine frenzy's hour
Did'st see an Eagle (through prophetic lens)
Protect the feathered warblers, but devour
The Little Birds who make of feathers—pens?

A FRENCH JOURNALIST.

Regular Brigands.

ANOTHER *Fra Diavolo*, we are informed by accounts from Naples, has turned actual friar, and founded a new Order of Monks in the interest of Rome, under the name of the Anthropophagites. The current fare consists chiefly of roast Liberal; the Liberal generally having been roasted alive. The brothers are allowed to indulge in this luxury every day of the week but Friday; when of course they are forbidden to eat animal food.



"To destroy Moths, well pepper the edges of the carpets," &c., &c.

Maria has adopted the above receipt.—This represents the arrival of her Augustus, and affectionate meeting.

MR. JOHN BULL TO THE UNITED STATES.

ON BEING INVITED TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE AMERICAN LOAN.

Did you ever imagine me lending you money?
Well, of all Yankee notions that 's far the most funny;
Lend you money!—for what when the loan you have gotten?
Why to throw it away in withholding my cotton!

Fortune favours the brave, and your courage I own,
Notwithstanding Bull's Run: but rare fortune alone
Can afford you success in this maddest of wars.
You've no visible chance to regain your lost stars.

You 'll spend all you borrow in powder and ball,
And then have to show for it—nothing at all.
What dividends, pray, are you like to declare
On the debt you 'll have sunk and blown into the air?

Why, you know that you 'd not stand the slightest taxation
That you could get rid of by Repudiation,
Though of value received in the fullest fruition,
Not paying for that which has gone to perdition.

The cost of your war you expect to defray
By an Income-Tax, do you, and that who will pay?
So keen and so smart in all matters of pelf,
To think of a Yankee assessing himself!

I know I am rather a sordid old screw,
Lending money I care not what for or whom to,
So the party is solvent, but that is, with JOHN,
A point indispensable—*sine quâ non*.

But, hang it, though cash I may lend to the deuce,
If secure of investment, regardless of use,
When the object is evil, and hopeless the gain,
I should be, if I so misemployed it, insane.

Last of all, to abuse me, malign, and decry,
And threaten to whip and to rob by-and-by,
Is not quite the right way, not the language and tone,
To get out of me an American Loan.

GEMS FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.

WE wonder, is HER MAJESTY a reader of the newspapers? If she be, how mightily she must have been amused by the accounts which have appeared of her visit to Killarney, and of other of her doings in the Emerald Isle. The Special Correspondents who have followed her about have, we think, been more than usually profuse in their descriptions, and have furnished such minute details of her demeanour that one wonders how on earth they could have been obtained. After narrating how the Town Commissioners of Mallow went through the usual bore-ish custom of "presenting a loyal address of welcome," one of the writers in describing the reception at Killarney, says:—

"The QUEEN seemed greatly impressed, and highly pleased with the enthusiasm of the people. When the *cortège* got down amongst them she bowed repeatedly, to the right and left, to them with a marked and gracious manner, and frequently smiled, with evident gratification, at the eagerness with which the peasantry, men and women, rushed around the carriage to see and cheer. The *cortège* passed the grand entrance of Killarney House, and went down the picturesque road towards Ross Island, when they entered Killarney demesne by the keeper's gate, under a triumphal arch. At Presgat Valing, the drive in this beautiful demesne, the Kilmare tenantry, with their families, were congregated. They presented a most comfortable appearance, and were loud in their acclamations. In about three-quarters of an hour the QUEEN arrived at the terrace in front of Killarney House, where she was received, amid great splendour and the loud cheers of a highly respectable assemblage, by LORD CASTLEROSS and his Lady. The QUEEN was most friendly in her manner, and also very animated."

As described by this historian, this Royal Scene appears to have been witnessed on the stage, there is so strong an odour of the foot-lights in the text. The groups of happy peasantry, the bowings and the smilings, and the chorus of loud cheers, all are just what one remembers in half-a-hundred operas that one with ease could name. In what consisted the "great splendour," amid which the reception of HER MAJESTY took place, it is left to every reader's fancy to conceive; but one can imagine how a playbill would have gloated on the "gorgeous appointments" of the scene, and described the "blaze of brilliancy" with which it would conclude.

In a scarcely less theatrical and quite as fanciful a vein, another writer in describing the visit to the Curragh Camp, observes:—

"Beyond one or two Irish peasants who happened to be passing, there was hardly a single spectator in the plain. Yet the sight was a suggestive one, though neither very grand or very striking as a spectacle. Apparently it was only three mounted gentlemen looking on at regimental drill. Even the country people present did not know that the PRINCE CONSORT was one of these three, or that the fair young officer with black crape on his arm at the rear of the regiment, who was so quick in obeying COLONEL PERCIVAL's stentorian orders, and who stood at such rigid attention among the privates of his company till the word 'Officers at ease' gave him and others time to rest and wipe their brows, was the PRINCE OF WALES, the future King of England. Yet there he was, shoulder to shoulder with Privates SMITH and BROWN, and looking after his company with as much care and eager activity as all the rest of the captains. He looked, as he always does in his uniform, remarkably well, perhaps a little browner, and certainly more robust and formed in figure, even, than he did on that eventful morning when he landed from the *Hero*, and won the hearts of all the ladies of Halifax by standing under the arch at the dockyard while his photograph was taken."

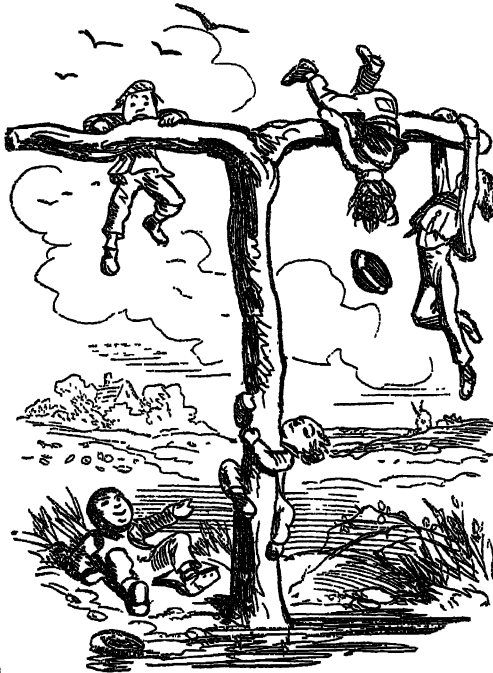
The ladies of Halifax must be peculiarly susceptible if all their hearts were won by the process here described. Of course we understand their admiration of our Prince, of whom as Englishmen of course we are naturally proud. But standing under an arch while one's photograph is taken seems to us a most unlikely way of winning female hearts. Men seldom look more ludicrous than when they are "placed in position" by photographers, and most Adonises would find it a most dangerous experiment to let the lady of their love behold them in their *pose*. It speaks volumes for the prince that he could win so many hearts while standing in (no doubt) a ridiculous position: though whether his conquests were due more to his princedom than his person, is a question which the ladies of Halifax may answer, but on which we mean to keep our own conviction to ourselves.

But of all the snobbish bits of Special Correspondence with which the British public has recently been favoured, we incline to think the following should rank in the first place:—

"HER MAJESTY spent a most agreeable day, and she appeared all through to be greatly delighted. The QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT repeatedly expressed their unqualified admiration of the scenery. His Royal Highness said many portions were sublime."

Indeed! did he really! Now, how on earth, Mister Special, did you manage to learn that? You surely don't mean us to fancy that you stood beside his elbow, and heard with your own ears the words you put into his mouth. Penny newspaper reporters have not usually the privilege of *entrée* to the Court, yet unless you were received within the Royal circle you could not possibly have heard the observation you report. As the QUEEN and the PRINCE CONSORT are not bereft of eyes, of course they would admire the charming scenery of Killarney, and no doubt their admiration would at times find verbal vent. *Cette va sans dire* to my ordinary reader, and where then is the good of snobbishly affecting to have heard the Royal words, and to have seen the Royal rapture in the Royal face? It is by such practices the Press is lowered in repute, and people think it is the work of a vulgarian to write for it.

ARE MOURNERS TRAVELLERS?



HIS question the law has lately had to entertain, of course with reference to the Public-House question, which connects itself with all the doings of Englishmen, from cradle to coffin. The law didn't seem exactly to know what to say. Of course the Shakspearian quotation came up, and we heard of the bourne from which no traveller returns, but this told the wrong way, as it was the traveller on his return from the bourne indicated, who wanted tippie. "Sorrow is dry," was also urged, but the law was dry too, and declined to listen to sentiment. Mr. CANNING's pun about "his beer with an e, and his bier with an i," was admired, but not held to be precisely relevant. That "shedding a tear," is an equivalent phrase among the vulgar for taking a small glass of spirits was mentioned, only to procure the instant kicking of the vulgarian witness out of Court, and a similar fate as justly befel a kindred snob

who mumbled something about keeping spirits up by pouring spirits down. Finally it was decided, in that humorous manner peculiar to the law, that though a mourner, as such, had no more right to drink than the most cheerful person in the world, yet as Magna Charta did not enact that an undertaker should not be overtaken in liquor, there was a presumption in favour of allowing it to those whom he escorted, and a publican who had refreshed a funeral party was found not guilty of illegal hospitality, a decision in conformity with the precedent that couples Mutes and Liquids.

A BRAVE BISHOP.

THE French have been inaugurating, with much glorification, a monument to commemorate the expedition of WILLIAM THE UNLAWFUL to conquer England. They say that they would repeat the operation, but that there is nobody in France, with a similar pedigree, to take the lead. We can forgive the vaunt, in our pleasure at the improved *morale* of our neighbours. But it aroused the manly patriotism of one man among us, namely, BISHOP TAIT. Scarcely had he read the news, when that gallant hierarch threw himself into a vessel, and invaded France single-handed, and attended only by a brace of fierce young chaplains. He dashed at Calais on a Tuesday, rallied the Protestants, proclaimed the Thirty-Nine Articles, and the temporal supremacy of QUEEN VICTORIA, and having confirmed the faithful in their allegiance, he hurried on to Dunkirk, and on the same day, and with the same audacity and good fortune, planted more firmly than ever the standard of the British Church.

The French were thunderstruck at this double *coup* of the brave Bishop, and so far from endeavouring to impede him, they allowed him every facility for his progress, and on the Friday he was at Bonn, beyond the reach of the whole French army. While we have such champions to maintain the cause of our Church, France may stick up as many columns as she can pay for, and DR. ULLATHORNE may preach as many sermons as he likes in the cathedrals which she can't, or won't pay for.

A Slight Omission.

THE Victors of Bull's Run and Springfield have a certain right to blow their own trumpets, considering the awful swagger of the North previously to the engagements; but when GENERAL BEAUREGARD, in a proclamation, profanely informs Slave-floggers that "unborn generations shall arise and call them Blessed," we must be allowed to doubt the value of the prophecy, unless the proverbially inaccurate journalists of America have omitted a word. Did he write "Blessed Rascals"?

A WORD WITH THE VOLUNTEERS.

THE universe well knows how immensely *Mr. Punch* admires the Volunteers. Hath he not from their first starting advanced them his support, and so shielded them from the ridicule which might have otherwise been hurled at them? Hath he not in fact made the movement what it is, the glory of this island and the terror of the Continent? Guided by the promptings of his "sagacious instinct" (to which LORD PALMERSTON so pointedly referred the other day, in his speech on installation as Warden of the Cinque Ports), *Mr. Punch* saw from the first that by the growth of Volunteers there would be saved the cost of increase of the Army; so his feelings as a tax-payer inclined him to regard them with considerable favour, and to lose no chance to pat them on the back.

Mr. Punch is free to own that on the whole his pets have shown themselves deserving of his patronage, and that their prowess in sharp-shooting proves them worthily descended from their ancestors of old, who were so admirably skilled in drawing the long bow, and when they shot an arrow, gave the enemy they aimed at an-arrow chance of life. The dreary drudgery of drill is far more patiently submitted to than by many a pipe-clayed prophet was averred would be the case; and if at a review a ramrod has been shot away, such accidents have chanced with the best regulated regulars, and one must not blame the Volunteers alone for having suffered them.

But there are many minor matters connected with the movement for which the hand of a reformer might fitly be invoked, and this hand (with a pen in it) *Mr. Punch* would fain stretch out. For instance, if the Volunteers have any music in their souls, why do they let their bands perform such pitiable tunes as nine corps out of ten appear contented to step out to, but which have nothing in them inspiring to a soldier, and indeed seem only written for the small boys in the streets? Surely quite enough of martial music has been written to save the need of playing nigger melodies to march to, and there surely is as much that is inspiring to a Rifleman in such a tune for instance as the *British Grenadiers*, as in the silly "Perfect Cure," or the sillier "Sally Come Up." Yet for once that one may hear the former march performed, one hears a hundred brayings of the latter stupid tunes; and one feels tempted to suggest that as the bands appear so fond of playing nigger-songs, they ought to black their faces to make the thing complete.

Another nuisance to be quashed is the trick that some corps have of returning from a march in the middle of the night, and of making the night hideous with the blaring of brass bands, thereby awaking sober people out of their first sleep. How many sick persons have suffered from this cause, the doctors might perhaps supply statistics to point out; but it really is too bad that a whole town should be disturbed, because Private BROWN or BUGGINS is getting rather tired, and wants the stimulus of music to spur him on the march.

There are other faults and follies whereof *Mr. Punch* has heard, which all true Volunteers should lend their help to crush, as they tend to bring the movement into disrepute. For instance why some Riflemen can't walk out in their uniform without lighting a short pipe, is a mystery which time as yet has failed to solve; nor is it a whit plainer to non-military minds why some Volunteers should hold themselves quite free to smoke on railways without asking for permission, and to puff their smoke in the face of fellow-travellers without thinking it possible that it may not be liked.

These are some of the things done by the fast men of the movement, who seem to emulate the Yankoes in going a-head of due propriety and out-running good taste. But *Mr. Punch* feels sure that our fastest Volunteers will never emulate that "unfortunate rapidity of movement" by which the Yankee Volunteers were distinguished at Bull's Run.

A Trifle from the C. C. C.

It seems that remarkably queer indiwiddle
Whom Cockneys describe as the BARON DE VIDDLER,
Has turned out unable a jury to diddle;
They thought his excuses were mere faddle-fiddle,
And offered a simple reply to his riddle;
So BARON DE VIDDLER's shut up in the middle
Of life, by a verdict of "Treated his kid ill."

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

"The Federals, after the Springfield defeat, have fallen back upon Rollin."

This really looks like going to smash. At least, we all know where an English Manager is going, when he falls back upon *Pizarro*.



URBANE PASSENGER. (*Morning Express*). "Like to see the *Morning Paper*, Sir?"

SWELL (Gov. Clerk). "No, thanky—ah—if I wast read *Paper* now, shouldn't have anything to do when I got to the Office!"

GHOSTS WITH A GRIEVANCE.

A CASE has just occurred, on which *Mr. Punch* would like the opinion of his friend, CARDINAL WISEMAN, or some other doctor in Catholic theology. A French priest, the ABBÉ VIDAL (not VIDIX) has been found guilty of divers acts which the tribunal of the Seine has been profane enough to describe as swindling, and the holy man has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and a fine of £20. He had been into what is called the Mass Business, that is to say he had accepted commissions to say, or procure to be said, Masses, for the benefit of the souls of various persons. His charge was not high, for he demanded only Tenpence *per* Mass, and he received 33,194 commissions, at this reasonable rate. Had he executed these commissions, he would have discharged his duty to the satisfaction, we presume, of the living and of the dead. But the ABBÉ VIDAL did nothing of the kind. He procured only 6,634 Masses, and pocketed the rest of the money, to an amount exceeding £1,000. Consequently there are 26,560 Masses wanting.

Now, it appears to *Mr. Punch*, that unless the Church interposes, this state of things is excessively hard upon the parties who are in the quarter described by DANTE in the middle portion of the divine poem. And *Mr. P.* wishes to know how their rights are to be maintained? Their surviving friends paid for the Masses, and may be dead themselves, or may have no more francs to spare, or may choose to believe that among the 6,634 persons who *were* taken care of, their relatives came in—the world is selfish, and credulous when credulity saves money. What is the position of the 26,560, or, (as probably many persons took a quantity of an article to be had so cheaply) of those who were entitled to a share in that mass of Masses? Imprisoning the Abbé is an act of secular justice, not one of religious service.

Will the Church interpose, and declare the defunct parties entitled to the benefit of all the Masses that were paid for, but not said. This would be an act of justice and of mercy, but like most acts of justice and of mercy, it would be to the detriment of the priests. They have a vested right in the mitigated-sulphur department, and would claim to be paid. Will the Church pay them—taking the Masses at trade-price? Either this should be done, or hard labour should be added to

the Abbé's sentence, and he should be obliged to attend daily in the gaol chapel, and clear off the arrears, under the eye of a gendarme. The unworthiness of the minister we know makes no difference in the efficacy of the rite. Unless something of this sort is done, the cheated defunct have a right to complain loudly, and they hereby receive *Mr. Punch's* special licence to haunt the ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS from XII to I every night until further notice.

THE LONDON BARRICADES.

WHY are an honest man's acceptances like the streets of London? Because they are always taken up, of course. Anybody could guess a stupid riddle like that. But a more difficult riddle is, How are an honest man's acceptances to be taken up, if his clerk has to make a circuit of nine miles to get from Piccadilly to Lombard Street? *Mr. Punch* really thinks that, in the present state of things, instead of the "No Orders," which he has heard of as a label on a neglected bill, the statement should be "No *Thoroughfare*," and that this should be held as a plea at law. It is too bad that the Gas Companies should ruin at once our roads and our credit, and sell us abominably dear and bad gas into the bargain. We should like to consult SERJEANT GAS-LEIGH as to whether one could not bring an action against the Companies, send them a writ and tell 'em to put that in their pipes. *Vive* LOUIS NAPOLEON! There is no possibility of taking up *his* new streets, and he is entitled to be regarded as a Double Wonder of the World, being at once a Sphinx and a Colossus of Roads.

A Capital Change.

THE Germans have a manner peculiar to themselves, wishing doubtlessly to be extremely Frenchy, of giving Paris the pronunciation of *Paresse*. We do not disapprove of the affectation; on the contrary, we think it very characteristic of the place, having always looked upon Paris as the capital, *par excellence*, of Idleness. We do not think a Frenchman, even, would object to hearing the chief town of his affections called "*La Ville de Paresse*."



SHARP LITTLE BOY. "Oh! I say, Pa! I know something,—I do."

PAPA (encouragingly). "Well, Charley, what is it?"

SHARP LITTLE BOY. "Ah! I know why Cousin Tom and Sister Maria won't eat Onion Sauce! But I won't tell, 'cause Cousin Tom 'll tickle me!"

M. BLONDIN'S BUMPS.

IN one of our cheap contemporaries has appeared a letter on the phrenological and physiological characteristics of M. BLONDIN, by a gentleman whose signature is FREDERICK BRIDGES, "Author of Phrenology made Practical," a compact little manual of that science, embellished with instructive illustrations. Premising a statement of the way in which he procured an introduction to the subject of his sketch, MR. BRIDGES tells us that:—

"BLONDIN is affable and agreeable, without any of that stuck-up self-importance so common to public men. When I explained to him the object of my visit, he at once allowed me to make a phrenological and physiological examination of his head and general system."

We are sorry to find that, according to the experience of MR. BRIDGES, a common characteristic of public men is stuck-up self-importance. We rejoice in learning that M. BLONDIN is an exception to the rule. Only we should like to know the compass within which MR. BRIDGES speaks in alluding to the public men whom he ranks with a famous rope-dancer. Warriors, statesmen, divines, artists, authors, actors, and eminent acrobats, are they generally alike distinguished by stuck-up self-importance, and by having, as they must have, according to phrenology, a large organ of self-esteem? DR. GALL supposed that this organ was connected, in animals, with a tendency to mount aloft. Some other, perhaps, performs a similar function in the brain of M. BLONDIN.

The following is the account given by MR. BRIDGES of M. BLONDIN'S phrenological peculiarities:—

"The formation of his head indicates a well-balanced brain. The organs of concentrativeness, constructiveness, combativeness, imitation, size, and weight are large. Cautiousness and the reflective organs are also highly marked. This combination gives cool courage, boldness, circumspection, and calm judgment, and unity of action of the various organs of the brain and general system. Many persons labour under the impression that BLONDIN'S feats upon the rope are dangerous; so they are, but not to him. He is as much at home upon the rope as the squirrel is in its gambols from tree to tree."

The organisation above specified would do pretty well for a SIR

ISAAC NEWTON, one would think, as well as for a BLONDIN. "Cautiousness and the reflective organs" would have been expected by few to be found "highly marked" in the head of a man accustomed to dance on a tight-rope 150 feet high. The natural suggestions of those organs must, in such a case, be prodigiously modified by the force of "combativeness" and the conscious ability of "constructiveness," "size," and "weight," to enable a cautious man on so narrow a footing, at such an altitude, to reflect on his situation without shuddering and, consequently, tumbling off his perch. How about "hope" and "firmness?" The former of these organs might be conjectured to be necessary to inspire a person practising M. BLONDIN'S vocation with confidence in the probability of not breaking his neck, and the latter to assist in maintaining the steadiness which alone could avert that accident.

As things which are equal to the same are equal to each other, and as the wondrous LÉOTARD'S performances very nearly resemble those of the astonishing BLONDIN, their phrenological developments ought to be exceedingly similar. The portraits, however, of LÉOTARD exhibit a type of head which can hardly be much like BLONDIN'S, for it is quite the reverse of that exhibited by the bust of SOCRATES.

MR. BRIDGES says, no doubt truly, that BLONDIN is as much at home upon the rope as the squirrel is in its gambols from tree to tree. The squirrel is an admirable acrobat; so is the monkey. Anti-phrenologists may object that neither the squirrel nor the monkey are endowed with the cerebral development of M. BLONDIN. To this objection, however, MR. BRIDGES may fairly answer that, as it takes a wise man to make a fool, so also it asks a philosopher to emulate a jackanapes.

The announcement that M. BLONDIN has a well-balanced brain, will be accepted without cavil. That gentleman's brain must be at all times extremely well balanced to preserve its balance on the tight-rope. If, in that situation, it were unfortunately to lose its balance, M. BLONDIN would inevitably have a great fall, and then all the horses, and all the men, of Her Most Gracious MAJESTY would be as fruitlessly employed in attempting his reconstitution, as the stud and the retainers of a former Sovereign were in the endeavour to effect that of HUMPTY DUMPTY.



PASSENGER. "Well, you say you've put all my Luggage safe, what are you waiting for?—I thought you were forbidden to take Money!"

PORTER. "So we is, Sir. We never 'takes' it—it's a 'given to us!'"

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"WHAT with BLONDIN and BEETHOVEN, flower-shows and FECHTER, *déjeuners* and dances, rowing-bouts and races, Gog-and-Magog banquets and lectures on Gorillas, conversaziones and Crystal Palace concerts, pic-nics and new pictures, Art meetings and 'Aunt Sally' meets, there has been this year in London no lack of entertainment, and a man may well feel *blasé* whose sole business in the season is merely to amuse himself. As for the poor critics whose task it is to chronicle the various amusements, one may imagine their relief when this high-pressure time is past, and how thankful they must feel when there is 'nobody in town' to go to any theatre, and therefore to be told which theatres to go to. After nine months of hard work in seeing all the plays produced, and for national information commenting thereon, how gladly must a critic retire to some calm spot, where great tragedians are unknown, and the small beer of the Stage is by no chance ever broached. And how pleasant must it be to him, as he sets forth in August, to think that till November he is quite safe from a summons to report on a new piece, and that he may feel quite easy in his conscience, however far he may be lured away from town.

"My thoughts took some such idle flight as this the other day, while my hands were, with the laboured indolence of Englishmen, employed, till the *Times* came, in pitching stones into the sea, or building sand-Sebastopols to amuse my youngest son. And when the *Times* did come, I could scarce believe my spectacles when I saw announced, 'Next Saturday, a new and never-acted Comedy!' A new comedy now, in the first week of September! Oh, there must be some mistake! 'Next Saturday,' no doubt, has been misprinted for 'Next Christmas.' So I bought a score of papers, in the hope to prove the fact. But no,—in all of them 'Next Saturday' stared me in the face; and as I had never before heard of a new comedy in autumn, I resolved, if it were only for the novelty of the thing, to come to town 'for one night only,' and to see one.

"The *Soft Sew* ('*Les Femmes Fortes*,' as it was called in Paris) is by

SPECIMEN OF LYING.

THERE is a good story of a French soldier, who was near his officer at a siege, when the head of the latter was taken off by a cannon-ball. Friends of the officer came up, and the brave soldier said, "Yes, gentlemen, he had only time to say to me, 'Take my purse and my watch, and he was dead.'" But the story will not stand alone in its goodness, since the last news from America. The unfortunate GENERAL LYON, according to the Special Correspondent of one of the New York papers, "was shot straight through the head. I asked him whether he was hurt. He said, 'I think not much,' and those were his last words." Lions are tenacious of life, and Yankees are credulous of lies, but this will hardly do. And it is "too bad" that a brave soldier, killed in service, should furnish the subject of a ridiculous paragraph to a lying penny-a-liner. We don't wonder that the *New York Herald*, though itself *Mendax in Eccelsis*, is begging the authorities to put the press down.

A' THE PAVEMENT'S UP AGAIN.

BY SANDERS M'PUNCH.

TUNE—"Familiar Bagpipe."

A' the pavement's up again;

A' the pavement's up again;

What for I dinna ken;

A' the pavement's up again!

Rooit, toot, toot, toot,

A' the pavement's up again!

Strandie blockit, nae 'bus through it,

Muckle stanes the way to men,

Granite frae the mountain-glen,

Aff a' the busses fen'.

Ho the siller Cocknies spen'!

A' the pavement's up again!

Da capo senza fine.

A Bit of Muscular Christianity.

SOME one was saying that developing the muscles tended to increase firmness of body as well as character, when one of the pupils of *Guy Livingstone* said, "True, you must go amongst the Mussulmen, if you want to see a firm-(m)an."

no means, to my thinking, a condemnable production,—or translation were perhaps a more befitting word,—although by some mischance its first night was threatened to be its last. But authors grow too wise to be biased by first nights, for they know that people easily are led by the 'Noes,' and blindly echo one another, like a pack of geese, when they begin to hiss. Still, if managers are so lazy as to let new plays be played with hardly a rehearsal, they cannot wonder if an audience express its disapproval, and make itself as disagreeable as it can. The plot is not the most connected, and has several excrescences; but there is enough of story to save the play from dragging, and several of the scenes have quite enough of novelty to keep one's interest well awake. The dialogue is brisk, if it be not brilliant; and the sprinkle of stage law which is scattered through the piece will amuse those junior legal spiders who have come back from their holiday, and, while their seniors enjoy themselves, are left to mind the web.

"There is nothing vastly novel in the characters, may be, but they are most of them amusing and serve quite well enough for the couple of hours' acquaintance with them one enjoys. One certainly would not like to pass much longer than that time in so hot-watery an establishment as that of Bollover Hall, where the ladies try to show the supremacy of their sex by walking down to dinner independent of the gentlemen, to whom the privilege is yielded of playing the piano, and pouring out the tea. Good specimens are given of several of the species of weak strong-minded women by whom the world was threatened some few years ago; from the oratress who gabbled about Woman's Rights and Mission, to the doctress who had mastered all the arts and sciences, but was no more fit to be the mistress of a household than she was to be the mistress of a heart. Moreover there is no stage lover in the comedy; and this, considering that such characters are at the Haymarket invariably handed up to MR. HOWE (a very useful actor, but seen to more advantage as *John Ironbrace*, the blacksmith, than in more tender parts) I think that there are many will agree is no great loss. The only bit of love-making is knocked off in five minutes just when nobody expects it; and as it takes place between MR. and MRS. MATHEWS, the former of whom is a wild, whittling, harumscarum Californian, who

does his courting over the packing of a lincn chest, it may be fancied that the scene is far less sentimental than it is grotesque.

"On the whole, then, the *Soft Sex*, if not exactly worth a journey up from Hastings, will quite repay a ride from Hislington or Haldgate, and as the inhabitants of London in the months of Hautumn live mostly in the Heast, it is to them that I would hemphasise my hadvice to go.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

A SOCIAL SCIENTIFIC QUESTION

THAT REQUIRES A SOCIAL SCIENTIFIC ANSWER.



E are told, both on the Stage, and in the most select circles of Society, that no one ever thinks of paying his Tailor. Taking it for granted that such is the custom amongst gentlemen (and not being in the trade, how can we possibly know anything to the contrary?) we want to know how it is, since Tailors are proverbially never paid, that so many of them succeed in making their fortunes? Seemingly, they get rich upon nothing, and we would willingly give them one half of everything we make, if they would only impart the secret

to us. There is evidently more in a gentleman's pocket than we, who unfortunately never make clothes, or have them sent to us to be repaired, are aware of.

POTS IN BROADCLOTH AND KETTLES IN PLUSH.

MR. PUNCH has not failed to utter himself on the great Master and Servant question, as on all other questions of the day. It is long since, in his two series of *Plunketiana* and *Servantgalism*, he lashed the immense impudence that occasionally clothed itself in plush and powder, and the awful arrogance that flounces up and down the area-steps, levies blackmail on the tradesmen, cultivates clandestine relations with the purchasers of kitchen-stuff, and finally discharges itself in avalanches of abuse upon unfortunate Missuses.

But *Mr. Punch*, if unmerciful, is impartial. His blows fall with Rhadamantine equity on high and low alike. He can no more satisfy the sufferers under his scourge by this equal distribution of his favours, than the drummer could when, after doing his best to lay the cat evenly about the offender's back, he was driven to complain, "Hit high or low, there's no pleasing you." But no doubt the drummer himself experienced a conscientious pleasure from the thought that the whipcord had been laid on with strict distributive justice. And so does *Mr. Punch*. He flogs fair, because he likes it, and not in any hope to meet the views of his *Stoggees*.

So now that the tide of the *Times* letter-writers sets strong against poor Plush, and the sleet of Paterfamilias's scorn drives bitterly into the Housekeeper's room, let *Mr. Punch* remind the sufferers under their domestic tyrants, whom they pay and feed to rule over them, that this question, like every other, has two sides to it; that, in this matter, as in others, there is no effect without a cause, and no effect that does not become a cause in its turn. *Mr. Punch* is free to confess that Servants are, too often, immense nuisances. They are apt to be insolent and overhearing; saucy and scornful; forgetful that Plush, like Property, has its duties, as well as its rights; wasteful of their masters' substance; careless of their employers' comforts; content with the most superficial eye-service; wolves in appetite; peacocks in attire; sloths in service; and jackdaws in pilfering. Who, like *Punch*, has touched these household pests on the raw?

But the Masters and Missuses have their *raws* too, though it is not so easy to touch them, with pen or pencil. The plain English of the matter is that Servants are as a class, what Masters and Missuses have made

them. It is true, that as one black sheep will scab a flock, so one rogue in livery will taint the whole Servants' Hall, but the *verus*, in nine cases out of ten, comes from up-stairs. Think, my worthy *SIR APRICIUS DE TABLEY*—when you are blowing-up your stately twelve feet of powder, white choker, canary cloth, cotton lace, and orange plush, because they turn up their noses at cold mutton, and find even the "plain joints" of the second table monotonous—of the dinner served up to you every day, and the fuss you make about it. Think of the position *M. BÉCHAMEL*, your unequalled *chef*, holds in your household, your affections, and your wages-account. Think of the conversation, the guests, the "walks and ways" at your own table, and then honestly ask yourself whether, when Master is doing such daily devotion to Saint Belly, you have any right to scold *JOHN THOMAS* for bowing before the same altar, and making his humble offering in the Servants' Hall, to the saint whom his master on his knees to, two good hours daily, in the costly rites of the dining-room?

And you, Most Noble Grace of FITZ-PLANTAGENET, who stand aghast at the insolence of that creature—your maid, *MENNIKIN*! Can't you guess where she got that trick of carrying her nose so high? Do you suppose her perquisites are confined to your Grace's cast-off gowns and laces—that she can wear these without catching, in a second-hand way, the ailments of the original proprietor? If you look on yourself as the *Sèvres* of society, what right have you to be savage when she assumes to be its Worcester or best Staffordshire stoneware? If she isn't the rose she has lived too near to the rose not to catch a faint reflection of its superfine scent and aristocratic colour. You ought to know that sneering is as contagious as small-pox, and that scornfulness and self-love can no more be kept to oneself than scald-head.

Instead of discharging their vials of wrath against the Servants' Hall, suppose people set to work diligently to disinfect their dining and drawing-rooms? How, I ask, is *JAMES* to respect the dignity of labour, when my *LORD LOLLINGTON*, behind whose chariot he clings with his twin colossus, shaking awfully as to calves, glories in being the laziest of human beings? When young *CIRBERWRIGHT* is groaning over the crumpled roseleaf which that abandoned housemaid has left in his mattress, has he any right to lift his eyebrows because young *CIRBERWRIGHT*'s own man is indignant at being put into a bed without curtains?

Do you suppose those glorious armies of flunkies which manœuvre round dinner-tables can be trained to stop their ears, as easily as they can to keep down their grins and guffaws—that they don't hear and ponder what the people whose plates they are changing praise and believe in, and laugh at, and are interested about. Remember that Master and Missus think nothing of being seen *en déshabillé* by the butler or the housekeeper. As man and woman too is an imitative animal, can we wonder that the face should be occasionally mimicked instead of the mask—the real Master or Missus instead of the company one? Remember too that *Mr. Butler* or *Mrs. Housekeeper* is bound to you by no legal tie but wages. If there is to be any other bond between up-stairs and down, it must be one of Master's or Missus's making.

The sum and substance of the matter, in *Mr. Punch*'s notion, comes to this:—Tell me what the Masters are, and I will give a shrewd guess at the Servants. Show me a picture of the Drawing-Room, and I will find you a faithful reflection of it in the Servants' Hall—*mutatis mutandis*, of course, but with the balance of light and shade very, very much the same. When luxuriousness, show, parade, pretention, selfishness, worldliness, and veneer, in all fashions, rule above-stairs, what right have we to expect that frugality, simplicity, diligence, humility, faithfulness, and "the genuine article," should be the staple commodities of the arca-level?

SHEFFIELD'S POLITICAL J. A. R.

WE copy the following from the Sheffield speech of *MR. ROEBUCK*, as it is reported in the *Morning Star*:—

"There was a thing (*Punch*) much bandied about that day, in which the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA is represented as having run away with the dog 'Tearem'; but had he run away with the dog? was not he here—(*laughter*)—and what had the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA done to make him carry him away?"

MR. ROEBUCK is pleased to call *Mr. Punch* "a thing." The retort is scarcely so powerful as we should have expected, and, moreover, we believe "a thing" is generally a term of sarcasm used by women when in a rage. We are not angry, only disappointed. We will not retaliate. In short, to please our *JOHN ARTHUR*, whom in former days we have greatly admired, we will consent to be called "a thing;" and if, in return, we are asked what is our opinion of *MR. ROEBUCK*, we will be perfectly content to say "No-thing."

American Unity.

MRS. STOWE has published a long and grandiose letter to an English nobleman on American affairs. It is dated before "the rapid movement" of Bull's Run, and the lady observes that "the North rose like one man." Would she kindly mention what man, and also why he ran away like one woman.



REAL ENJOYMENT.

Charley (who is wet through for the ninth time). "OH, MA! WE'VE BEEN SO JOLLY! WE'VE BEEN FILLING ONE ANOTHER'S HAIR WITH SAND, AND MAKING BOATS OF OUR BOOTS, AND HAVING SUCH FUN!"

NAPOLEON TO NONO.

On the Eve of the Removal of the French Army from Rome.

Holy Father, ere we part,
Take, oh! take my words to heart;
And if they disturb thy rest,
Think them uttered for the best.
Hear my counsel ere I go:
Shut up shop, Pio Nono!

By thy Saints, whose pictures wink
While thou art on destruction's brink:
By thy priests, who in their sleeve
Deride thee, though they feign to grieve:
By thy "friends" I bid thee go,
Shut up shop, Pio Nono!

By thy brigands unconfined,
Raisers of the papal wind:
By the hate their deeds have sown
For thee, and for thy rotten throne;
By thy foes I bid thee go,
Shut up shop, Pio Nono!

By thy want of common sense,
By thy lack of Peter's pence;
By the cropper thou wilt come
When French support is ordered home,
Away thy temporal power throw:
Shut up shop, Pio Nono!

Holy Father, when I'm gone,
Fly to England quick, alone:
Hire a cosy lodging there,
A three-pair back in Leicester Square:
There at thine ease thy 'bacca blow,
And die in peace, Pio Nono!

WHAT way will the Pneumatic Railway go?
Why of course, through Hollo(w)way.

BOYS PLAYING AT BLOODSHED.

ONE would think that a battle-field was a playground, and that a battle was somewhat of the nature of a game at football, judging from the sportive manner in which the horrors of war are generally narrated by the gentlemen who witness them. For instance, in describing the battle of Springfield, a correspondent of the *Missouri Democrat* thus writes:—

"The enemy came fresh and deceived our men by bearing a Union flag, causing them to believe SIGEL was about making a junction with our forces. Discovering the ruse just in time, our gallant boys rushed upon the enemy, who, with four cannon belching forth loud mouthed thunder, were on the point of having their efforts crowned with success, and again drove them with great loss down the slope on the south side of the hill."

"Our gallant boys rushed upon the enemy." Why "boys"? Is reciprocal slaughter and mutilation child's-play? Do martial combatants thrust bayonets into one another's stomachs, and shoot each other through the chest with rifle bullets, knock off their adversaries' heads and limbs and get their own knocked off with cannon-balls, and exchange bombshells by which, on either side, they are ripped up and torn to pieces, for fun? Are bleeding gashes, crushed limbs, scattered brains merely the diverting incidents of a juvenile pastime? If so, well and good; if not, why "boys"?

When a collision occurs in a tunnel, or when an engine runs off the line, and two or three carriages being hurled down an embankment, some ten or twenty passengers are consequently smashed to death, and three or four times as many are dismembered and lacerated, do we call the victims and sufferers "boys" and "girls"? If not, why not, so long as it is usual to describe as "boys" adult men engaged in inflicting and receiving injuries which are precisely similar if not more horrible.

Is there, amongst the mass of people, a gregarious kind of tacit understanding that warfare and its occurrences shall be ordinarily mentioned, related, and alluded to, in a vein of merriment, a light semi-jocular style, characterised by that sort of playful fondness for compatriot-belligerents which is evinced in calling them "boys"? Is it generally felt that such levity of expression in narratives of military carnage is advisable for the mutual encouragement of those who may be called upon to engage in it or to contribute to its expenses? The idea, involved in the term "boys" applied to troops in action, that war is only a plucky puerile game, certainly suggests quite a cheerful view of an employment which consists in the interchange of diabolical outrages.

It does not appear to be thought expedient to call a man who goes to the stake, or the block, for his creed or his country, a "boy." Physicians who risk their lives in combating a pestilence, are not deemed suitable persons to be denominated "boys." An army-surgeon who coolly operates under fire, and thus shows more courage than anybody else in the regiment, is the last person in it that anybody would think of styling a "boy." It is therefore not necessary to the exertion of bravery that men should be cheered on to run into the cannon's mouth with the thoughtless impetuosity inspiring the sort of hero who is commonly called a "boy," but might with much greater propriety be called a fool.

Anybody endowed with both bravery and brains must object as much to being termed a "boy" as *Coriolanus* did. Juvenile boxers, at Eton and elsewhere, may well enough be applauded as "brave boys;" but in the word "boy," applied to a grown soldier, and in all the rest of the sprightly cant which disguises war's realities, there lurks a very despicable and disgusting humbug.

ITALIAN THEATRICALS.

Until further notice,

THE BRIGAND.

To be followed by

THE VOLUNTEERS,

To Conclude with

FINISH HIM OFF!

Vivat Victor Emmanuel!

[Priests in Arms not permitted.]

VERY THOUGHTFUL IN HIM.

A QUACK pamphleteer, trading on recent accidents, announces "The Coming Fire." It will come towards the end of October, we suppose, (at least cold evenings generally do) and then his pamphlet will also come in handy enough. He is a philanthropist, but let his paper be well dried, as there is not a greater bore than trying to light wood with damp pages.



NOTICE TO QUIT.

“THIS WON’T DO, MRS. POPE!—YOU ARE ENCOURAGING ALL SORTS OF DOUBTFUL CHARACTERS ABOUT THE PLACE, SO THE SOONER YOU GO THE BETTER!”

INHOSPITALITY TO PUNCH.



ASSONATELY indignant, yet not less in sorrow than in anger, we cut the subjoined paragraph out of a newspaper:—

“PUNCH AND JUDY AT A DISCOUNT IN OXFORD.—On Thursday evening the proprietor of a Punch and Judy establishment announced at the close of his performances in the High Street that, after obtaining the very gracious permission of the Right Worshipful the Mayor to perform ‘for one day, and for one day only,’ his receipts amounted to threepence, which he intended to spend in cakes for Toby, after which he should leave this ancient and loyal city with disgust, and betake himself to Whitney, Woodstock, Banbury, or some such spirited places, where the people had sense to appreciate, and means to encourage native talent.”

We are sorry for the bad taste of the Oxford public, exhibited in their insensibility to the attractions of the Drama, that is to say, that Drama which is the chief of all Dramas, and which the most enthusiastic adorer of

the divine WILLIAMS himself must acknowledge to be A. I. Our anger we hereby vent on the head of the unintelligent Magistrate sarcastically above described as the Right Worshipful the Mayor, who can have no more right to be worshipped than an old image. Any well-constituted image, indeed, would have displayed more sympathy with Punch and Judy than the little which was evinced by the worse than wooden civic justice who limited their performance to one day only. Nobody can be regarded as a man of worship who has himself no veneration for established institutions, among which one of the most generally esteemed and acknowledged is Punch and Judy's Show.

The MAYOR OF OXFORD must henceforth figure in our street drama along with the Churchwarden, the Constable, Jack Ketch, and the other adversaries whom Punch demolishes previous to his final triumph over the enemy of Man.

CROWNER'S QUEST QUERIES.

SOME of those who are honoured by being our contemporaries have been making some rather severe remarks upon the sort of questioning in which divers Attorneys (begging the world's pardon for using such a word during holidays when peace and happiness should prevail) indulge themselves, and earn their pay, before a Coroner's Jury. Our contemporaries allege that some of these persons ask questions of a ridiculous character, and are evidently bent upon getting a reputation for keenness and perseverance, rather than upon eliciting truth. *Mr. Punch*, who defends the Attorneys upon all occasions, is grieved to read such charges, and declares them to be wholly unfounded. If Attorneys go on in the following kind of way, for instance, it is arrogance in the non-professional mind to suppose that the legal mind has not some subtle intent, and to doubt that it is plunging headlong into the well at the bottom of which Truth is known to lie.

OWLEY SHUNTEE examined. Is a pointsman. Is twenty-nine years of age. Was born in Hertfordshire.

Mr. Squiggle. Why do you wear a velveteen coat?

Witness. To keep me warm, Sir.

Mr. S. I appeal to the Court against the insolence of this hireling.

Coroner. Well, I don't see the insolence. Would you have him say he wears it to keep himself cold?

Mr. S. If you, Sir, take part with a recalcitrant witness, you shall hear of it in the Queen's Bench.

Coroner. Go on, MR. SQUIGGLES.

Mr. S. I will not be dictated to, Sir, in the conduct of my case.

Mr. Wriggles. Nobody dictates to my friend, and if they did, I don't suppose he could write from dictation.

Mr. Squiggles. Hold your tongue. Witness, you said that you were born in Hertfordshire. Now, be careful. How do you know that?

Witness. Mother always told me so, Sir.

Mr. S. We don't want to know what your mother told you. If she had told you your duty you would not have been here. Why were you born in Hertfordshire?

Witness. I really don't know, Sir.

Mr. S. I dare say not. It is of a piece with the rest of your ignorance. Now, your business is to attend to railway trains. Who invented railways?

Witness. Can't say, Sir. He were a cleverer man nor you and I.

Mr. S. Speak for yourself, Sir, if you please. You are a pointsman. What is a point?

Mr. Wriggles. Do you expect this man to be able to give you a definition out of EUCLID?

Mr. S. I expect you to be able to hold your tongue.

Witness. Is it a pint, Sir?

Mr. S. Call it so, in your vulgar tongue, if you like.

Witness. Well, Sir, a pint's half a quart.

Mr. S. I ask that this witness may instantly be committed.

Coroner. He does not understand you.

Mr. S. He will not, knowing how to please his masters.

Mr. Wriggles. That is a coarse imputation, which means that my friend is vindictive because he failed to obtain employment from those he would insult.

Coroner. The time of the jury, to say nothing of my own, ought not to be wasted in personalities. Go on.

Mr. S. Pointsman, do you think that a railway train ought to travel ninety miles an hour?

Witness. Rather you was in her than me, Sir.

Mr. S. I don't want your predilections, I want your evidence.

Witness. Never heard of such travelling, Sir.

Mr. S. I don't care what you have heard, I tell you. Answer the question.

Witness. I'd be sorry to be in her, Sir.

Mr. S. Keep your sorrows to yourself, Sir. Would you travel at such a pace?

Witness. Not without I were obliged, Sir.

Mr. S. What do you mean by "without." How dare you use such language in a Court of Justice? (*Bitterly.*) I beg pardon, a Court of Inquiry.

Coroner. He means "unless." You have your answer, MR. SQUIGGLES.

Mr. S. I will stand here until Christmas, Sir, but I will have my answer from the witness's own lips. However, I will recur to this point. Witness, have you a family?

Witness. No, Sir.

Mr. S. Do you wish to have a family?

Witness. Well, that's as it may be. A family is sometimes a blessing, and sometimes I've heard it's quite the reverse like, but we must take what's sent us, the good with the bad, I expect.

Mr. S. This fencing with the question is perfectly offensive. I ask you whether you wish for a family?

Witness. Well, I'll put it to you, Sir, whether—

Mr. S. You'll do nothing of the kind, Sir. Answer the question.

Witness. Twenty-two shillings a-week, Sir, ain't much.

Mr. S. That is matter of opinion. When I was a clerk—

Coroner. Deeply interesting as your autobiography would be in a two-shilling railway volume, MR. SQUIGGLES, may I suggest that at this stage of the inquiry we might advantageously postpone it. Go on.

Mr. S. You shall hear of this in the Queen's Bench, Sir. Witness, do you sleep well at night?

Witness. I am told so, Sir.

Mr. S. I tell you once more, don't tell me what you are told. Do you sleep well at nights?

Witness. Depends on what I've had for supper, Sir.

Mr. S. More equivocation. Now I don't ask that question without a reason.

Mr. Wriggles. I'm glad to hear that.

Mr. S. Keep your insolent imputations to yourself. If this man does not sleep well at night, he must be drowsy in the day-time, and if I can fix him with that peculiarity, I think I shall make you laugh on the wrong side of your mouth.

Mr. Wriggles. My mouth has no wrong side, but my friend may find that my tongue has a rough side.

Coroner. Gentlemen, *tempus fugit.* Go on.

Mr. S. Pointsman, what is your opinion as to gauges?

Witness. Well, Sir, if they are ripe, I like 'em, but they have been scarce this year, likewise plums.

Mr. S. The hopeless imbecility of this witness speaks volumes for the wisdom of those who employ him.

Mr. Wriggles. My friend has spoken several volumes since we began, but I shall say nothing about their wisdom.

Coroner. Gentlemen, go on.

Mr. S. I shall, at the present stage, ask this witness only one other question, but he is not to be spirited out of the way, as I shall want him again.

Witness. I never touch spirits, Sir.

Mr. S. O, I dare say. I wouldn't be a glass of rum in your way. Now, MR. TEMPERANCE, answer this. What is the average gradient of the sleepers on your line, deducting cradles, and allowing metals for rolling-stock? Take your time, and be careful, Sir.

At this point the inquiry was adjourned, for the twenty-third time.



YACHTING MAN. "Well, I always said you were a plucky fellow, Splinter; but really, now, I did not give you credit—"

SPLINTER (not displeas'd). "How do you mean?"

YACHTING MAN. "Why, with your Spars to put out in such a Gale o' Wind as this."

BOSH FROM THE BALTIC.

It is said that the King of Sweden, CHARLES THE FIFTEENTH, has been induced by our Elected friend the Pamphleteer of Paris to enter into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with France. That the King's late visit to the Pamphleteer had this object, and that in order to make things look serene, KING CHARLES ran over to London, and received the cold shoulder from our Court, which was up to the dodge. That LORD PALMERSTON, being somehow compelled to attend a dinner at the Swedish ambassador's, at which Rex was present, was "icy," and actually cut the King, who was very nearly pitching into the Constable. Now, it is permitted to the world to believe as much, or as little as it likes, of the details of this history, but *Mr. Punch* is happy to state that EARL RUSSELL, in order to provide a counterpoise against the new alliance, and to secure an equivalent friend for England, has concluded an alliance offensive and defensive, with his Majesty KING H. P. W. FUM, the King of the Cannibal Islands, who has solemnly promised to eat all the Swedish prisoners we may take in the war, provided we send a sound Swedish turnip with each individual, as the King is particular about his vegetables. Ha! ha! Sweden turn against us, Northernmen! we'll have better evidence before we believe that, and in the meantime we say ha! ha! once more, and pledge "a Brage-Beaker to the Swedes."

Anecdote Quite Fresh from Vienna.

(Per the Trieste and Galway line, that is to be.)

A COURTIER was decrying MR. ROBBUCK in the presence of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, when the latter indignantly rebuked him by saying, "No—no—if you love me, love my dog."

ANCIENT AND MODERN QUACKS.

THE *Builder* says that among the relics of the ancient Romans who inhabited Uriconium, lately dug up at Wroxeter, is included "an advertising medium of one of their quack doctors." According to our constructive contemporary:—

"There is a stamp bearing a Latin inscription to the following effect:—'The Dialbanum of TIBERIUS CLAUDIUS, the physician, for all complaints of the eyes, to be used with egg.'"

The likeness between ancient and modern quackery, evidenced by the foregoing specimen of an antique Roman puff, is striking. A hard name, which, standing alone, might be supposed to have been coined in the mint of a British patent-medicine-monger, is given to the specific advertised. It is alleged to be a remedy for all complaints of the eyes, without exception. The proprietor styles himself "the physician," exactly, no doubt, as our worthy friend GRIFFITHS JONES, now in trouble on the charge of having forged a will, dubbed himself doctor, and as other impostors, unfortunately at large, also pretend to a medical degree, which, if they have any such thing, was bought at a disreputable German University. Then the quack calls himself TIBERIUS CLAUDIUS. He was of course as much a member of the family of the CLAUDII as the fellow whose vile puffs pollute so many of our contemporaries, especially the country papers, is connected with that which is the oldest in the English Peerage. As of old, so now, Quack is Quack and Rogue is Rogue, self-branded with the same indications of infamy all the world over.

A Gratis Suggestion.

MR. PUNCH wonders why in these imitative days nobody has taken a hint from the queer title of one remarkable book, "*Why Paul Ferroll killed his Wife.*" Could not a good Adelphi farce be founded on the inquiry "*Why Paul Bedford killed his Pig.*"

A REFORMER WHERE LEAST EXPECTED.

MIGHT we inquire what has become of the Financial Reform Association? The only surviving member of it seems to be the SULTAN, for he is apparently the only person of the present day who is going in seriously for financial reforms.

PATIENCE is a female virtue, nowhere so conspicuous as at the dressing-table.

OMINOUS!

"We have heard (we cannot say what truth is in the rumour) that a hunt was made last week in the palace of the Vatican, which ended in the finding of not one single rat! The hunt was followed high and low, from the cellars to the garrets, but not one creature of the species in quest could be discovered. It was, however, ascertained, by questioning the neighbours, that large numbers of the animals had been recently observed hurrying out of holes at the bottom of the building; and as most of the emigrants had brought their children with them, it was surmised that they had no intention of return.

"There is a proverb about rats being said to leave a falling house; but whether this saying be verified in the case which we have mentioned, we at present wait the opportunity to learn."—*Special Correspondent of "Le Camard," French Paper.*

All the Difference, by Gum!

SCENE—A most elegant shop in Piccadilly.

A Vulgar Customer (evidently). No—no—no—these are not the kind of envelopes. I tell you I want some adhesive ones.

Aristocratic Shopman (tenderly chiding him). You must excuse me, Sir. It is an article we do not keep—it is so very seldom called for. (In a tone of the gentlest correction.) Our customers, Sir, never use anything but wax! [Politely shows him to the door.]

PROPER PRECAUTION.—"The Federal Army is to be uniformed in blue." So says the last mail. It is a step in the right direction, as blue does not run.

FROM OUR SENSITIVE CONTRIBUTOR.

"Boulogne-upon-the-Sea.

EAR MR. PUNCH, I can hardly hurt myself to write in reply to what I must call your heartless letter, suggesting that there are pens and ink in France, and that literary composition may be transmitted by the post. Perhaps a severe course of novel-reading here may have rendered me more open than usual to the softer emotions, but I assure you that if I had not had my mouth full of shrimps (*sauterelles*, they call them here) when I opened your letter, it would have brought the tears into my eyes. I admit that the Bank-note was crisp and handsome, but, to adopt the language of one of the authors who are helping me to kill a fortnight or so, 'little do the haughty aristocrats comprehend our sensations, when they think to smother our wounded feelings in a snow-shower of Bank-paper.' You are at liberty to try the experiment, however, *Mr. Punch*, for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.



"Sir, there are pens and ink in France, and literary composition may be transmitted by the post (and I wish that you would have your literary compositions properly weighed before posting them, as it is extremely objectionable to find 'insufficiently stamped' on one's letters, and 'Postage, one franc,' in one's bills; mind that), and so far the Court is quite with you, as the Judge said to the stammering barrister who began with, 'My unfortunate client—'

"But I have come here for my health, and I am not in the least inclined to destroy the good effect which the tough meat, ungenerous wines, and liquid odours of France are producing on my frame. I shall not send 'literary composition,' and what in the world has made you so precious fine that you can't call it 'copy'? I know that London, just now, is given over to Snobs, and that Snobs love words as long as their ears; but I did not expect you to grow genteel. Literary composition, indeed! Do you expect me to acknowledge the tin as 'pecuniary compensation'? I think you had better come over here for 'periodical relaxation,' you stuck-up old Bloater!

"Sir, you'll have no copy. And, Sir, if you want to know why, I will tell you. Because I have no time to write any. And, as you may wish for details, here is a diluted page from my diary, scribbled while I finish my last cigar, and, in a state of ultra-deshabillé, all but Paradisaical (there's a long word for you, Bloater) cool for my spring-mattress:—

"Up at eight. As I am growing a moustache, I save the time I used to waste in shaving. Look out at the window, and wonder when it will be high-water. Abuse those tinkling bells round the horses' necks. What a fool that lover is in SHAKESPEARE who says he is 'avized' to give a woman 'music o' mornings'! Nothing is more irritating and out of place, except music in the evenings. N.B. Very glad to read in SPORER'S *Life* (don't spell it SPYOR, if you print this) that he abused BETHOVEN'S music. I do the same. Get down to breakfast at nine, earlier or later, because there is a young lady with a handsome fortune staying at my hotel, and I try to encounter her as she also goes down to breakfast. She is in No. 37.

"From nine to ten, breakfast. Letters to be read, including heartless ones hinting at literary composition. By the way, I foolishly got a notion, one day, that my letters at Chambers were accumulating, and might be important; so wrote to a friend to look over them, and send me what I ought to see. He was away, and sent his friend, who didn't like to open anything, and inclosed all, not paying the postage. I had nine francs to fork out, and this was the gain:—

- "1. A parson's perforated card, for 'only one shilling' for a new church at Grimesbury-cum-Bodgeleigh.
- "2.)
- "3.) Circulars from rival candidates for the office of Director of the Fireside and
- "4.) Circumnavigating Life Assurance Office, in which I am assured.
- "5.)
- "6. List of new stations of the Commissionaires of London.
- "7. BLOBBINS'S 'bill delivered'—hopes I will settle before I leave town. Sorry to have disoblighd BLOBBINS.
- "8. Invitation to take the chair at a lecture on Geology before the Tiddleywinks Literary and Scientific Institution.
- "9. A piece of cloth, as a pattern for trousers, which the sender will make to measure for 17s. 6d., cash.
- "10. List of prices of stationery. (There are pens and ink in France.)
- "11. Scolding note from— never mind. I did promise to call. But I will send her a newspaper from here. At least, it depends on the amount of good taste that may be shown

by my pretty friend in No. 37, else, the scolder has fine eyes, and will have £250 per annum. I am glad I have this note, though nine francs is money.

"12. Invitation to join a Rifle Corps.
 "13. Notice from the New River Company that they will cut my water off if I don't send 8s. 6d. by a day long past.

"There, Sir, that's what I got by being a foolish fidget, and not leaving letters to take care of themselves. You say this is a digression. Who cares if it is?

"From ten to twelve, lounge about, and smoke cigars. What atrocities are the cigars of the Débit! I wish they'd try the Crédit for a change. By the way, Bloater, you might send me over a lot. You must know somebody who would smuggle them, but mind you do them up well, as the sea-air plays the deuce with baccy. Do 'em in sheet lead—get it at TWINNING'S.

"From eleven to twelve, lounge about, finally reaching the sea. Then there's a lot of time lost, waiting your turn, and losing it while you are flirting with an acquaintance. You seldom get back before one, and then you want half an hour to wash the salt out of your hair, and become presentable. No. 37 don't like the short hair of the day, which is a pity, for drying one's wig is a bore.

"This, and a cigar, and a walk, bring one on to the afternoon, and then there is a good deal to be done—perhaps a drive, or going to change novels, or to be in the way during shopping, and explain eleven times in an hour that ten centimes are a penny, and consequently that fifty are not exactly half-a-crown. Or the ladies want to look into the churches, which are cool and pleasant places enough. Or, if the day is too warm for Englishwomen to go shopping (and warm indeed must be the day that stops that) one lounges up to MR. SIGNET'S, or down to MR. CHEERYBROOK'S, to grab at the English newspapers, as they are brought in from the boat—how precious stupid your papers are, by the way, just now. If it were not for the fires and the accidents, and the murders, I don't believe you could get a paper made up, which shows what sort of people must be left in town, journalising. This brings us on until it is time for dinner, or at least to dress, and by the way again, my Bloater, would you when you send the cigars, put in a set of new studs for me, rather handsome, you understand, but I leave them to your taste? I think No. 37 has an eye for jewellery, and my studs are not very stunning? Don't forget this. Well, dinner takes till half-past eight, and then in another half hour or so the ladies have contrived to put on their hats, and we go on the pier. This is a narrow wooden strip, that nearly reaches to the sea, when the sea is very high indeed, and there are 16,000 English in Boulogne, and they all will come and shove and jostle one another here every night, and the way the women (you know what Englishwomen are to one another) rush at the few seats there are, and look at those who look at them, is the only fun, for an unfortunate male, except to laugh at a vocal wretch who howls French songs to a guitar, and sends round the hat every five minutes. After this, one gets back to the hotel, and a quiet weed, or a little whist, finishes off the day.

"There. Now I hope you are ashamed of your baseness in asking for 'literary composition.' You may do what you like with this letter, but you'll get nothing else, for ever so long, from

"YOUR SENSITIVE CONTRIBUTOR."

Not so Wise as he Seems.

M. CHEVALIER has been replying, unwisely, to the Constable of Dover. We rather thought well of the above French gentleman, but now doubt his political soundness. As in other days, is CHEVALIER synonymous with PRETENDER?

POET CLOSE RAGETH AGAIN.

AND so you thought, my noble Swells,
You 'd done with POET CLOSE;
But he's not done, my haughty ones,
So brown as you suppose.

The Poet's fire, as you shall see,
Needs but a little stir,
And up it burns, in glorious scorn
Of your extinguisher.

If mean LORD PAM has used me ill,
My fingers I will snap
At all the rancid rancoroussness
Of that efete old chap.

Unless he cuts my fingers off
They still can wield the pen,
And make my name admired and loved
By all deserving men.

What care I for his jaunty laugh,
While I possess the smile
Of one as good again by half,
My noble LORD CARLISLE.

He is a Poet like myself,
That's more than PAM can say,
And very pleasing verse has wrote
In his fastidious way.

I 'd rather have such men as him
To praise my honest rhymes,
Than talking statesmen (?) like old PAM,
(Though lauded in the *Times*).

Then there's the noble LONSDALE too,
Who is a real Earl,
And tells the world that he has found
In POET CLOSE a pearl.

They sign their testimonials free,
And praise my native worth,
And say I am a glory to
The country of my birth.

And if they have not read my works,
'Twas nobler to have signed;
A nobleman ought not to have
A mean suspicious mind.

I've had my paltry hundred pounds,
(To stop the same was hard)
And where the flag of England flies
I'm known as England's Bard.

Nailed like a carrion crow, 'tis said,
I stick, but fools may rail,
No matter, for I've had my tin
Paid down upon that nail.

JOHN CLOSE.

An Awkward Selection.

A New journal is announced under the title of *The Queen*. The godfathers were bunglers, and the name is against the success of the publication. A little harmless cheating the Government (especially in the matter of rectifying Income-Tax) may be overlooked, but who, save a disloyal wretch, would think of taking 'in the Queen?

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

Removing from Over the Way-

MESSRS. DERBY, DIZZIE & Co. respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they are in negotiation for the Reform business so long conducted by the late JOHN RUSSELL & Co., and that early in the season they hope to be able to offer a variety of novelties hitherto unattainable except upon unreasonable terms. Further particulars will be announced. Several good Touts wanted.



A RUSE.

This is the Serene Party we (Charlotte and I) made out of a Sofa Pillow and Hearth-broom, &c., whose obstinate apathy so disgusted all the Organ-Grinders the first day of our trip to Spraymouth (we taking a little drive out the while), that they shied Prospect Place for the rest of our month.

A Dog with Two Tales.

MR. ROEBUCK has shown himself very properly proud of *Mr. Punch's* notice of him in a Cartoon, but asked in a Sheffield speech, "how the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA could be said to have run away with Tearem, when he, Tearem, was there, before his friends." We have heard more brilliant epigrams, in the way of retort, but it is no disgrace to a bigger man than JOHN ARTHUR to be utterly crushed and quelled by an avalanche from the hand of *Punch*. Perhaps it *was* a big stone to throw at a little dog, but he was making such a blessed noise that we took the first that came to hand. He'll be quiet enough, now.

"THE BALM OF COLUMBIA."—Has no one the generosity to send over to America a bottle of this celebrated mixture? for we are sure that Columbia, after her recent reverses, must need a Balm of some sort to heal her wounded feelings.



“CORRECT ‘CARD’ OF THE REGATTA, SIR?”

MRS. ROCHEFOUCAULD’S MAXIMS.

WOMEN’S feelings are more intense than those of men—We are happy or miserable: at a ball or at home.

A woman hates a question, but loves to ask one.

The female mind is too poetical to be tamely methodical. Who would marry a woman who punctuated her love-letters?

Cupid is blind to everything—save pin-money.

In society compliments are loans, which the lenders expect to be repaid with heavy interest.

Praise a woman’s taste, and you may attack her sense with impunity.

Your candid friend has never anything pleasant to say to you. He reminds you of his pet virtue, by wounding you with it.

If you want to know a woman’s true character, linger after the guests have gone, and listen to what she has to say about them.

A woman wins an old man by listening to him; and a young man by talking to him.

Enjoy to-day, for to-morrow the first grey hair may come.

Hymen is only Cupid in curl papers.

Women confess little faults, that their candour may cover great ones.

There are no reasons which explain love; but a thousand which explain marriage.

Age is venerable in man—and would be in woman—if she ever became old.

When a woman vows that she never flirts—*she is flirting.*

Maternal Advice.

A DAUGHTER is almost always right when she endeavours to imitate her mother; but we do not think the mother is equally right, when, at a certain period of life, she tries all she can to imitate her daughter.

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

“MY DEAR PUNCH,

“DURING the great autumnal exodus from town, while port-manteaus are being packed, passports *viséd*, and beards grown, your ‘Roving Correspondent’ is reminded of an expedition in which he was engaged, and which some weeks ago he began to describe in these pages. It was, if you remember, while on the shores of the Mediterranean, that my narrative was interrupted by the stern duties of a London season. Be pleased therefore to suppose me returned to Porto-Franco, and in the company of MR. RICHARD DEWBERRY, late of Trin. Coll. Cam., my comrade of voyage, as our cicerone (who thinks he is up in all the English idioms) insists on calling him.

“As the weather was still very warm, and walking before sunset almost impossible, DICK, whose devotion to the fair sex interfered sadly with that proper attention and enthusiasm with which the monuments of antiquity should be studied, MASTER DICK I say used frequently at the close of the day to drag me forcibly into the Piazza, under pretence of looking at the Fontana Vecchia by moonlight; but in reality to show me how many of our countrywomen he knew, as they paced up and down in company with their heavy Papas or solemn whiskered brothers, enjoying the strains of military music by the light of a thousand brilliant lamps.

“‘Do you see that tall girl in blue?’ said MR. DEWBERRY one evening, ‘that is MISS WYMPOLE STREETE, LADY LOUNGER’s daughter by her first husband. She was engaged to young LORD RAIKESMERE until he made such an ass of himself at O——, where his regiment was quartered. The match is broken off now, and serve him right too; it is much too good for him. The old fellow hobbling just behind him is the MARQUIS OF DRYCORN: he comes abroad for his gout. That’s his wife in the hat and feathers, LADY DRYCORN, d’ye see? and the young fella she’s talking to is his Lordship’s Secretary, and they do say that—Why, hillo! there’s GRINDLEY, of Corpus, what the doose is he doing here, I should like to know? and who is that with him? By Jove, a nice looking girl though, really. Why, they’re going in for ices over there. I say, JACK, let’s have an ice. Here, hi! waiter, BOTTEGA, what’s your name, what’s the Italian for ice, JACK? *Qualche cosa fredda*, don’t you know,’ shouted MR. DICK, in his best

Tuscan. ‘*Non c’è frittata, S’gnor,*’ said the waiter in hurried intervals, as he rushed about, ‘*quest’ un caffè—si trova frittata—nella trattoria, S’gnor.*’ ‘Oh dam!’ remarked MR. DEWBERRY, ‘Ice—*glace* you know,’ ‘*Yessare, verriwell, cosa desidera, S’gnor? Gelati di Citrone, vanilla, marrenna, groselle, fragole, lamponi, arancia, limone, crema?*’ said the waiter in one breath, and then rushed off without waiting for an answer.

“‘Always the way here, Sir,’ said a stout gentleman, sitting near, ‘confound the fellows! Been here three nights running, and haven’t been able to get an ice yet, nor see the *Galignani* once. Actually three nights running,’ continued the stout man, looking round for sympathy.

“‘Violent exercise, eh? three nights’ running—too much for his weight,’ whispered DICK to me.

“‘I beg your pardon. Did you speak, Sir?’ asked our fat friend.

“‘I say I agree with you, it’s shameful, Sir,’ said DICK, with great gravity.

“By the time we had finished our ices, which we obtained after waiting about three quarters of an hour, the music had ceased, and we rose, having made a resolution (for the ninth time since landing) to keep good hours, and retired to our respective beds.

* * * * *

“‘Flirting about the Piazza with pretty girls is all very well,’ said I, one morning to MR. DEWBERRY, ‘but as Paterfamilias will naturally expect you to have done something while you are away, I advise you to make notes of what you see, or keep a journal.’

“‘A journal! Oh, bosh!’ politely answers MASTER DICK, (who has a great horror of occupying his time to no profit) ‘what on earth is the good of a journal? Every muff keeps a journal. I wish you could have read SCRIBBLETON’S. He went up the Rhine in “the long” last year. Forty-five reams, Sir, of closely-written foolscap, with the history of every insignificant little village he entered, population, so and so, statistics, staple commodities, situation, height above the level of the sea, latitude and longitude, average of mortality among the inhabitants, the deuce knows what, to say nothing of a description of every dinner he eat, and a register of the civility of the landlord at each inn. He offered it to thirteen publishers in succession, and was much disgusted to find it declined. No,’ added DICK, ‘I shan’t keep a journal. I mean to go in for the Italian grammar, and work like a brick.’

"And sure enough I found him one evening closeted with SIRNON PISANELLI, the well-known Professor of the English tongue at Porto Franco. What progress master and pupil made was always a profound mystery to me. I heard a great deal about the difficulty of the irregular verbs, and of the vast importance of preserving the distinction between the 'style *Signorile*' and the 'style *Amichevole*,' but happening to knock at DICK's door one morning before he was up, when the room smelt very strongly of Latakia, and noticing an empty bottle labelled '*Vieux Cognac*' on the table, I naturally inferred that the irregularity was not confined to the verbs, and that in consequence of their devotion to the 'style *Amichevole*,' their studies on the previous night had not been very profound. Indeed DICK has since admitted to me that he found the Professor a very jolly dog, and that he had assisted him in framing the plot of '*La figlia del Sorciatore*,' a drama lately produced with thrilling effect at the Teatro Ducale, in Porto Franco, and founded, it must be confessed, upon an old English ballad once popular in Covent Garden.

"On the same floor which we inhabited, MONSIEUR and MADAME RÔDEUR had hired apartments, and were living together with their son, an ingenious youth fresh from the Quartier Latin, and their amiable and accomplished daughter, of whose skill in performing on the piano (she had planted it on acoustic principles against the door which joined our rooms) I was constantly reminded.

"They had sent us an enamelled and elaborately flourished card bearing their name, and DICK, who never loses an opportunity of exhibiting his proficiency in the French language, insisted that we should return their call, which we did, and thus made their acquaintance. MONSIEUR RÔDEUR is proprietor of the well-known establishments, *Le Cygne noir* at Cherbourg, and *L'Aigle Blanc* at Havre, and in that capacity is admirably fitted to resist the impositions in which he regrets to find his brother hotel-keepers too often indulge. '*Vous concevez, Monsieur, Monsieur,'* he would say on occasion when he had to wait for his dinner, or his boots were neglected, 'if tlucc ad coom to appen at de *Cygne noir*, my chef should be chassé dirrrrect.' (Here I may remark in a parenthesis that having some experience of the 'Service' at the last-mentioned hostelry, my inference is that the post of chef must change hands every day).

"MONSIEUR RÔDEUR finds ample occupation for his time during the vacation, by consuming tobacco in a chaste pipe of his own design, and teaching his good-natured sister to accompany him on the piano in the admired ballad of the '*Château de Framboisy*,' '*Messrs. les Etudiants*,' and other national and interesting songs. As for Madame—I don't envy the man who is shut up in the *coupé* of a diligence with her—as was once my fate. The brilliancy of that lady's conversation is hardly equalled by its length, and the manner in which she discusses her lunc is scarcely calculated to increase an appetite for your own. Surely there never were such indefatigable sight-seers. They are always up at sunrise—as I never failed to hear—when poor JEANETTE is finely rated if the breakfast is not ready. '*Oh Dieu!*' the unhappy *bonne* cried to me in confidence one day, '*ça m'embête affreusement!*' They never forgive themselves or pay their cicerone if a single church is left unvisited, or one picture unseen. The hackney coachmen at Porto Franco know them well, and must be very hard up for a fare, before they consent to be hired by their party. '*Dopo domane*,' the impudent dogs say with a back-handed shake of three fingers, when MADAME RÔDEUR begins to bargain—or '*Bel forestiere, per Bacco!*' as MONSIEUR JULES offers them half their fare.

"RÔDEUR *ainé* began life as an artist, and sketches extensively in a vigorous and dotty style peculiar to himself: '*Un effet—coucher de soleil—Marseille*,' '*Deux gamins en combat dans la rue—Florence*,' '*Un morceau du Colysée—Rome*,' '*Tête d'un âne à Capri*,' '*Souvenir d'un Vintoreti à Venise*,' '*Vieille de Bologne*,' &c., &c., &c., are among the subjects treated by his graceful pencil. The time, the place, the object to be drawn, makes not the slightest difference to the enthusiastic amateur. He was once put under arrest for persisting to sketch the Pope during Mass at the Sistine Chapel, and nearly got his head broken for running about—pencil in hand—after a pretty looking Contadina whose costume he thought would be a valuable addition to his album.

"They always dined at 2 P.M., and my only wonder is that after such a tremendous repast they were enabled to renew their exertions until the next morning. The amount of solid food which they consumed daily would surprise those who still retain the notion once rife in our English nurseries, viz: that frogs form the staple article of consumption at French dinner-tables. I happened to look in once at their feasting-hour and found the room a chaos of innumerable dishes, having the appearance of several courses combined in one for the sake of brevity. Old RÔDEUR overwhelmed me with apologies for the confusion, and took care to let me know in the course of conversation that their *ménage* at Havre was of a totally different character, inasmuch as there they dined off Sèvres and the most costly plate with fifteen glasses a-head for the different kinds of wine.

"Poor MADAME'selle—Poor NATHANIEL! I fear she led a hard life—bothered by her indefatigable Papa, scolded daily by Madame, and nearly plagued to death by RÔDEUR *filz*.

"They were always active from morning till night: sketching, prac-

tising on the piano, sight-seeing, picture-hunting, scolding, planning, bargaining, botanising, and bothering each other, until they returned to astonish their country neighbours with the details of their foreign tour. Heigho! much good may it do them! *Au revoir, mes amis*. Receive, Madame, the assurance of my high consideration, and believe me, dear PUNCH,

"Yours faithfully,

"JACK BASEL."

"BLONDIN OVER THE FOUNTAINS."—Advertisement.

BLONDIN over the Fountains,
BLONDIN over the Cord;
BLONDIN draws all kinds of Snobs,
Lounger, and lout, and Lord;
And BLONDIN's fame should make us proud,
It should on PUNCH's word.



A PRIZE HOGG.

A HEARTLESS swindler, named FARRELL HOGG, now (luckily for confiding landladies and the like) in the clutches of old FATHER ANTIC, seems to have reached the *acmé*—and Septimius—of heartlessness by one representation which he is stated to have made. He actually deluded a victim by alleging that he, HOGG, was the Musical Critic of the *Record* newspaper. The *Record!* The journal that never in its existence could tolerate harmony—that lives by the promotion of discord among men—that would hiss the Music of the Spheres unless conducted by LORD SHAFTESBURY. HOGG is worthy of the name he is about to exchange for a number. We never heard of a more brutal outrage. TITUS, who set up a hog's image to insult the Jews did a lighter crime.

Astronomical Insects.

At one of the late Meetings of the British Association, a philosopher read a paper "On Geometrical Nets in Space." Another delivered a lecture on the habits of Spiders, of which insects a well-known variety is accustomed to make geometric nets in any convenient space between twigs or in palings. Are the geometrical nets which exist in absolute space constructed by any spiders which exist there, and are those spiders as big as the Scorpion in the Zodiac?

INVITÀ MINERVÀ.

So Greece is No Go. An indisputable statement of its finances and no-progress is before Europe, and it is shown that the Hellenic speculation does not answer. What's to be done with Greece? We fear that the next European problem will be, "How to take Greece out of maps," and that the receipt will be suggested by that *Family Friend*, the Pamphleteer of the Tuileries.

IMPERIAL BULL-FIGHTING.

"IMPERIAL BULL-FIGHTING.—The EMPEROR, letters from Biarritz state, was present at a bull-fight on Sunday last, but the EMPRESS did not leave the villa, as the day was the anniversary of her sister's death. The EMPEROR was accompanied by MME. DE LA BENOÏTTE and another lady of the Court, MARSHAL NIEL, COUNT WALEWSKI, and GENERAL NEY. The bulls were fine animals, and gave the favourite matador, EL ZATO, many opportunities of displaying his address, which was several times applauded by the Emperor."—*Globe*.

WHEN PAM our Constable *en chef* declares
JOHN BULL an animal of peaceful habits,
Warring, by his own will, on pheasants, hares,
Partridges, grouse, and, failing these, on rabbits—

But that though loath to quarrel for a trifle,
And glad to hold out fellowship's right hand,
He still keeps in his left a loaded rifle,
For those, who speaking peace, hide the bare brand,

CHEVALIER declares such fears a sham,
Meant to keep up national feuds and grudges;
But *Punch* is proud to say "ditto to PAM"—
Who wear the shoe are of its pinch best judges.

We like CHEVALIER, yelet MICHEL—
Call him "*Chevalier d'Economie*;"
T'other Chevalier we don't like so well—
France's own crowned *Chevalier d'Industrie*.

Of him we own to have our slight suspicions,
But sure he *should* be the last man to flout them,
With such a taste for Bull-fight exhibitions—
That he can't live at Biarritz without them.

At least we learn from this exciting sport
(Which, unlike him, we only know from reading),
That Bulls, if fools enough to pull up short
Before a cloak, death-wounded, soon lie bleeding.

The cloak which cool EL ZATO* is outspreading,
Conceals a sword: 'mid cheers of the holders,
Bull blunders at the cloak, the sword unheeding,
And—flash! the blade's hilt-deep between his shoulders.

JOHN BULL may be excused, if from his brothers
At Biarritz slaughtered, for Imperial pastime,
He lays to heart this lesson, among others—
The *first* time Bulls so blunder is the *last* time.

El Imperador waves in graceful show
The cloak that hides the sword—but BULL grown chary
Of trusting *cloaks*, however fair they show,
Keeps for the *sword* sharp horns, and eye-sight wary.

* The favourite matador at the Biarritz bull-fights this year.

PITY FOR POOR SMOKERS.

THE attention of *Mr. Punch* has been called to a recent police-case in which a poor carpenter, summoned before MR. DAYMAN, at Wandsworth, was fined 10s. and costs for persisting in smoking in a railway carriage. The man could not pay the money; had to embrace the alternative of fourteen days' imprisonment; and actually underwent a seclusion of thirty hours, when he was released, the fine having been paid for him by a benevolent merchant-prince and smoker.

Now, if this man persisted in smoking when he was told to leave off, the Magistrate could have had nothing to do but to fine him; particularly if, at the time of the offence, he was sober. But whereas a 40s. fine is no matter to a smoking swell, fourteen days' imprisonment is what a working man might well describe as hard lines.

Smoking on railways is a common practice—we grant the ghost of JAMES THE FIRST a common nuisance. It may vex the shade of the British SOLOMON; and it may annoy some ladies, whose noses may not agree with the nose of *Dr. Morgan*, in *Roderick Random*, in the impression that tobacco is a fragrant and odoriferous herb.

Therefore Railway Companies are hereby pathetically implored to establish smoking carriages in every train, and for every class, particularly the third, which is occupied by the poorer and less comfortable orders, rendered much more uncomfortable than they need be by railway economy, and having more occasion than any other members of society to steep their senses in the forgetfulness which is induced by nicotine.

RUDE CRITICISM ON A CRITIC.—"*Le vrai bonheur sur la Terre, c'est d'être sur Mer*." So quotes our friend, JULES-JANIN. Aboard the Folkestone boat, and in the intervals of bawling for a basin, our other friend, BUMPKIN QUALMY, was heard to growl that the Frenchman's love of epigram led him to write the most infamously nonsense.

HERE'S YOUR FINE TURNIPS!

A PITIFUL story is related by the *South Eastern Gazette*, under the heading of "Severe Sentence." It sets forth that on Monday last week a "poor shabbily dressed widow," one JULIA GARRAWAY, with whom was her child about six years of age, was charged, before the Rochester County Bench, represented by the Rev. J. J. MARSHAM and Mr. DAY, with having stolen four small turnips from the field of Mr. R. TASSELL, Smallridge Farm. The woman acknowledged that she had taken the turnips to eat. Two of them she threw away because they were full of insects. The other two she kept, and was beginning to devour them when one of the farm-men took her up. Having, with her child, been lodged in the station-house, and therein imprisoned one whole day and one whole night, MRS. GARRAWAY was placed at the bar of Justice's justice; when:—

"The two turnips found on her were produced, and were very small. The prisoner pleaded hard to be forgiven, as she took them to satisfy her hunger, having just come from London. The Magistrate, however, ordered her to pay a penalty, including costs, of 7s. 2d., and, in default, committed her for seven days' hard labour. As the prisoner had no money, the Magistrate desired her to pay the fine and costs on her return from hop-picking, which she vehemently promised to do."

The poor Magistrates, called upon in the discharge of their duty to adjudicate on cases such as the above-quoted one, are very much to be pitied. Of course they have no power to dismiss the charge as trumpcery, on the ground of the maxim, "*De minimis non curat lex*," translated, for the benefit of the country gentleman, prosecutor in the case, "The law takes no account of diminutive turnips." In the present instance they manifestly could have had no choice but to fine the prisoner unless to commit her instead; which perhaps they might as well have done, committing her child along with her as an accomplice. For, in prison, mother and child would both have been well fed; necessarily if their sentence included hard labour: which cannot be performed on low diet. That, no doubt, was the reason why, from a humane motive, they did add hard labour to the conditional imprisonment which they awarded her in default of payment. The only wonder is, that the furnishing creature did not embrace the alternative. Perhaps her pride objected to accept the situation of a common thief.

We now turn to another and more pleasing view of the case, the aspect which it presents in an agricultural point of view. How valuable must be the turnips grown by Mr. R. TASSELL to have made it worth that gentleman's while to prosecute a labouring woman for taking two or three of them to eat! This, just now, is the newspaper season for enormous turnips, among which those of Mr. TASSELL above mentioned might be classed, but for the fact that they were, on the contrary, very small. But that circumstance only heightens the idea of their value suggested by the prosecution of a "poor shabbily dressed widow" for stealing them. They must be worth at least as much as good West Indian pine-apples, which sell in the streets of London at "a shilling a-piece and a penny a-slice." Their price, so little dependent on their size, must be due to their flavour, which is no doubt delicious.

Among the produce exhibited next Christmas at the Fat Cattle Show a prominent place will surely be occupied by Mr. TASSELL's remarkable turnips.

ARMS AND THE MAN.

DU CHAILLU tells how the Gorilla
With a rifle he shot in the chest,
Where a rifle-ball's certain to kill a
Man or monkey, as must be confest.

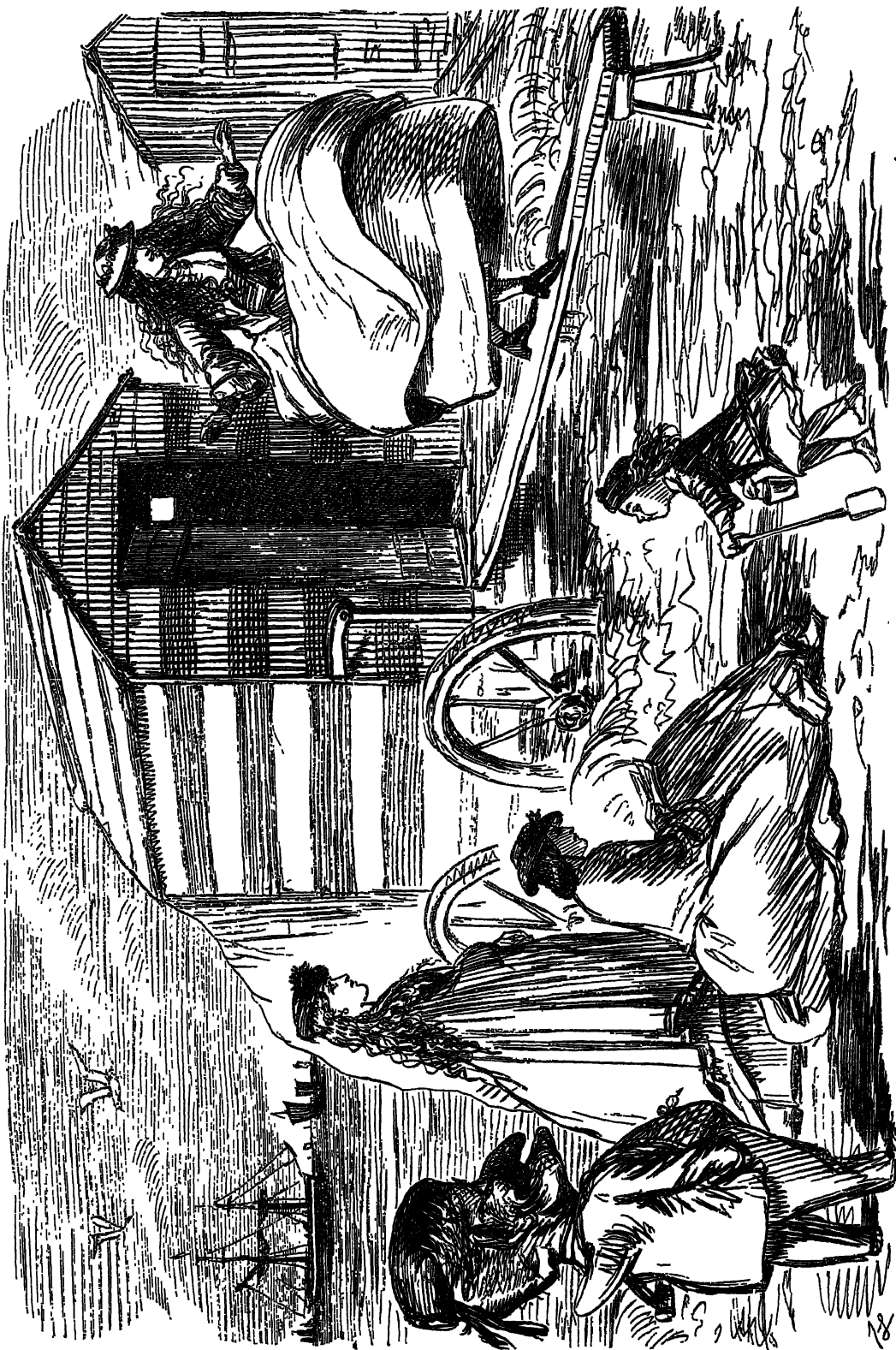
But GRAY, that unwearied attacker
Of DU CHAILLU, GORILLA, and Co.,
Says the man-monkey's wounds in the back are,
And the weapon employed—the *long-bow*.

Rather Down in the Mouth.

WE see that a cheap advertising Dentist offers to "stop teeth at a shilling a-piece." The force of cheapness can scarcely go much lower. There is a class of purchasers so ravenous after cheapness that it is only necessary to offer a thing cheaply for them instantly to avail themselves of it. Let one of those peripatetic London Bridge merchants, whose shop consists of a tray slung round his neck, offer them a sovereign for a penny, and they will eagerly snatch at it. The above remedy, however, is so unusually cheap and proportionately nasty, that we should say that it must almost be "too filling" at the price.

NON-INTERVENTION.

THERE is a talk of the Salt Lake joining the Confederates. We think the Mormon Capital is wrong. Let it secede, if it will; but it is not fair to join either party. It should be true to its own name, and consistently prove that it only wishes to remain, equally on both sides, an Utah (*a neuter*).



SCENE AT SANDBATH.

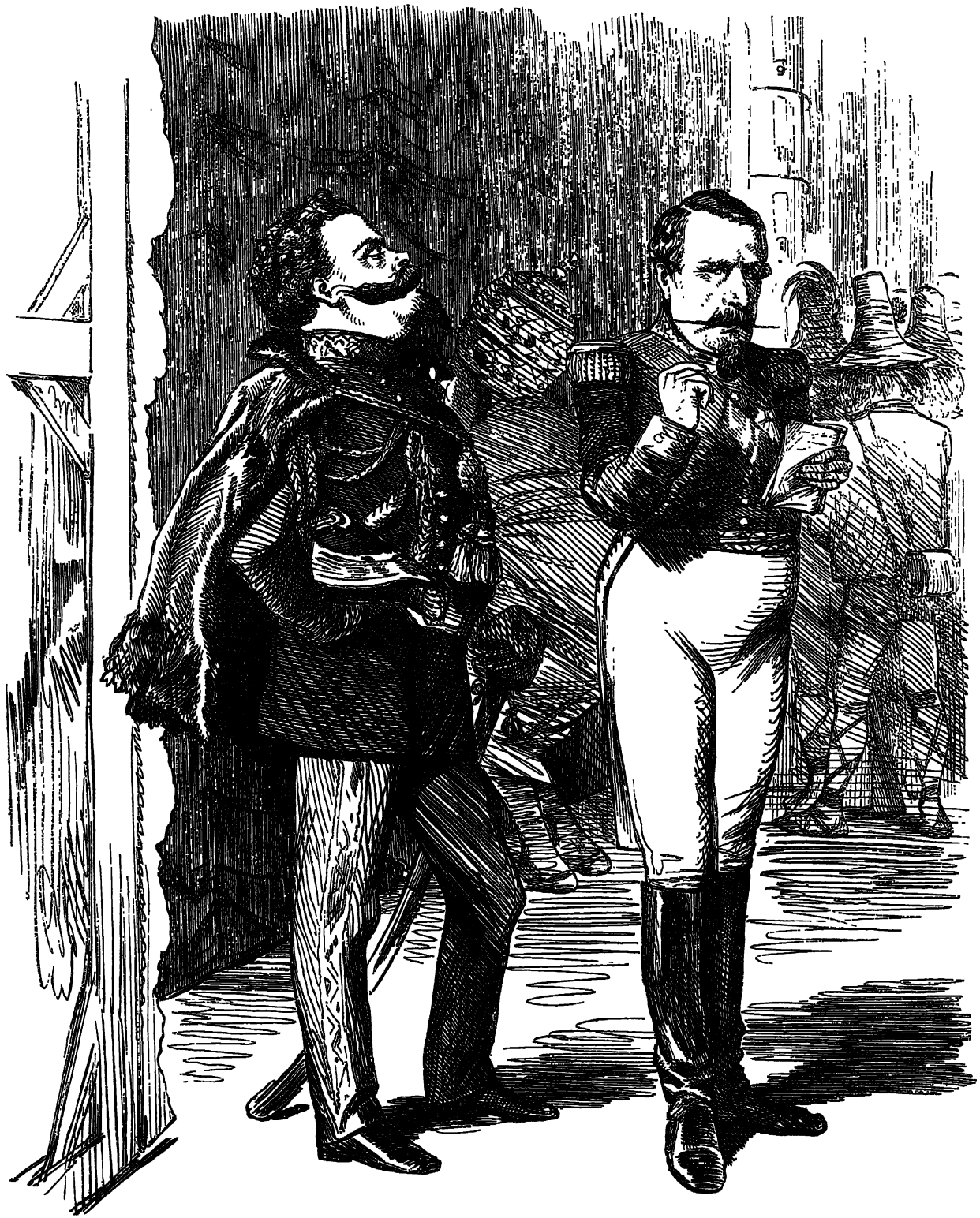
THE FEMALE BLONDIN OUTDONE! GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE ON THE NARROW PLANK BY THE DARLING * * * * *

THE Railway Companies complain that passengers are not bound to make a statement of their Own Value before getting into the carriages. A ROTHSCHILD or a BARRING, taking a third class ticket, and getting hurt, may half ruin a company by showing a jury the loss, by a month's disability on the part of the *millionnaire* to attend to his affairs. Suppose that this injus-

ice be met by an enactment that the damages shall be assessed in an estimate of a claimant's value to Society. This would be tolerably fair, and the demolition of a couple of dozen wealthy nobodies might be stoned for at a less price than ought to be paid for laying up a skilful physician, or some such benefactor of mankind for a single day. The only objection to this law is the bare and awful possibility of Mr. PUNCH getting a sprained finger on some line, in which case the loss of one

day's epigrams would be assessed by a jury at a sum which would pay the National Debt, and leave a handsome *four bob* for the Bank Beadle.

THE NEW "MANCHESTER SCHOOL,"—DOCTOR FAIRBAIRN'S, and the progress its pupils have made in the various departments of their education, affords Mr. PUNCH the highest satisfaction.



THE LAST ACT OF THE ITALIAN DRAMA.

VICTOR. "SHALL WE 'RING UP' FOR THE LAST ACT? THE AUDIENCE ARE GETTING VERY IMPATIENT."
LOUIS. "NOT JUST YET—THEY MUST WAIT TILL I'M READY."

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR FELLOW-MARTYR
PUNCH,

D



“Everybody knows that at the present dreary Season London is completely emptied of inhabitants. Excepting you and me, and some two millions more of miserable beings, who have either had our holiday or can see no chance of getting one, there is really at this writing nobody in town. Having made a dozen fruitless calls the other day, in the hope of finding some one as wretched as myself, with whom I could effect an interchange of sighs, I sauntered sadly to my club to seek the solace of some beer; when judge of my

astonishment at seeing on the dusty threshold (servants never clean the doorsteps now there’s ‘nobody in town’) the fresh impress of the sole of a fashionable boot. I declare, not *Robinson Crusoe* looked more surprised than I did, nor felt more pleased to meet *Man Friday* than was I to see young HEAVISWELL, whom when London is inhabited I usually avoid. ‘Bay Jove, old chap,’ said he, ‘Ah’m jolly glad you’re here. Ah’m just cutting up from Cowes to have a wattle at the birds, but Norfolk you know is somewhere on the Eastern Counties Wailwood, and so of course one can’t get down there in a day.’ So we agreed to dine together, and go somewhere in the evening, though where that somewhere was to be, I protest I knew no more than the big bell of St. Paul’s. I read the list of plays, but my young friend thought them ‘slow,’ and my mention of *The Soft Sea*, and of MR. FALCONER’S *Woman*, only ended in his voting for a visit to Cremorne. But not feeling inclined for Terpsichorean exercise after swallowing three courses and a copious dessert, and moreover feeling somewhat uneasy in my mind lest I might see a female rope-walker put her life in peril for the pleasure of a mob, I proposed by way of compromise the Covent Garden Concerts; where, I artfully suggested, if you find the music bores you, it is not defended to get out of your seat and walk about as freely as you could do at Cremorne. This argument succeeding, we called a cab and went, HEAVISWELL retiring first to put on a white choker, for though he felt convinced that there was ‘nobody in town,’ he owned a latent fear lest he might stumble upon somebody, ‘and—aw—you know, one feels so awkward when one isn’t dressed.’

“As it chanced to be a WEEBER night, the house was very full, and the lustre of the choker was dimmed by a back seat. Nor was the programme perhaps quite to the taste of my young friend, although to my maturer ears each piece in the first part was an exquisite delight. MR. MELLON’S taste and judgment have been long ago well proved, and the skill which he displays as a conductor of good music they who recollect his concerts of last season will not readily forget. It is true that he has not the moustache of MONSIEUR JULLEN, nor boasteth he a shirt-front so ineffable in sit. But what he lacks in presence he makes up for in performance: and they who think the work of a musical conductor should rather be to charm the ear than please the eye, will agree with me in giving full praise to MR. MELLON, and in thinking him at Covent Garden the right man in the right place. Any one who in September helps to entertain dull London must be looked on by its inmates as a public benefactor; and I am sure that MR. MELLON by his well-conducted enterprise is deserving of unusual Septemarian success.

“I stayed through half the second part on HEAVISWELL’S account, and heard enough of dance music to set my toes a-twitching until they went to sleep; and then we both repaired to an Elysium hard by, where we revelled in a ‘devil’ and a pot of pleasant drink, while some glees, which were most harmoniously sung, drowned the less melodious clatter of the knives and forks and plates. Of course, the Master of the Snuffbox, graciously presented his ‘dear boys’ with a pinch, and told us how he might long since have made his fortune if he had but opened doors to crinoline as well as coats. Whether any who have gone to other Music Rooms in town, where the casino element is suffered to intrude, have thought that its exclusion is a course to be

commended, and have resolved therefore in future to stick to ‘Paddy Green,’ this is a moot point which debating clubs may argue, but which if men of sense are deemed more plentiful than fools, no other assumption is needed to decide. “ONE WHO PAYS.”

KITEFLYING AT SEA.

THERE are many people in the world who are adepts at flying “kites.” But the kites they fly not seldom bring them into danger, whereas the kites to which the following paragraph refers, are flown for the sole object of getting persons out of it:—

“Some interesting experiments have been made at Portsmouth from the launch of HEN MAJESTY’S ship *Britannia*, off the harbour’s mouth, to test the efficiency of the plan proposed by LIEUT. G. S. NARES, senior Lieutenant of the *Britannia*, for forming a communication between a stranded ship and a lee shore. LIEUT. NARES’S plan consists simply of a kite with two lines. Of the two lines of the kite, one is made fast in the usual manner in the centre of the kite and the other at the bottom. If the object be to send a hawser to the top of a cliff, supposing that the surf breaks too heavily at the cliff’s base for any one to land, as was the case in the wreck of the *Royal Charter*, the kite is given sufficient line to fly over the highest point of the cliff, and when sufficiently far inland the line from its centre, by which it has been flown, is let go, and the one made fast to the foot of the kite, being held on, brings the kite to the ground, and places in the hands of the people on shore the line with which a hawser can be sent from the stranded vessel, a boatswain’s cradle rigged, and ultimately the crew of the ship rescued. If again, on the other hand, a ship lies stranded on a low coast, with her boats destroyed, the kite is sent on shore towing through the water a man, a raft, or any other object to be saved. The trials had reference to a ship placed in the latter position, and were of a most satisfactory character. As a final test, LIEUT. NARES jumped overboard from the launch with the line from the kite made fast to a salvage strop under his arms, and was towed over the intervening distance between the boat and the shore, over deep water and through the surf, in perfect ease and safety, without even the necessity of moving an arm to assist himself in his progress or keep him afloat.”

There is nothing at all funny or facetious in this narrative, and the question may be asked, How came it, then, in *Punch*? But as *Punch* has Christian readers, a plan for saving life must have somewhat of interest for them; and they may rely upon its being worth their knowledge, or it would not have gained a prize, in acknowledgment of its merit, from the Shipwrecked Fishermen’s Benevolent Society, which *Punch* is pleased to learn has really been the case. There are some fools in the world who think that *Punch*’s mission only is to joke, and that he ought to keep his pen from matters that are serious. Well, to say good things is good, but to do them is far better; and the man who by his wits has perfected a project for saving a few lives, is much more to be envied than the man whose wits have helped him to make a million jokes. *Punch* is ever pleased to give insertion to good things, and as LIEUT. NARES’S plan for saving shipwrecked life is one of the best things that *Punch* for months has heard of, he feels of course great pleasure in helping its publicity, and, as the equinoctial gales are drawing nigh at hand, in assisting by so doing to avert their ill effects.

DELICACY AND GENEROSITY CHARMINGLY COMBINED.

THE following, which we copy out of a Dublin paper, is far too good to be lost:—

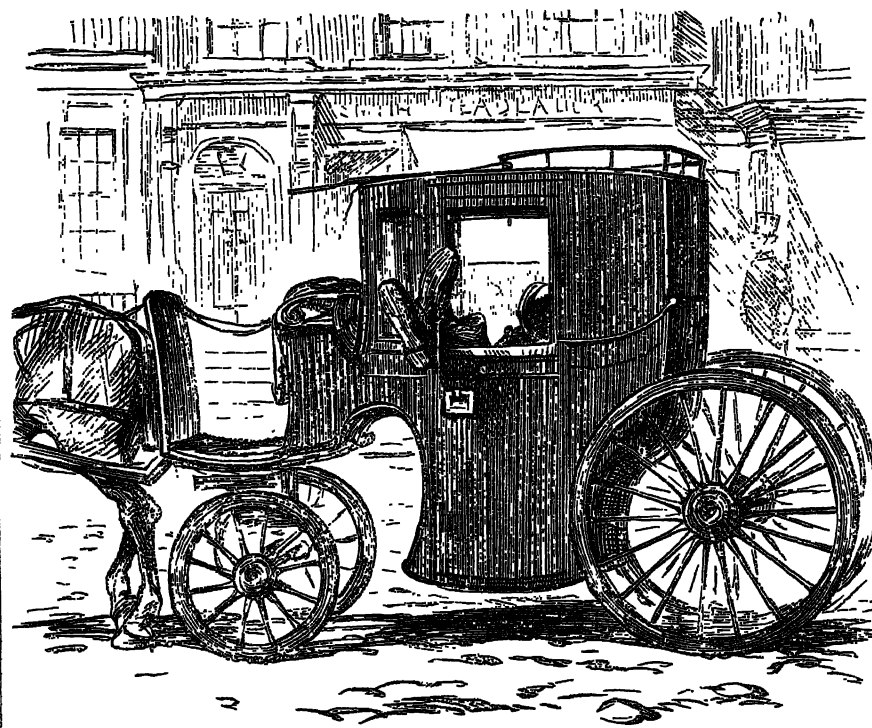
THE Gentleman who took a Pocket-Book from the person of an individual at Kingstown on WEDNESDAY EVENING last, is requested to return, through the Post, the Papers and Documents which it contained, with the exception of the £26 which he may retain, as a reward for the dexterity he exhibited on the occasion. The Individual feels grateful to the Gentleman for having left him his Watch and Chain. Address “—, Kinsley’s Hotel, Church Lane.”

We wonder the advertiser didn’t ask the “Gentleman” to dinner, in order that they might have the opportunity of talking the little matter over a cool bottle of champagne. We really believe that thieves (we beg pardon, gentlemen) would be a better-bred set of people if they were always treated with civility equal to the above. There is nothing like appealing to a person’s gentlemanly feelings. If we only took to thieves (we meant to say, gentlemen) in the same natural way that they take to us, we are sure that we should meet on a much friendlier footing, and be able to exchange civilities that would be probably agreeable on both sides. Only think what a deal of stolen property would be returned! You would appeal to the thief’s sense of honour so strongly, that he would ultimately give up thieving as a losing concern.

Prudent Precaution, However.

THE Pamphleteer is stated to be advising the Finns to agitate for a re-annexation of Finland to Sweden. What can Sweden want fins for? Surely not to help her to swim away from the floating batteries of Toulon, or any other possible friendly, visitors from France. The *Monitor* is requested to be prompt with a disavowal.

AMERICAN DRINK IN REQUEST.—Wanted a Sherry Cobler, to mend the Union.



The only Man of Rank in Town, "and he don't see why he shouldn't jine the Missus at Margate, for any business there's a doin'."

PRECEDENCE OF MAYORS.

WE read in the *Hampshire Independent* that there have been proceedings in the Law Courts for the purpose of affirming the Precedence of Country Mayors over certain other existences. It may be news to most of HER MAJESTY'S subjects that her Courts occupy themselves with such matters, and that the old law doctrine *de minimis* has been so flagrantly disregarded. But to prevent such a loss of time and dignity for the future, it will suffice for *Mr. Punch* to publish the Table of Precedence as now settled:—

Horses,
Mayors,
Asses,
The Biped Creation.

A Dangerous Practice.

THE young gentleman who took an overdose of conceit has experienced no ill effects from it. On the contrary, he says he never felt better in all his life. It is very strange, for decidedly the dose was strong enough for any six pet parsons. Still, we should not advise this young gentleman to repeat the dose too often, or else his friends will be distressed some day by having to resort to some very cruel experiments for the purpose of taking the conceit out of him. The cure, let us tell him, is often a trying and very distressing one. We know of one poor young man who had to be sent on the Stock Exchange before he was completely cured.

FIT ORATORY TO BE ADDRESSED TO POLITICAL HUMBUGS.—PAM-boozle.

NO REFORM OF THE INCOME-TAX!

"MR. PUNCH,

"UNFORTUNATELY the Report of the Select Committee on the Income-Tax has not quite settled the absurd question which has been raised by fools concerning the unnecessary readjustment of the most just of taxes. At one of the late gatherings of the British Association, the practicability and requisiteness of that impossible and undesirable process were asserted by many speakers who ought to have known better. Your readers will be disgusted to find DR. FARR endorsing the preposterous demand of the commercial and professional classes for differential taxation. The subjoined tissue of extravagant proposals advanced by MR. D. CHADWICK, will probably provoke their mirth as well as their contempt. MR. CHADWICK, according to the report of the proceedings, agreed with DR. FARR in the insane persuasion 'that the system of capitalising incomes was the proper one on which the tax should be levied.' He expressed the idiotic opinion that 'the inequalities in the administration of the law were the occasion of all the annoyances, injustice, and misery complained of,' and he had also the incredible folly to say that 'those who paid the tax should have the appointment of assessors.' And then:—

"He proposed,—first, to make the tax at one uniform rate on the capitalised value of all incomes; secondly, to classify the various sources of incomes according to their general average market value; thirdly, to assess the tax by a rate on such capitalised value, instead of the present mode of assessing it on the annual income; fourthly, to apply, as far as practicable, the principle of the Government legacy duty tables to all fixed incomes; fifthly, that the tax should be applied to all incomes above £50 a-year, and stopped by the employers out of the wages and salaries of all persons in their service."

"All the ineptitudes projected in the above extract from the outrageous pronouncement of MR. CHADWICK, are based on the negation of the self-evident truths, thus expressed by a contemporary philosopher, 'that income is income, whatever its source, its tenure, or its duration, and that a tax on incomes ought to be assessed irrespectively of the supposed private circumstances of the individuals or classes by whom they are received.' These 'elementary truths' have been repeatedly demonstrated by the simple method of boldly stating them. There is nothing like it.

"It is not at all inexpedient to make the preceding axioms 'the subject of habitual controversy,' because the more they are controverted the more undeniable they will appear to anybody who has the perception to see them, being 'blest with a tolerable understanding and a permanent income. The 'fact, that a precarious income is less valuable than a perpetuity of the same nominal amount,' must be acknowledged to be 'undoubted.' Indeed, one might almost go so far

as to say that there can be no reasonable doubt about it. But that only proves that the earner of a precarious income cannot afford to pay as much Income-Tax as the receiver of a perpetual one. The question is, not what he can afford, but how much he can be made to pay; because the less he pays, the more must be exacted from others who are better off than himself, but not more willing to contribute to the revenue.

"The supposition, entertained by half-educated and half-witted persons, subsisting by the exercise of their small abilities, that precarious incomes ought to be less heavily taxed than those which are permanent, rests on the ridiculous postulate, too generally conceded, that people ought to be taxed in proportion to their means. This fallacy is unhappily somewhat countenanced by the existing exemption from Income-Tax of incomes under £100. Yet, as the owner of freehold or funded property bringing in £99 19s. 11½d. pays nothing whatever, whereas the earner of £100 pays 6d. in the pound; even here in some measure is recognised the righteous principle of disproportionate assessment.

"The system of levying Income-Tax on capitalised incomes, as advocated by DR. FARR and MR. CHADWICK, would substitute a property-tax for an Income-Tax. Of course all persons would then be taxed according to their means; which would be a dreadfully 'mischievous error.' Insufficient means constitute a good reason why a poor man should not live at the same rate as a rich one, but they are no reason whatever why he should not be just as highly taxed. This consideration opens up a view to one method of equalising the Income-Tax which would be reasonable enough; that of levying on all incomes the same absolute amount; or an amount so nearly the same as a sum that shall not exceed the income itself. If, indeed, the rule of proportion to means is to be observed at all, let the proportion be inverse, and precarious incomes be the most heavily taxed. For 'a precarious income pays only a precarious tax, and a life income only a life tax, while hereditary and perpetual incomes yield an ever recurring percentage to the State.' Accordingly, impose the higher tax on precarious and terminable incomes, that you may make the most of the precarious Income-Tax payer before he dies or is ruined. When his means of subsistence fail him, and the Income-Tax having deprived him of all that he could have saved, he is being sold up, with the work-house or starvation staring him and his family in the face, you may console him by telling him that his Income-Tax has ceased with his income, and mock his misery; which will be good fun.

"Perhaps the Income-Tax is not so bitterly execrated as it is said to be. Evasion under Schedule D. is confessedly uncommon. It may be practised here and there by an unscrupulous fellow who says to himself, 'Really this tax is too absurd an imposition. Of course I ought not to cheat the Government, but then neither ought I to cheat myself; and

if, on the one hand, I owe my country my just contribution to its expenses, on the other it is my patriotic duty to offer all the resistance I can to a public swindle.' Few doubtless are they who act on this erroneous reasoning. There is perhaps one class of precarious incomes which in some instances may not be quite correctly returned under Schedule D. These are the incomes of thieves and pickpockets; who, however, when they repent and abandon their dishonest courses, no doubt remit all their unpaid Income-Tax to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER under the name of conscience-money.

"MR. D. CHADWICK believes that 'the estimated uniform rate of one halfpenny in the pound on the capitalised value of all incomes would produce £20,000,000 per annum.'" Against the scheme of capitalising the value of all incomes in order to subject it to the extortionate uniformity of a tax of one halfpenny in the pound I protest, 'on behalf of fiscal equality and justice,' which are very different things from justice and equality as understood by the greasy vulgar.

"I am, *Mr. Punch*, your obedient Servant,
"CRASSUS."

THREE BOWS TO A STRING.

THE subjoined advertisement, copied from the *Glasgow Herald*, is rather more amusing than intelligible:—

MATRIMONY.—Three Young Gentlemen, wishing to commence business in Glasgow, are desirous to meet with a Young Lady, possessed of good looks, an amiable temper, and a few hundred pounds, with a view to Matrimony. The Lady will have her choice of the three Gentlemen. Address "Trio,"—

On behalf of numerous lovely beings who have applied to us with a request to procure them suitable employment, we should like to know whether the three young gentlemen who wish to commence business, and who advertise for a wife amongst them, intend trading as partners, or whether the partnership contemplated is to be simply matrimonial, between the young lady and the young gentleman she may select out of the "Trio." Do they, for commercial or domestic reasons, desire to have a wife in the firm, or is their advertisement a speculation in which they have joined by clubbing together the means of paying for its insertion, in order to give one of them the chance of getting a wife with a little money? Whichever theory may be adopted, it will too probably be the opinion of any young lady possessing a few hundred pounds, who may read the above announcement, that she had much better keep her portion in her pocket than invest it in any engagement with "Trio," or with one of the Triad, inasmuch as in such a transaction the odds against her would be three to one. Two to one, however, is the sign or symbol of "Trio," and this consideration may suggest the surmise that the business which "Trio" propose to commence may be that of the minor species of money-merchant who is popularly represented as standing towards his customers in the endearing relation of Uncle.

We cannot quit this subject without remarking that fancy depicts the Three Young Gentlemen of Glasgow competing for the choice to be exercised by the Young Lady on the *detur pulchriori* principle, by dancing before her simultaneously to a fast tune on the bagpipe.

FEAST OF ST. SEPULCHRE.

AN appetite is the usual reward of bodily exertion, but is not generally supposed to result from religious exercises. Devotion, however, though it may not excite Protestant hunger, would, by the subjoined announcement, cut out of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, appear to have the effect of making Catholics "peckish":

THE CATHOLIC CEMETERY CHURCH, FORD, will be Opened on Sunday next, the 8th instant, at Half-past Eleven o'clock. High Mass (weather permitting) will be sung in the open air, with full orchestra. Sermon by his Lordship, the Bishop. Collections will be made. Admission to the Ground, 6d.; Reserved Seats, 1s.; Carriages (each), 1s. Refreshments will be provided on the ground. A train leaves the Exchange Station at 9 o'clock, and Sandhills at 9.5.

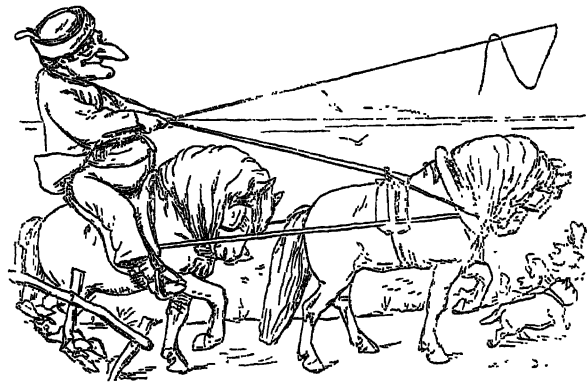
The intimation that "refreshments will be provided on the ground" appears to have referred to an important part of the arrangements for the intended ceremony. It is emphatically repeated in the other advertisement following, extracted from the same paper:—

CONSECRATION OF THE CEMETERY CHURCH AT FORD, by the RIGHT REV. DR. GOSS, Bishop of Liverpool, on Sunday next, the 8th instant. Dinners and refreshments will be provided on the ground by MR. BARRETT, of the London Hotel, Clayton Square. First-class Dinner, 2s. 6d.; Second-class, 1s. 6d. Trains will start from Exchange Station, Liverpool, for Seaford, at 9 a.m. and 1.20 p.m.

Really, the consecration of a cemetery Church seems to be quite a jolly affair in the estimation of some of our Catholic friends. Is it heretical to suggest that there seems something grim in these sepulchral festivities? Odd notions about fasting we all ascribe to Catholics, but few will be prepared to find that their ideas of a feast are so peculiar. A pic-nic in a cemetery does seem a strange repast. The burial-ground had not as yet been used; otherwise tombstones might have served for tables. What was the musical accompaniment to these stomachic solemnities?

De profundis, followed by *The Roast Beef of Old England*? The latter chant would have been as appropriate as the former, unless "funeral baked meats" were the only form of animal food consumed, on that occasion, by the faithful.

HARVEST AT WHOAM AND ABROAD.



We've had a good harvest, my neighbours,
Considerun a med ha' bin wus;
Zo now let us rest from our labours,
And matters in general discuss.
Our imurds wi' drink full and mate full,
We sets here our long pipes behind,
Whosomedever wun't own his self grateful,
He ought to be 'prison'd and fined.

We've had a long spell o' fine weather,
In state and in sason as well;
At pace and in quiet together,
Like cattle and ship we do dwell.
Whereas, for the zake o' comparun,
When round us we takes a survey,
We looks upon Christians a tearun
Ache other like beastes o' prey.

Sad work them there Yankees be makun;
The hogsheads o' blood they must shed!
And fellers our own language spakun,
Wherein they med better ha' read!
And 'taint only maimun and killun,
I may say, their kinsfolk and friends;
But they flings away every shillun
In powder and shot as they spends.

There's Austria too in disquiet;
The Emperire like to be wrecked:
They've took away Hungary's Diet,
And what can sitch tyrants expect?
Then Venus, as hates 'em like pison,
Till they be stuck fast in a mess,
Bides only her time for arisun
Straightways GARIBAWLDY cries "Sess!"

In Naples the thieves and banditty,
In which is young BOMBALOO's hope,
Robs, murders, and burns without pity,
Turned loose on the land by the POPE.
And the POPE in his slippers is shakun,
For fear lest the French should goo whoam,
And lave un to save his old bacon,
By takun French leaf too from Rhoam.

The whirlwind abroad they be reapun,
Cause why 'twas the wind as they sow'd;
When the tempests be sprung up and sweepun,
In course them they sweeps must be blow'd.
So, not for to prache a long sarmon,
Let's mind what we puts into ground.
Success then, I'll now say, to farmun,
Wi' that, mates, here's to 'ee all round.

ONLY A LETTER.—GENERAL FOREY is to command the first division of the Army of Paris. Considering the probable occupations that await the French army on the Rhine and in Belgium,—to say nothing of Italy and places nearer home,—the General should change one letter of his name by Imperial licence, and be henceforth GENERAL Foray.



HOW TO MAKE A WATERING-PLACE PLEASANT TO VISITORS, PARTICULARLY INVALIDS.

Time, 6·30 A.M. (*A Hint to the Powers that be at Sandbath.*)

FUN AT EAST BRENT.

ANNUALLY, for the last four years about this time, at East Brent, Somersetshire, a harvest home, got up by the vicar, the famous ARCHDEACON DENISON, has been celebrated with much festivity. This year the East Brent Harvest Home is reported to have been particularly festive. A Bishop made a joke! THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS (BARON AUCKLAND), after dinner, in answering to the toast of the Bishop and Clergy, took occasion to say:—

“This year we were not obliged to buy as last year, and if we did so buy a great deal of money would go to Bull Run. (*Laughter*) We knew enough of Bull Run without being desirous of allowing money to run there for corn. (*Renewed laughter*).”

Bravo! Lord Bishop:—

Your attempt at a pun
That you made upon “run,”
Was uncommon good fun,
Therefore *Punch* owes you one.

Two words of different meanings and the same sound in the same sentence—according to that definition of a pun, the Bishop’s was perfect. Certainly it quite achieved the end of all punning; which is and ever was to create amusement and to set the table in a roar. May we never make a worse. It is the fashion to affect contempt for puns. The poor conundrums of the time want countenance; so again, Bravo Bishop! It was a former BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS who sang:—

“I need no roast but a nut-brown toast
To keep me from the cold;
I am so wrapped, and thoroughly lapped
In jolly good ale and old.”

And when he was in that state no doubt he made puns.

The Ven. Chairman himself also came out if not exactly as a regular joker, yet in a considerably jocose style. Having proposed the health of the Volunteers—

“He added that he had never much fear of invasion, but if hostile Frenchmen set foot on our shore, he should be inclined to forget his character as a minister of the Church of England, and do his best to shoot them.”

By all means let the Venerable and jolly ARCHDEACON DENISON forget his clerical character, if necessary, in order to shoot foreign invaders. We only hope that he will never forget his character as a minister of the Church of England in affecting that of a Roman Catholic priest. May his fighting, as a volunteer of the Church militant ever remain limited to the field of theological polemics. If, however, he should ever be called upon to wield the rifle instead of the pen, and, instead of combating clerical opponents, to do battle with invading foreigners, we trust that he will prove himself a hero of the Church triumphant; and that his comrade in glory will be the reverend artilleryman whose name appears in the paragraph hereunder quoted:—

“The Rev. T. HUGO, chaplain of the oldest volunteer regiment, the Hon. Artillery Company, also responded. In case of an invasion, he expressed his intention of carrying his black cassock side by side with the red coat, and sharing the victory or defeat.”

The victory of course, brave HUGO, and reverend as brave. We shall have the pleasure of hailing you victor, and then of course your name will go down to posterity as the British Victor HUGO. We can’t help saying so. Quits to the BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS!

Among the company present we did not notice the name of the REV. MR. DITCHER. Everybody recollects the case of DITCHER v. DENISON. If the plaintiff and defendant in that renowned ecclesiastical suit have not already shaken hands, perhaps they will fraternise before this time twelvemonth, and then, at the next East Brent Harvest Home,—

DENISON to DITCHER
Will quaff a friendly pitcher,
And DITCHER unto DENISON
Likewise drink health and benison.

Burying all unkindness in the bowl, and so sinking their differences (as the BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS would say) over the beer.

A NEW SOVEREIGN FOR THE UNITED STATES.—*Martial Law, vice King Mob, put under restraint.*



OLD PARTY. "Really, Sir,—I am the Manager of the Line, Sir,—I must inform you that if you persist in Smoking, you will be fined Forty Shillings, S.r."

FAST ETONIAN. "Well, old Boy, I must have my Smoke, so you may as well take your Forty Shillings now."

A LIGHT-FINGERED BRIGADE WANTED.

THE brotherly war on which the Americans have entered, will not be wholly unproductive of beneficent effects, at least if credit be attached to the following accounts:—

"It is said that not a single one of Wilson's Zouaves have now the clothes they came to Fort Pickens in, having stolen each other's all round, and that old HARVEY BROWN has but one suit of clothes left (the one he wears), and has to sleep under a body guard to save them; and further, that WILSON had to put his commission in the powder magazine to keep them from stealing it."—*Pensacola Observer*.

"BILLY WILSON'S Zouave regiment is said to be composed of all the New York thieves."—*Liverpool Albion*.

If the latter of these two be a veritable statement, we really think the Yankees are less to be condoled with than they are to be congratulated for the quarrel that has sprung up between them and the South. If this regiment be "composed of all the New York thieves," it follows that New York is clear of their society, and the riddance of such rubbish must be so great a blessing, that it must prevent the war from being thought an utter curse. Let any one in London who has just lost his repeater, or had his purse stolen, containing something more than trash, think what a comfort it would be to all its robbable inhabitants if all the thieves of London were to form a Zouave regiment, and, leaving town and all their usual avocations, were to amuse themselves with filching one another's clothes. Let our pickpockets and pilferers, of every sort and kind, steal out of our streets with all possible dispatch, and we will willingly subscribe to furnish them with clothes, so that they need not steal each other's when they want to come out smart.

PROFESSOR OWEN ON RELICS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"IN a literary notice of a new book, entitled *Alpine Byways*, allusion is made to a circumstance which should be related to the Ultramontanians—a heretic would perhaps say to the Ultramarines. We are informed that—

"At the inn on the Riffel the author met PROFESSOR OWEN, who gave an amusing account of his visit to Cologne, and his examination of the vast collection of the (so-called) bones of the 11,000 Virgins, there religiously preserved in the Church of St. Ursula. The Professor announced the collection to consist of the remains of various descriptions of creatures, amongst which horses and asses, cats and dogs, had numerous representatives."

"Everybody, of course, knows that the relics which have been for ages preserved at Cologne by the piety of an enlightened clergy, as the bones of 11,000 Virgins, are really the osseous remains of that number of British maidens, all bound from Cornwall to be married in Armorica, carried by tempests up the Rhine to the city of Cologne, and there martyred by an army of Huns under Attila." How is it that bones, which Catholic tradition has attributed to the human subject, are found by PROFESSOR OWEN to have been derived from the lower animals?

"A little while ago, a very profound theologian, animadverting, under the signature of COGITANS, in the *Tablet*, on *Essays and Reviews*, suggested, in order to account for certain geological facts which, according to infallible dogma, ought not to be, that, during the formation of the world, the fossil remains of the ichthyosaurus, megatherium, and such like extinct animals, may possibly have been transported hither from some other planet, and interpolated among the strata constituting our earth's crust, by the devil. According to this conjecture, when the crust of the earth was fashioned, the Author of Evil had a finger in the pie. He put these fraudulent fossils into it, and the geologists who, on those fallacious evidences, assign to the globe a higher antiquity than what the Church allows, may be supposed to have been deceived and misled into that heresy by a scientific imposture, the work of diabolical agency.

"If we adopt the foregoing theory, which obviously commends itself to common sense, we can have little difficulty in concluding that the horses', asses', cats', and dogs' bones discovered on examination by PROFESSOR OWEN, to constitute the collection of relics exhibited to him as those of the Cologne Virgins, were just so many surreptitious osteological specimens, with which the devil baited his trap to catch a philosopher.

"The only conceivable objection to this hypothesis lies in the question, what could have become of the genuine Virgins' bones? The devil, of

course, durst not touch those holy relics with his own paws; it is, therefore, to be concluded that he instigated somebody to put them out of the way.

"ST. URSULA'S Church contains her tomb. If that were opened, I should not be at all surprised if it proved to enclose the skeleton of a small she-bear. In the same sacred edifice the heads of the Three Magi are also exhibited. They, too, might have been replaced with the crania of quadrupeds. Had PROFESSOR OWEN examined them, and discovered that they were, in reality, the skulls of so many jackasses, that revelation would have not at all astonished, but, on the contrary, would have highly edified, and confirmed the faith of your enthusiastic reader,

"BOA CONSTRICTOR."

"P.S. When the relics of a Saint are 'translated,' do not suppose that his head, necessarily undergoes the metamorphosis which was operated on that of *Bully Bottom*."

AN IRISH BULL FROM FRANCE.

ONE of the annoyances of being in high station is, that public notice is certain to be taken of your bodily infirmities, and signs of failing youth. Thus, speaking of the EMPEROR, says a letter from Châlons:—

"He looks older and stouter than he did in Italy, and seems to have some difficulty in walking. All this does not appear when he is on horseback, but is very visible on foot."

Indeed, that is extraordinary! We have rarely read a statement more painstaking in minuteness, and where greater care was taken to prevent a misconception of the nicely-worded truth. By saying that the EMPEROR'S "difficulty in walking" is not at all observable "when he is on horseback" the writer leaves small doubt that Ireland is his birthplace, and that he is skilful in breeding Irish bulls. But when he adds, that the Imperial impediment in walking is readily perceptible when he is on foot, we must admire the bold redundancy of speech which leaves no chance of misconceiving the intention of the text.

By the way, the EMPEROR is rather fond of bull-fights, and has recently, at Biarritz, enjoyed the treat of seeing some. As a far less savage pastime, we advise him to get up a course of Irish bull-fights, and to invite men in his presence to contend in bloodless strife—not in killing, but concocting the cleverest Irish bull. If our friendly hint be taken, and, as the EMPEROR loves *Punch*, we have little doubt it will, we certainly would back the correspondent we have quoted to compete against all comers in breeding Irish bulls.

HOW TO SINK ONE'S NAME.

SHOULD GARIBALDI ever accept the command of the Federal troops, we propose that, out of respect to his former achievements, he should modestly sink his own name—or, rather, change it, to prevent its sinking; but, at the same time, we suggest that he should adopt one that would still show that he was of Italian extraction. For this purpose, we do not think he could do better than assume the illustrious cognomen, that is immortalised in the national anthem of *Yankee Doodle*, of MACCARONI. Thus, not only would he carefully avoid being confounded with the Americans, but he would also flatter the dearest prejudices of the brave troops he was commanding. We cannot help thinking that "LIEUTENANT-GENERAL MACCARONI, Commander-in-Chief of all the Federal Forces," would sound extremely grand.

Union is not Always Strength.

WE read that STAUFFACHER is said to have cheered up WILLIAM TELL with the following words:—"Stauben merket auch die Schwachen mächtig"—which means, as every one who knows German is well aware, that "By union the weak even become strong." We would whisper these sensible words of STAUFFACHER into the ears of the Americans, if at the present moment they were not a little deaf to reason; for in America is not the reverse now prevailing? There we see in process of being proved, "By Union the strong even become weak."



A London Preventive Service Man taking his Three Months' Turn for the Season.

EFFERVESCENCE IN THE STREETS.

WE don't know if it be because we've had our holiday, and therefore view with jealousy all those whom we see jolly, but to our mind the street boys appear unusually boisterous, and more than commonly exuberant in their overflow of spirits. Perhaps it is they think that as there's "nobody in town," they are entitled to use London exactly as they like, and to look upon themselves as in fact its only occupants. However this may be, they turn the pavements into playgrounds without fear of the police, and peg their tops upon our corns and run their races round our legs, without the least show of timidity at the sight of our clenched fist, or our clutched umbrella. Then they dance their demon dances in the middle of the street, for now the hansoms are laid up there's not much dread of being driven over; and they carry on their converse in a louder tone than ever, and keep bellowing to each other alternate question and reply until they get at least the length of Regent Street apart. Another favourite trick they have of stopping some old gentleman, and meekly asking him the time; and when after great exertion he has tugged his valuable watch out of his fob and pantingly informed them the exact hour of the day, instead of reverently thanking him, they run off to their comrade, crying, "Look 'ee 'ere, JIM, 'ere's the Ossguards Clock a-walking!"

But it is at nightfall that the boys get most rampageous. Then they hide behind street corners and rush out on nervous people, shrieking "hi!" so shrilly that it makes one's blood run cold. Or they congregate in clusters on some kerbstone or clean doorstep, and give *al fresco* concerts of the newest nigger music, with the loudest hullabaloo that they can howl by way of chorus. And finally just when you've tumbled into bed, and fancy that there's nothing but the cats which can disturb you, some horrible small fiend (who perhaps has supped off greasy pudding, and is suffering therefrom) stands under the lamp-post just opposite your window, and takes out his *Newgate Warbler* or his *Old Bob Ridley Songster*, and sings most melancholy solos in the most minor of keys.

Whether any of the street boys save up any of the coppers they get flung them in the season, and when it ends invest them largely in buying ginger-beer of so powerful a brewing that it gets into their heads, is a point for social science to discover if it likes, but which we must own ourselves unable to clear up. But it is certain that in autumn there is much more effervescence about them than is usual; and so marvellously active are they in their movements that it very rarely happens that the fizz is taken out of them by the cuff of the policeman or the beadle's dreaded boot.

THE GREAT DISEASE OF THE CHURCH.—Pluracy.

ABSENCE OF BODY INVOLVES ABSENCE OF FEES.

COMMISSIONER GOULBURN alluded, at the Bankruptcy Court last Wednesday, to the common practice of solicitors sending their clerks to that Court. He said:—

"The act did not allow him to hear solicitors' clerks, nor would he do so. He must put a stop to the custom referred to. For the future, the fee of every solicitor attending only by his clerk would be disallowed on taxation."

The Commissioner is very hard upon solicitors who are absent, and very justly so. The punishment is, that no fee is to be allowed on such peccant occasions. We do not find fault with the punishment; on the contrary, we think it sins only on the side of mildness. However, we should like to see a similar punishment meted out to all defaulters of a similar stamp. Do not barristers frequently accept large fees, and yet never present themselves in Court? Do they ever return their fees? We never heard of any such wonderful fee-nomenon; nor is it very easy to make a barrister do so, inasmuch as a barrister, like a physician, never sends in a bill, but is paid, as a crossing-sweeper is for his dirty work, then and there upon the spot. Consequently, there being no bill, there might be some slight difficulty in taxing it. However, we would summon him publicly before the Court, and apply some kind of legal stomach-pump until such time as he disgorged what he had dishonestly swallowed. We should like to know, if a process, something like the one we have proposed, is fee-sible? The same sharp sauce, we think, should be ladled out alike to the legal goose as the Chancery gander; that is to say, if you can call solicitors and barristers "geese," when they studiously make it their practice of preying upon them. Pretty goslings! We should not like to be the client to fall in their way when any one of them returns from the Long Vacation! What appetites they will have, to be sure, after fasting so long!

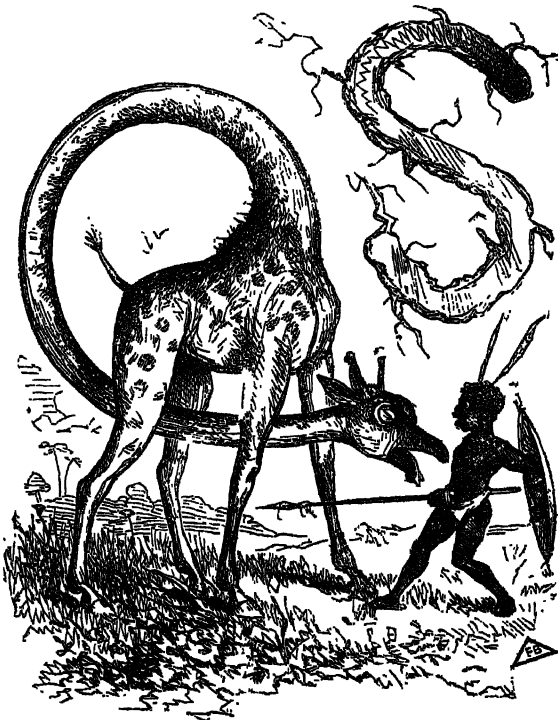
Cruel Imposition.

THE Prussians carry on their government in Posen (so says the *Times* correspondent) by means of despotism, corruption, fraud, and "obsourantism." So bad is the Government, that the country should be called, if merely to characterise the Prussians' base conduct, not Posen, but Imposen.

A SEASONABLE REMARK.

HIS L-D-SH-P THE E-RL OF D-BY meeting the RIGHT HON BENJ-IN D-SR-ELL, M.P. for Bucks, remarked, "Dizzy, my boy, the days are getting in." "So are not we, my Lord," replied the EX-CHANC-L-E OF THE EXCH-Q-R.

NOT THE DIFFERENCE OF A HAIR BETWEEN THEM.



OME short time ago, at the British Association, PROFESSOR OWEN, in the course of a lecture delivered on the interesting strangers introduced into this country by MONS. DU CHATELLEU, said :—

“The young have very white faces, but they acquire a leaden black hue by age. Another effect of age is grey hairs, and it may be common to both varieties of chimpanzee.”

It must be a comfort to man to know, that, if he is subject to grey hairs, that the chimpanzee at all events shares the same infirmity with him. The genus *homo* is not singular on that head. We suppose this similarity of tendency may be cited as only another proof how closely the two races are allied. In fact we can vouch for the fact ourselves of having seen young monkeys who had grey hair at a very early age, and the effect

is not agreeable, when the hair (and young monkeys have a trick that way) is parted down the middle. An old monkey with grey hair is, however, a very unpleasant-looking object. You will know him also by his empty chatter, which is not only very unpleasant to listen to, but extremely difficult to understand. It is quite a language

of its own. Avoid him by all means, unless you wish to be taken for one of the same tribe.

However, man has one decided superiority over the monkey: and that is his white face does not “acquire a leaden black hue by age.” It is so far lucky that he is free from that particular *noirceur*, to which his simious brother is unhappily subject; or else, supposing he were in America, he might be sold for a nigger. And yet we know many men who share the same weakness, for certainly the older they grow the blacker they become. The blackness is only internal, instead of appearing on the surface. By the bye, when one’s face got to the colour of black-lead, it would be extremely handy to call in the housemaid, when she was cleaning the grate, to come in and give your features a rub with the brush!

It is fortunate that the chimpanzees have no looking-glasses in the woods. We fancy the effect of an old buck of a chimpanzee examining himself in the glass, and discovering his first grey hair, would be extremely comical. Lucky beasts, they have a failing, and know it not! This constant ignorance must be almost equal to a sense of perpetual beauty; and besides, only think of the endless *cosmétiques*, hair-washes, balms, tinctures, and *depilatoires* (all at 3s. 6d. per bottle), it must save the unconscious and blissful Troglodyte. *Heureuse tête*, if we were not a man we should like to be a chimpanzee!

A Character Worthy of the City.

WE see that the motto of Mr. SHERIFF TWENTYMAN is “Twenty finished.” But “twenty” what? Can they be bottles? We have heard of two and three bottle men, but a man who can finish twenty bottles, certainly surpasses everything that our ancestors ever did in the bibulous line. If this be true, not only is capacious Mr. TWENTYMAN properly qualified to be Sheriff, but we will venture to predict that he has got all the material in him some day to be Lord Mayor. Of course, when he wishes to be elected an Alderman, of all Wards he will naturally give his countenance to Port-soken.

THE FLEETING FASHION.

“MR. PUNCH,

“A CRITICAL notice of Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS’S new comedy in one of your contemporaries, contains what I may call a remarkable remark, viz. :—

“In the appointment of this comedy there is, as regards costume, an oversight which is not wholly undeserving of notice. Though six months are supposed to elapse between the first and the second acts, most of the characters come out in the latter wearing the same dresses as in the former.”

“The office of the Drama is ‘to hold the mirror up to nature,’ and the author of the above criticism takes it for granted that the mirror held up to existing society would of course not reflect people at the end of six months in the same dresses as those which they had on in the beginning.

“This assumption, the general correctness of which is too undeniable, forms a striking commentary on the extravagance of the period.

“To anybody who is accustomed to the labour of endeavouring to make both ends meet, otherwise than in buttoning a waistcoat over an ever expanding circumference, no intrinsic absurdity would be apparent in the representation of a person in other than opulent circumstances appearing for the second time in the self-same costume as that in which he had first appeared for six years previously. I do not remember when I bought the coat in which I am now writing; but I know it was much longer ago than that.

“Fashion, however, requires articles of dress to be discarded long, very long, before they are half worn out. Many men even want a change of clothing oftener than once in six months, and the funkeys in some establishments expect their plush to be replaced as frequently as the trees require a renewal of their inexpensive liveries. The demand for unnecessary novelty in female attire is the source of the most anxious apprehension to every Paterfamilias not in unlimited circumstances, who must be continually considering what self-denial he can anyhow practise, what enjoyments possibly forego, in order to find the money which his wife and daughters oblige him to lay out in innumerable square yards of muslin, silks, and satins.

“A hat will last a careful proprietor a great while without looking very shabby, especially if now and then new lined. Bonnets, no doubt, might be made to wear, if not so long as hats, at least three or four years; but, as if materials were not fugacious enough, fashions change

before fabrics decay. No wonder that young men hesitate to marry, and thereby commit themselves to a life spent in devoting their energies, abilities, and industry to providing the wherewithal to support the consumption of drapery. The effect of female dress is thus doubtless in a great measure the opposite of that for which it was designed. It would certainly have a repellent effect on one young man, if youth were a period of life which had yet to be completed by your careful reader, who will own he is perhaps not without some justice, but with a too exclusive regard to his exterior, which is not fashionable, sometimes disrespectfully denominated,

“AN OLD GUY.”

A FINE FALL IN OCTOBER.

THERE’S a good time nearly come, boys. Read the brave news which appeared the other day in the *Times* :—

“PRICE OF BEER.—The leading brewers of Burton have issued Circulars to their customers, informing them that on and after the 1st of October the price of ale will be reduced 6s. per barrel, ‘the prospects of the harvest happily enabling them ‘to make the reduction.’”

This time of the year is popularly, but poetically, denominated the Fall. The leaves now begin to fall, heavy dews fall in the mornings, there is more or less rainfall about the time of the equinoctial gales, and, what is rather unusual at this season, though always seasonable, a fall has lately occurred in the rate of discount at the Bank. Partridges now fall in considerable numbers, and showers of shooting-stars are expected to fall about November; but the fall of beer announced for the 1st of October, being a fall of drink, will be looked forward to with more general interest than the fall of any meteor.

TO BE PARTED WITH, for the veriest trifle, a LONG ESTABLISHED COLD, of a sonorous, deep-toned quality. The advertiser can highly recommend it, as it has been in his possession now for the last three years, and has never left him, either day or night, for a single minute. The only motive for parting with it, is because the owner has recently joined a Choral Society, and he finds that his fellow-students strongly object to his practising with them. Six dozen boxes of cough lozenges will be thrown in, as a *donation*, with the above. Immediate possession can be had, and a month’s trial allowed for approval. Letters to be addressed to “A. BARKER, Esq., care of the Secretary of the Tonic Sol-Fa-Lal-la-do-Riddle-ol Association.”



A GROUND SWELL.

Party (who doesn't suffer). "BRACING! AIN'T IT, JACK? I ALWAYS THINK THAT THE BEAUTY OF SAILING IS, YOU GET AIR AND MOTION WITHOUT FATIGUE. DON'T YOU THINK SO. EH?"

[Circumstances over which he has no control prevent Jack from speaking his mind.]

TO POT AND KETTLE.

YANKEE DOODLES,
Oh, you noodles!
Why prolong this idle strife,
Costing treasure
Without measure,
Waste of money and of life?

You will never
More for ever,
North and South, together, pull;
Each from other
Rent, as BROTHER
JONATHAN from old JOHN BULL.

When war's ended,
For expended
Wealth, you'll nothing have to show
But Taxation;
Sad temptation
To repudiate what you owe.

All your cotton
Will get rotten,
As your brave who fall in vain;
You'll have wrack'd your
Manufacture,
No advantage to obtain.

Doubt there none is
But mere money's
That for which you've gone to war;
And in using
Up, you're losing
Just what you are fighting for.

Never murder
Was absurder
Than this bloodshed, which denotes
Stupid bad men,
Fools and madmen,
Cutting one another's throats.

The German Fleet.

WE understand that the Germans are taking the most active and energetic measures to increase their fleet. It is reported on the very best authority (not less than that of MESSRS. SEARLE, the great boat-builders, of Lambeth) that a four-oared cutter will be launched in a very few days. We have not as yet heard whether it is the intention of the Court of St. James and the Tuileries to demand of the Prussian Government any explanation of this extraordinary measure.

Return to Town.

Colleen Bawn has returned to Town for the season, after having visited various watering-places, where it has been taking several "tremendous headers." The *Colleen* may be seen every night at the Adelphi Theatre, greatly improved in health and strength. The bathing has evidently done it a deal of good. All letters and applications for an interview to be addressed to the Box-Keeper.

AN AGRICULTURAL PURSUIT.—Racing after a Pig with a greasy tail.

NAME FOR A NEW STRONG AMERICAN DRINK.—The Union-Smasher.



A FAMILY QUARREL.

THE SPINSTER'S READY RECKONER.

Showing at an Ante-nuptial Glance how to Live with Connubial Frugality on £1389 for one year only.

To start with—first a pair of Ponies	}	£
At eighty guineas, cheap you'll own is;		84
As elegant a lilac Phaeton	}	...
As ever charming Countess sate on, Page, footmen, high-bred horses, carriage (Or how ridiculous is marriage?)		525
Five hundred guineas, in round numbers	}	...
Would surely break no consort's slumbers;		300
An opera-box—first tier—three hundred, A perfect bagatelle which none dread;	}	...
Dresses for balls and drawing-rooms, Three hundred—(this includes perfumes);		300
Bonnets and gloves could not reach fifty, Of course assuming one is thrifty;	}	...
To spend a month at Matlock Bath, A hundred pounds need wake no wrath;		100
A month at Emms or Baden-Baden, Won't bend, as Cockneys say, a "farden;"	(Expenses nominal.)	
Another month or so at Paris— Expenses left to Mrs. HARRIS, Who keeps my keys—so stout and ruddy— Economy I'd make her study.	(Left to Mrs. HARRIS.)	
Pompeian Villa—country seat, Town mansion and marine retreat, Such necessaries need not grieve them; So to Mamma and CHARLES I leave them.	(Left to CHARLES and Mamma.)	
Subscriptions—pew rents—fancy fairs, Pic-nics—buns to please the Bears, Gifts to poor dames in rustic hovels, Fees for editing my novels, Patronage for dawning merit, Crochet-needles—pins and garret, Portrait by CARMINE, R. A., Presents on Papa's birthday; All these my private purse would pay.	(Paid by Private Purse.)	
For CHARLES—his pleasures dress and snuff, Twenty I guess would be enough,	(For CHARLES)	20
Some knick-knacks p'rhaps I have omitted, If so, the balance—ten—will hit it.	(The Balance)	10
Q. E. D. Errors excepted		£1389

THE STATE OF THE HOLY SEE.

THE Holy See is getting in a sadly troubled state, and the Holy Father PIUS must be getting Holy See sick. Tossed about as he has been, and with everything around him so tempestuous and threatening, one wonders the old gentleman does not seek some quiet haven, where he could pass his few remaining days in comfort and in peace. It is clear he can have neither while he keeps where he now is; and, indeed, things look so stormy that there is a great likelihood of his fortunes being wrecked.

The only course of safety would be for him to fling his old tiara overboard, and thus relieve and lighten his nearly sinking ship. If the Pope would throw away his temporal possessions, a hundred hands would instantly be stretched forth to his help, and he would quickly be enabled to steer into smooth water, and rest in safety from the storms which now disturb the Holy See.

Heart and Head.

AMONG tavern-waiters a ready-reckoner is termed a "good chalk head." Certain financiers assert that the justice of an Income-Tax, incident as heavily on precarious as on perpetual incomes, is demonstrable by simple arithmetic. This demonstration seems to require a good chalk head. The same ciphering sages sneer at the plea for consideration urged in behalf of the earners of precarious incomes as "sentimental." In these gentlemen the chalk head appears to be associated with a heart of stone.

ADVICE TO MATCH-MAKING MAMMAS.—The first and only thing requisite is simply, as MRS. GLASS very wisely says, "First catch your Heir."

AN IGNORAMUS ON THE INCOME-TAX.

"MR. PUNCH,
"THAT shallow and inexperienced financier, MR. WILSON, was one of those impostors or idiots who advocate the imposition of discriminating rates upon different classes of incomes. The *Economist* has lately republished a memorandum written by him, and containing a series of futile arguments on behalf of that injustice. Your readers perhaps would like to know how prodigiously absurd and despicably weak those rotten arguments are.

"MR. WILSON begins by observing that, 'the origin of the Income-Tax was to provide a substitute for Customs and Excise duties repealed and reduced.' Premising a quantity of argumentative fudge, too long to quote, he goes on to say:—

"If all men expended the whole of their incomes, then it is true that a uniform rate of Income-Tax would be equivalent to customs duties. But the actual difference of the fact it is, probably, which has suggested that the fairer method would be to charge the tax on expenditure in place of income, which no doubt in its incidence would be as nearly as possible the same as the tax collected from customs and excise duties. But the objection to taxing expenditure in the place of income is, that it would be impracticable. At present, out of £5,589,000, there is collected at the sources, without any return being required from the taxpayer, and without the slightest inquisition into his affairs, no less than £4,039,000, while only 1,550,000 is collected from incomes for which returns are required. If the same returns and inquisition were required for the whole that are for the £1,550,000, it could not be maintained for a day, or if it were it could only be under such tax regulations that half would be evaded."

"The following hackneyed truism is assigned by MR. WILSON as a plea for the proposed iniquity of charging different incomes at different rates:—

"A person with £1,000 a-year, in the shape of a perpetual annuity from rents of land or dividends in the funds, is in a condition to spend the whole of it without impairing his prospects for the future, while a person deriving £1,000 a-year from a trade or profession has to provide generally against one contingency in the former case, and two contingencies in the latter case."

"It has been argued, with profound wisdom, by the cleverest writers in existence, that, even if the Income-Tax is unequal now, all incomes will adjust themselves to it in time. Mark the utterly inconclusive reply of MR. WILSON:—

"The obvious answer is, that if they are adjusted now by a discriminating charge, we do at once that which time would accomplish years hence, and that fees and salaries would remain as they are, in proportion to other incomes."

"This is simply an inapposite quotation of the vulgar proverbial saying, 'No time like the present.'

"Subsequently, MR. WILSON ridiculously attempts to demonstrate that the self-adjustment of the Income-Tax, on physicians' fees, for example, could never take place. To make out this denial of an acknowledged certainty, he enters into irrelevant arithmetical calculations. MR. WILSON knew nothing of figures.

"I do not attempt, *Mr. Punch*, to refute any of the fallacies above quoted. They have, I think, most of them appeared in your columns before, published by you of course as jokes, laughable by reason of their self-evident absurdity. But they will be received by your readers, if not as new jokes, yet as much higher jokes than they previously seemed to be, now that they appear as the serious propositions of MR. WILSON, whose reputation as a financier is as great as it is unmerited.

"Let me, however, direct your attention, and that of your readers, to one perilous indiscretion which occurs among MR. WILSON's imbecilities. Your circulation lies altogether among the higher classes, to which we both belong, therefore I do not hesitate to notice that mistake in this place, whence, of course, it will go no farther—will not, for example, get into the penny papers. I allude to the most injudicious exposition of the fact that the inquisition of the Income-Tax is an annoyance which affects a portion only of those who pay it—the contemptible wretches whose incomes are derived from trades and professions. This information must necessarily aggravate their hatred of Schedule D. MR. WILSON has the imprudence to add the declaration of his belief, that if the same inquisition were extended to the higher classes of Income-Tax payers, such as our noble selves and our readers, who are all independent gentlemen and ladies, it could not be maintained for a day. Of course it could not; but to tell the people so, how sure a way to excite their brutal indignation against an impost at whose partial operation they are already howling quite loudly enough to disturb the serenity of the better orders represented by

"Your humble Servant, GRASSUS."

Amusements in Rome.

THE Romans have started a new game, called *Aunt Nelly*. It consists of a figure, considerably blackened, of a well-known Cardinal, whose name somewhat corresponds in sound to the above. The fun turns upon the players pitching into the figure as hard as they can. The Cardinal comes in for several hard blows, but no one has succeeded, as yet, in putting his pipe out. However, it affords infinite sport to the Romans, and is, altogether, a very fair substitute for the English game of *Aunt Sally*.



OLD GIRL. "I should like Thick Braids in front, and Curls and a Loop at the back!"

NEWDEGATE IN A NEW CHARACTER.

A THOUSAND thanks will be given to anybody who shall succeed in explaining the annexed passage from a discourse at the late meeting of the Sparkenhoe Farmers' Club, reported as having been delivered by MR. NEWDEGATE:—

"When so many complaints were made of long speeches in the House of Commons, had it never occurred to those who heard or read them that these complaints might be attributable to the fact that during these discussions new ideas were developed, and that this was thought by some a waste of capital which might be turned to more profitable account? (*Hear, hear.*)"

In what sense the development of ideas during discussions in the House of Commons can be regarded as a waste of capital, MR. NEWDEGATE can perhaps explain, but, it may be feared, is much more likely not to have the least idea of the meaning of his own statement to that effect. Breath is wasted in the long speeches to which the Hon. gentleman alluded; so is the patience of the House and the public, and so is valuable time. If new ideas were developed, they might be capital, or might be worthless; but, instead of new ideas, those long-winded orations for which MR. NEWDEGATE apologises contain, for the most part, nothing but old truisms, and, in greater proportion, old fallacies, old platitudes, and venerable jokes. The above quotation from MR. NEWDEGATE'S speech suggests a resemblance between him and *Juliet*, which we never expected to discover. Respecting that heroine, *Romeo* remarks:—

"She speaks, yet she says nothing,"

which is precisely what the above-quoted remarks of the Hon. Member for North Warwickshire appear to amount to.

The American Editor's Lament.

A CONSCIENTIOUS American Editor (there is about one left) thus pathetically says:—"The symbol of the Union, I have always been told, was Stars and Stripes; but as far as my painful experience goes, it's Tar and Feathers."

ONE WHO READS THE "TIMES" CAREFULLY AS THEY GO.—Would you call a Steward who passes his time perpetually on board a steampacket the inhabitant of any place? Why, yes, I should call him a "*Habitans in Sicco!*"

THAT'S THE WAY THE MONEY GOES.

WHO is it that pouches the fees of the House of Commons? He must have vastly pretty pickings, judging by this statement, which we copy from the *Times*:—

"HIGH FEES IN HIGH PLACES.—The House of Commons has published its 'Standing Orders,' corrected to the close of the Session. The table of fees would surprise persons unacquainted with Parliamentary business. The rate varies according to the sum intended to be laid out upon the undertaking to be sanctioned. If a town determine on a great public improvement, on which a million and a half of money is to be laid out, the first step is to deposit a petition for leave to bring in a Bill before the House; but the House cannot see the petition unless there is a £50 note in it. On the first reading of the Bill, on the second reading, on the report from the select committee on the Bill, and, even after approval by the select committee, on the third reading, too, down to the time when the House has to part with the Bill, it can see no merit in it unless on each of these steps £150 be paid before the Bill is put to the vote. These are parts of the price which 'the powers that be' charge for an Act of Parliament."

Everybody now, we are told, is out of town, or we should certainly ask somebody where all this money goes. Is there some official whose office is a sinecure, except the pleasant labour of pocketing these fees? or do they constitute a fund to pay the gas and water rates, and other incidental expenses of the House? If the latter be the case, which we would fain believe it is, we should think the House must have a tidy sum in hand, and might devote the yearly surplus, after clearing all expenses, to paying off a large proportion of the National Debt. Or the House might vote supplies out of its fee-fund to pay the nation's Income-Tax, or to pension *Mr. Punch*. Either of these steps, and especially the latter, would certainly be received with approbation by the public; for, besides the gratification of seeing Virtue so rewarded, the public would be greatly the gainers by a grant, conferring annually the surplus fees on *Mr. Punch*. If that gentleman were thus peculiarly interested in the number of "great public improvements" to be made, human nature would, of course, impel him to do all within his power to assist them, and to offer his suggestion where best they might

take place. The consequence would be, that petitions would pour in for all such necessary works as clearing away Holywell Street, throwing open all the bridges, widening Cheapside, and de-sewerising the Thames; and, as *Mr. Punch* would have a pecuniary interest in each stage of the Acts, of course he would not rest till he had seen them safely passed.

Something More than a Mere Flea-Bite.

WE read that the Leech monopoly at Tangiers was sold four years ago for not less than £14,000. We should say that the above was the largest amount ever received by a nation under the head of "Blood-money." The profits, too, most probably will be Cent. per Cent., or, as a Frenchman would say, *Sang pour Sang!*

SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE AMERICANS.

It seems to be a favourite pursuit of the Americans to get hold of a poor Editor, who has the courage to differ with them, and to tar and feather him. If asked what kind of a nation America was, we should feel inclined, after hearing of the above blackguard propensity, to exclaim "Tar-nation!"

Golden Sands in Time's Hour Glass.

A STRONG-MINDED Lady (a very light "blue") was asked what an "Educational Minute" was like? when she replied, "I have not the smallest notion, my dear, but I conjecture that every 'Hour of Progress' must be composed of nothing but Educational Minutes."

A POEM ON PORTLAND.

"I SAY, BILL, for a Breakwater wot's the occasion?"
"Why, you stoopid, to roll back the tide of invasion?"

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



Y DEAR PUNCH,—As an Englishman, I nurture the profoundest love for pluck, and I must say MR. FALCONER deserves credit for his courage. To write a four-act comedy in this farce-admiring age is a proof of the possession of no ordinary daring; and to play the piece with all its large amount of small talk, without fear of the audience finding their ears tired by it, shows considerable confidence in the merits of the plot.

“There is clearly an excess of ‘talkee talkee’ in the play; and though the language is well chosen, and occasionally witty, its profusion sadly mars one’s interest in the story, which is happily conceived and carefully worked out. Perhaps the author thought, as women are gifted with long tongues,

his *Woman* ought to form no exception to the rule; and he therefore made his characters so copiously loquacious that they might represent the failing of the sex. Indeed, at the *finale* every one appeared so loth to leave off talking, and so many pretty final speeches were delivered, that it seemed as though there was a woman’s struggle on the stage as to who should have the victory of saying the last word.

“But, notwithstanding its verbosity, *Woman* is decidedly a comedy worth seeing, if only for the reason that it really is a comedy, and not, as most are nowadays, merely a long farce. Except that its main hinge is taken from a law court, the story is original and the interest well kept up: indeed, I am bound to say that, despite the lengthy dialogue, the audience I sat among were ready all throughout with their laughter or their tears, and scarce any left their seats until the curtain had been dropped. A good proof this, I think, that there is good stuff in the piece, and that we may look for better work from MR. FALCONER than he yet has done.

Our crop of dramatists is not so abundantly prolific that we can well afford to lose a plant that seems of promise; and instead of blighting it with cold and cutting criticism, we rather should endeavour, by judicious treatment, to ensure its healthy growth.

“With regard to cast and acting, scratch companies of course must not be judged too strictly: still the parts are, on the whole, very fairly represented, and there are no mistakes to mar the smoothness of the text. MRS. YOUNG is always graceful, pleasant, and piquant, and possesses more than most that ladylike demeanour which, greatly to my grief and that of all friends to the Drama, seems becoming every season more rare upon our stage. She plays her part and talks her talk with unpertending ease; and as she has a pleasant voice (‘an excellent thing in woman’), one excuses the long speeches that she has to make. MR. WALTER LACY, as a cool man of the world, is fitly calm and self-possessed. Few actors are more gentlemanly in their speech and bearing; and his part, if rightly read, requires him to be both. The evening I attended MR. ADDISON was absent, and MR. FALCONER played, and fairly played, his part of an old bookworm, who is always throwing Latin at you, and in his fits of absent-mindedness is apt to think his thoughts unpleasantly aloud. (But allow me, MR. FALCONER, just to intimate a doubt if, even in his greatest gulfs of mental absence, so deeply-read a scholiast would ever so far have forgotten himself as to say ‘denique.’) I must also give a word of praise to MR. ROBINS, who plays an unctuous footman with much pleasant quiet humour, and aspirates his words with most extraordinary ease. MR. ROBINS has an eye which is capable of winking, and of which he makes good use; and with such optical capacity, it can hardly be amazing that he sees the charms of *Norah*, whom MISS LYDIA THOMPSON invests with much prettiness and pertness, though her Irish brogue is somewhat dubious in birth.

“While I write, the Adelphi actors are assembling, and before my words are public the dauntless *Miles-na-Coppaleen* will have had two more of his ‘tremendous headers,’ which, of all the plunges in this year’s bathing season, must certainly have proved the most profitable dips. How long longer the *Colleen* will be allowed to run, it is not for me to prophesy, but for playgoers to decide. It was about this time last year that it was first produced; and can you name the critic who was sage enough to prophesy how great would be the triumph of this successful piece?

“ONE WHO PAYS.”

ANECDOTES FROM PARIS.

By our Travelling Collector.

I.

THE fascinating Miss ****, being taken to the Hippodrome, inquired the meaning of the incessant cry, by the riders, “*Houp là!*” She was informed that it merely meant “Come up.” This young lady is one of the few who never forget anything, not even themselves. Next day, the *fille de chambre* at the hotel **** was at least as much surprised as delighted at hearing a sweet voice, from an upper landing, cry, “*Julie, Julie, s’il vous plaît, houp là!*”

II.

A LONDON artist passing the shop of M. HAUTCEUR, Rue de Rivoli, Publisher of Engravings, remarked that you would naturally go there for High Art.

III.

THE same unfortunate Cockney, having heard that horse-flesh is eaten at certain Parisian hotels, evinced the utmost horror when, looking over a *carte* at VEROUR’s, he came to the *hors d’œuvres*. He says that a saddle of mutton is the nearest approach he can bear to equestrian viands.

IV.

IN all the Roman Catholic churches are now put up trunks inscribed “*Le Denier de S. Pierre.*” But, as everybody passes them, BROWN says that we are all deniers of St. Peter. Observe the joke—“denier,” one who denies.

V.

“I SEE a paragraph, *mon ami*,” said the *spirituel* Vicônte de **** to an English friend, “I see a paragraph in one of your papers about worms in the eyes of geese.” “Yes,” said his English friend. “Well, *mon ami*, I do not know about that; but I think men who sit dangling a line in a muddy river all day, are geese in the eyes of worms.” “Ha, ha, not bad,” said his English friend.

VI.

L’Argent fait Peur is the title of a new Parisian piece. Seeing the name on a bill, JONES remarked, “Ah! don’t it? When I saw my first white hair I thought I should a-dropped.” “Who cares?” said his friend ROBINSON.

LE TAMBOUR MAJEUR OF EUROPE.

THE firemen of Bordeaux have a brass band which having lately won the prize in a brass band competition at Dax, marched to Biarritz to solace the EMPEROR with a serenade. LOUIS NAPOLEON, with a natural sympathy for brass, and men so skilful in blowing their own trumpets, graciously rewarded the performers with 300 francs. The money, we are told, has been devoted to the purchase of a big drum, bearing the Imperial cipher. Nothing could have been more happily imagined. In the first place the EMPEROR has the best right to be represented among the *sapeurs pompiers*, as the model fireman of the world, in every sense of the word. His admirers say he extinguishes or prevents European fires. His assailants declare he raises them. Besides, a “*grosse caisse*” is the very place for the display of the Imperial cipher; for if the occupation of Rome and the annexation of Savoy be not *gross cases* with a vengeance, there is no meaning in language.

Secession.

BY CÆSAR.

WHAT fun dis here Suncession am,
For ebbery nigger, POMPEY!—Yas, Sar!
Massar sumcede from UNCLE SAM:
Pose you and me sumcede from Massar.

VERY LIKE A WHALE.—They had better have stuck to the name of *Leviathan* for the *Great Eastern*, for it seems that the Shareholders are doomed to blubber.



CAD. "No, Mum, we don't go so fur as the Cemetery; but I'll 'ail the fust 'Earse for you, Mum, that we meets down the Road."

MR. SPURGEON AND THE POPE.

If greatness has its privileges, it also has its penalties. When a man has by his talents made a name in the world, be sure his name will soon be mentioned in all manner of advertisements, and applied to all conceivable articles of trade. Thus both WELLINGTON and BLUCHER gave a title to a boot, and we have seen the Joinville tie, and the Chesterfield top-coat. A million things at least have been christened after *Punch*, from penny boxes of cigar-lights to the elegant Poncho wrapper now fallen in disuse. So if the REV. MR. SPURGEON feel aggrieved that men of trade for purposes of lucre have made free with his name, he at least may feel consoled that he is suffering in good company, such as he need not feel ashamed to find himself amongst. How his name has been made use of, the following will show:—

THE MAGIC SPURGEON. (Copyright). A Magical life-like Portrait of the most popular orator of the day. When placed on the floor dances gracefully, defying detection. Sent free by return for 18 stamps.

The perfect likeness of this portrait to the popular original must convincingly be shown, we fancy, in its graceful dancing. We have heard of winking pictures, but never before this of a dancing portrait; and how befitting is the attribute in the case of MR. SPURGEON will be readily perceived. Our readers doubtless well remember how severe was MR. SPURGEON in his strictures upon dancing, when he took it as his text a season or two since: and how he said that the sole way in which it should be tolerated was for the girls to dance in one room and the gentlemen in another.

It must then make this portrait extremely like to life to make it capable of dancing in a graceful manner, as the talented original, no doubt, himself can do. A performer who is skilful in Terpsichorean feats appears to best advantage when seen in a *pas seul*; and this no doubt was the true reason why MR. SPURGEON owned his preference for dancing independently of any female aid.

This solved there is, however, another point that puzzles us. Why the epithet of "magic" be applied to MR. SPURGEON, we should be perplexed to say. We have never heard it hinted that he practises the black art—indeed the only way in which we can connect it with his

name is by coupling the fact of his having the art of preaching, with the fact that when he preaches he puts on a black coat.

Considering the success of the Papal winking pictures, we may well conceive the likelihood of MR. SPURGEON's making use of his gracefully dancing portrait, as an attraction to his tabernacle when his audience falls off. A great success for instance might on week-days be obtained by his performing a *pas seul* after his portrait had done dancing, and, when they both had taken breath, winding up by way of finish with a double Spurgeon hornpipe or some other *pas de deux*. Or why should not MR. SPURGEON send his compliments to the POPE, and challenge his old Holiness to a trial of the merits of their respective magic works, the one his winking-picture and the other his dancing portrait. Not having ourselves seen either of these marvels, we may refrain from stating which we think best does its work. But in one respect we certainly must give the palm to MR. SPURGEON's, at least if the advertisement we quoted be believed; for in that statement it is said that the trick "defies detection," and that is more than can be urged about the winking of the picture, which any one can see with half a glance is all my eye.

A Jewel of a Minister.

THE POPE was bragging about Charity being the brightest jewel of the Papal Crown, when GENERAL GOYON said he could inform His Immaculate Highness which was the worst jewel in his crown. Being challenged for a reply, the moral-slapper of faces coughed out most derisively. "Em, MERODE" (*Emeraude*).

Peace and War.

We are at war, if our forces are not,
Though they shoot nobody, we pay the shot;
When shall the battle of armaments cease,
Taxes be lightened, and England at peace?

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—The only consolation the victims of the St. Leger can find for the success of *Callier Ou*, is that betting men, like their betters, are all *herring* mortals.



MR. PREWIT (goaded into reckless action by the impetuous Mrs. P.). "I—I—I shall report you to your Master, Conductor, for not putting us down at the corner—"

CONDUCTOR. "Lor' bless yer 'art, Sir, it ain't my Master as I'm afeard on! I'm like you—it's my MISTUS!"

HOW TO TEACH RELIGION.

THE way to blend religious with secular instruction is beautifully exemplified in the following extract from the evidence of CHARLES GRIFFITHS a little boy about eleven years of age, given at the Bishop's Castle County Court, Salop, a few days since, in an action brought by his father against HENRY COWARD, master of the Bishop's Castle National School, for having violently assaulted and beaten him, the said CHARLES GRIFFITHS:—

"I was a scholar at the National School in Bishop's Castle, of which the defendant is the master. On the 24th of May last, when at prayers, I spoke to a boy named ADDIS, but as I saw the master looking at me I desisted. I did not speak to him again. After prayers, myself and two other boys were directed to stay in school. The master then asked who spoke at prayers? I said I had; he then told me to hold out my hand, and I did so, and he cut me across it with his cane. He told me to hold it out again; I complied, but drew it back when he struck me. He then caught hold of me by the neck, and threw me backwards across his knee, and beat me across the back with his cane. When the defendant loosed me I fell down insensible. On recovering myself I saw the master was at his desk, and he told me to 'be off.' I then crawled along by the wall to the door, and went into the playground. I nearly fell down from exhaustion while getting up the steps, when two boys came and helped me up and assisted me home."

This gentle chastisement produced only a number of great wheals extending all round this naughty, good-for-nothing boy's shoulders, and down his back to his thighs; for perhaps it did not also occasion the entire paralysis of his lower extremities, which, according to the testimony of Mr. H. BROOKS, surgeon, supervened upon it, and might have been caused by a violent wrench of the back.

The Judge, although legally obliged to give judgment for the plaintiff, with £20 damages, said the defendant "was perfectly justified in punishing the lad." Justified?—what a very weak word! MR. COWARD is very highly to be commended for caning the wicked little boy, CHARLES GRIFFITHS as he did; thus justly punishing the horrible impiety of which that ungodly urchin had been guilty in whispering to a schoolfellow during prayers. What if he had broken the profane varlet's back? MASTER GRIFFITHS would have remained a caution to other juvenile sinners. The cane is the instrument wherewithal to

awaken the devotional sentiment which, in the youthful mind, is too apt to slumber, and is too seldom aroused by the gentle and winning voice in which a national schoolmaster generally reads prayers. Wheals which cover the shoulders, back and thighs of a little boy are outward and visible marks, whereunto correspond inward and spiritual impressions, which latter are never effaced. Religion is thus connected with childhood's earliest and tenderest associations, and in after years is esteemed accordingly. Bodily wheals conduce to the soul's welfare. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" is a saying to be received and enforced in its natural and literal sense, whatever the heretical authors of *Essays and Reviews* (who ought to be burnt) may say to the contrary. What is true of the rod holds equally good of the cane, especially considered as the means of correcting the inattention of children to their religious duties, or at least of compelling them to exhibit a sanctified exterior. The child will be spoiled if the cane is spared; but the unsparing use of the cane will spoil no child otherwise and more seriously than by paralysing its lower limbs, for example, or perhaps killing it.

The foregoing remarks may embolden Cowards to persevere in beating religion into little children, without regard to legal consequences.

A Lucky Saint.

SAINT JANUARIUS has turned Victor-Emanuelite, and has boiled just as neatly as if BOMBA were king, *viz* VICTOR. The POPE is awfully disgusted, having hoped better things of St. Pomatum, and says that if the latter had not been indiscreetly placed, in past ages, out of reach of Popes, he, PRUS, would send him where he should boil for at least a hundred years. St. Punch congratulates St. Januarius on his good luck.

MORE THEATRICAL NEWS.

Nil Darpan, the "Indigo Play" that has created such sensation in India, is being prepared for the London stage. Overtures have been made to MR. PAUL BEDFORD to sustain his original part of *Blue-Skin*.



NURSE. "Well, Master Walter, I don't know who you take your temper from. I am sure you don't take after your Mother!"

YOUNG HOPEFUL. "My Mother! A Man does not take after his Mother—a Man takes after his Father!"

SEVERE, IF NOT SAVAGE.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"*Convolvulus Cottage, Friday.*

"As I know you are a gentleman, although you are sadly rude sometimes, Sir, in your remarks about the ladies, I am sure you will agree with me that such advertisements as this, which I cut out of a newspaper a day or two ago, are so extremely low and vulgar and offensive to good taste, that any editor of sense should know better than to print them:—

WANTED, by a Single Gentleman (a smoker), and not remarkably fond of very small children, FURNISHED APARTMENTS, with Piano, near Streatham, Balham, or New Wandsworth Railway Stations. Forward full particulars or none at all. If also a Gentleman wishing similar accommodation and the society of a fellow rather inclined to be jolly under the privations of unrequited love, he may hear of a kindred spirit by addressing a line to X. Y. Z.

"I dare say, Sir, this *Monster* thinks himself a blighted being, because the lady of his love will not listen to his wooing. And he very likely wonders why it is she will not hear him. As if any girl would venture to wed a cruel wretch who was not fond of children! Why, who knows but such a husband might turn out a perfect Herod, and twist his baby's head off the first time that he got hold of it. I'm sure my fingers tingle while I think what he might do, and I can hardly hold my pen still, I should so like to stick it into him.

"As for his absurdity in saying he intends to lead a 'jolly' life, notwithstanding all the agonies of unrequited love, was there ever anything more pitifully ludicrous? It is very fine attempting to make light of his rejection, but depend on it he deeply feels his disappointment; and if any 'fellow' joins him in the hope of merry company, I'll bet a pair of gloves that he'll be soon glad to be quit of it. Jolly, indeed! and with the memory of his snub—I feel quite sure it was a snub—still fresh upon him. Nonsense. Don't tell me. I know how brother CHARLEY looked when ROSA JENKINS wouldn't have him. X. Y. Z. will be heard nightly sadly pounding his piano with the dolefullest of tunes, while all the cats in the vicinity squeal outside by way of chorus. And serve him right, I say. For what right have men to marry, if they don't like babies? Answer me that, dear Mr. Punch, or else set it as a puzzle to your bachelor contributors.

"Yours, in a great hurry, for I hear my *Pet* inquiring for me,

"BETSA LINDA BROWN."

"P.S. The 'gentleman's' a 'smoker,' is he? I hope he'll find his chimneys smoke, all the winter through; and as he wants to live in lodgings, I have no doubt that he will."

"CRÉ NOM D'UN CHIEN,"—MR. R-EB-CK, alias The Dog Tear'em.

A WARNING TO SERVANT MAIDS.

A CERTAIN young woman in service did dwell;
The place Wolverhampton, a true tale to tell.
She was standing, one Sunday, her master's door nigh;
When lo! and behold a young workman came by.

He scorned a respectable sort of young man,
Going after his beer, as he carried a can.
He said unto her, "Why art thou stickin' there?"
She answered, "To get just a breath o' fresh air."

So after some talking and chaffing about,
She invited him in whilst her master was out.
How many there is as will open the door
To them as they never set eyes on before!

Down they went to the kitchen together straightway;
And he for himself had got so much to say,
That, to his persuasion inclining her ear,
She filled up his can with her master's own beer.

Thereafter he kissed her, which she did return;
And he swore what was his'n should also be her'n.
Whereupon he prevailed of her desk to get hold,
Containing two pound half a sovering in gold.

He asked her to lend it; she answered him, "No!"
To which he remarked, "You'll be forced to do so."
Then her money he boned and her salts-bottle too;
Which having accomplished, he bade her adieu.

Upon the next Tuesday she met him again,
And axed him to give back her property in vain.
He told her 'twas spent; she would see it no more:
No doubt he'd served others the same way before.

So thinking it wisest to make a clean breast,
On her master's return the girl went and confessed:
He, missing his German pipe, found, to his grief,
The same had been likewise purloined by the thief.

Him, being detected, they had up in Court,
Of her, as a witness, the lawyers made sport:
As she was required to appear 'gainst the rogue
With whom she was foolishly enough to colloque.

Now all you young women whose masters is out,
Don't let in the first young man hanging about,
For fear it should bring you to shame and disgrace,
And lose you your money, and likewise your place.

Civilisation in Spain.

By a telegram from Spain we get the interesting intelligence that—

"The annual bull-fights have commenced. The concourse of people was very great. Seventy persons have been wounded in the arena."

What fun! How much better the fun would have been though, if a bull or two had leapt out of the arena in among the seats, and wounded as many, or more, of the spectators!

THE "NIL DARPAN" BORE.

WHAT a deal of fuss has been created in connection with that Bengalee play, the *Nil Darpan*! Leaving the *Darpan* out of the question, and looking only at the *Nil*, which appears to be all that there is to look at in the case, we are inclined to think that the Indian Government, in treating it as a matter of such monstrous importance, has made a very great coil about nothing.

The London Playground for Boys and Fountains.

(A Sabbath Colloquy in Trafalgar Square.)

Inquiring Stranger. I say, Policeman, how is it the fountains are not playing to-day?

Stern Policeman. All playing, Sir, is strictly forbidden here on a Sunday.

POLES WITHOUT HOPS.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT, in his pamphlet, entitled *A Nation in Mourning*, says that the Poles, in order to demonstrate their abhorrence of Russian rule, have left off dancing. He admires a gallant people's renunciation of a popular pleasure in ceasing to dance; but does he call this taking any steps towards achieving their independence?

FRIENDS AT THE SWAN.



THELLO, recounting his losses, concludes the dismal catalogue with that odd lot—troops of Friends. Hence it has been assumed by a diplomatic student (under articles to LORD MALMESBURY) that brims of awe-inspiring breadth were not worn at Cyprus by Cardinals alone. We need scarcely observe, that this gentleman's historical recollections are somewhat obscure—that his acquaintance with FOX's stern resistance to tyranny is very limited, and his ignorance of BARCLAY's entire. The fine picture by MACAULAY, representing an English monarch with a PENN in his hand belongs, he has no doubt, to the National Gallery; and one of the United States he invariably spells "Pencilvania," under a pleasing delusion that its principal manufacture is MORDAN'S ever-pointed.

Returning to *Othello's* troop—there can be no question that it was composed of those florid-visaged, case-hardened diners-out who come like swallows, so depart. He had no Friends—properly so called. It is true that the General's courtship (according to his own assertion, solemnly made in a court of justice) was similar to what may be seen under the doric portico of some silent meeting-house. *Desdemona* herself, when she, with sweet simplicity, did "seriously incline," might have easily passed for a young May Quakeress. Though by nature choleric, the General was kept in such a perpetual ferment with his *aide-de-camp* getting into night-brawls and breaking his rest by ringing his bell, that we cannot wonder if he sometimes devoutly sighed for the institution of a Peace Society. But of his numerous acquaintance, who were qualified for members? *Roderigo*, if nominated, would certainly have been black-balled. *Iago's* contemptuous treatment of his purse (pronouncing it trash) was scarcely consistent with the feelings of a Friend. Whether *Cassio's* tender concern for his reputation was more in harmony with such emotions, is just one of those nice points on which we are too diffident to offer any opinion.

Modern, as compared with ancient, Quakerism is far less straightlaced. Its habits do not square as they once did, with our juvenile notions of mathematical propriety. More latitude is now given to one thing—less to another. What *Beaver* has lost, *Crinoline* has gained. A vast expansion of ideas has already taken place in the Body—though much—too much—remains behind. We cannot too highly appreciate those salutary reforms which Time has wrested from Prejudice, and given to Fashion. *MRS. OPPE* on being consulted by a young married Friend, as to the proper mode of dressing hair, assured her there was only one orthodox way, and that was to FRY it. No proud and petulant young Lady, on a visit to a quiet circle at Stamford Hill, when she accompanies her dove-like cousins to Meeting, is now provoked into exclaiming, "O save me from my Friends." We are glad also to perceive that the amicable Society are getting rid of the plague of Flies. The Omnibus like the Sexton levels all distinctions. An old Friend now shoulders a Cabinet-Maker with his wise saws on the elevated knife-board. Cab is a criterion of character. On the Oaks-day two young Friends, both fair and gentle, though of opposite Sexes, were seen "doing the Hansom" over Clapham Common. It may be questioned whether this was a step in the right direction. Probably they were Ethnologists—if so, they took the most natural course for investigating the various Races of Men.

Our dear Friends, however, are still encumbered with many high-backed and narrow-seated chairs, and we would willingly lend our assistance should they need a vehicle for their removal. Their thoughts run too exclusively along the Commercial Road, and their loftiest speculations require winnowing from Congou and Corn. The Muse, like a fond Mother, has often shed secret tears because Friends have drily refused to look at her little Boy's letters. What gladness then will illumine her gentle eyes when by our latest intelligence they learn that Justice is about to be rendered to the superior penmanship of her First-Born. In simpler phrase, Friends—Countrymen, and Lovers of the Bard—contemplate raising with a golden lever a *Monument to SHAKESPEARE!* How Pegasus will neigh! What comic dances Pan will perform, and when, at the shining portals of Olympus, Mercury makes the joyful proclamation, with what energy will Apollo strike the lyre!

The public declaration on which our statement is based, we here reprint by permission. Flushed with that legal eloquence which lends such an ineffable charm to Declarations of Insolvency, this important document will be read, we are morally certain, either with dumb

amazement, or elicit a responsive echo in the form of a manifest O! The italics are *not* our own.

IN THE MATTER OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.—We, whose names and donations are hereto attached, have heard with feelings of deep satisfaction that it hath been proposed and agreed by and between sundry Gifted Intellects to erect a Monument in token of their veneration for that great and good Poet, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, formerly of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the County of Warwick, Gentleman deceased. The design, we rejoice furthermore to learn, is commended by our Beloved Sovereign's Prime Minister, whose patronage of genius hath never inconsiderately ranged over a wide field, but hath been judiciously confined to a *Cluse*. Hitherto those marble honours have been withheld from the Conqueror of *Alind*, which are lavishly awarded by St. Paul's and the Monument (on which their names are engraven) to the Mighty Ones, who in war-chariots shake a spear of Force instead of Fancy, and awaken Terror in place of Tenderness within their fellow man. Sincerely lamenting that this national debt hath been so long unliquidated, we now hold out our hands and solicit sympathy and subscriptions towards its immediate discharge, trusting that all Friends throughout the universe will, like ourselves, be moved by a warm spirit of gratitude towards that "Sweet WILLIAM" who hath bequeathed to us a legacy of Play-things, which contain nothing injurious, and which, unlike ordinary Toys, even our children's children will not be tempted to destroy.

Subscriptions already announced, £1000.

	£	s.	d.
MARK LANE	50	0	0
GRACE GOODENOUGH	5	0	0
ABEL SWEETMAN	5	0	0
MERCY LAMBSWOOL	5	0	0
DAVID DUCKFOOT	5	0	0
T. POTT	0	5	0
CHARITY DOVECOOTE	5	0	0
T. TOTAL	0	2	6
PATIENT SILENTSIGH	1	1	0
JONATHAN LONGSTRIDE	25	0	0
HESTER SWANSDOWN	5	0	0
EKANAH BOTTOMLEY	5	0	0
SUSANNAH SKUTTLE	0	2	6
SOLOMON PLUM	5	0	0
HANNAI HUMBLEDEE	0	0	6
A FRIEND IN NELD	0	1	0
RUTH HOMEDRED	10	0	0
SIMON PURE	5	0	0
COLLECTED BY ELAND SMILLS	1	0	0½
SUNDRY SMALL DONATIONS	0	0	10

Shakespeare's House, OBADIAH PUNCH,
Sign of the Swan. Hon. Sec.

PARALLELS OF CRIME.

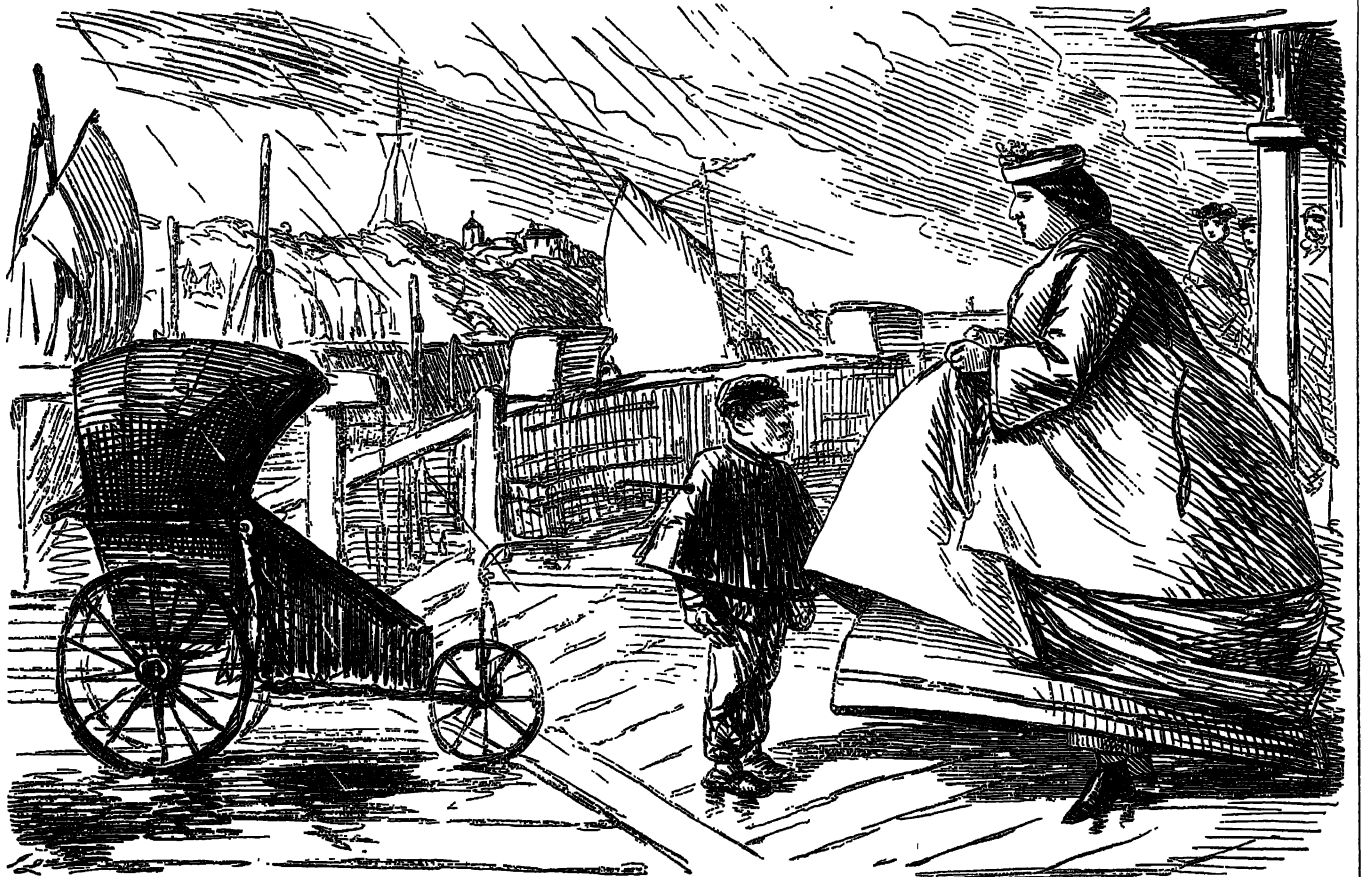
Vehement Wife. CAPTAIN PORTER VALE indeed—I've no patience with you, CHARLES—I don't know what I wouldn't do to him. Exposing a poor dear little child—he ought to be—O, every punishment is too good for him.

Brutal Husband. May be so, my love, but the offence is not rare. Who made little CLARA stand on the table and say "Twinkle, twinkle, little cow," to a whole dinner-party, on Tuesday?

[WIFE tries to speak, but can only find words to say that there is no use in speaking to anybody who can talk so idiotically.]

Hard upon Lord Malmesbury.

It is stated, officially, that it is now a Medo-Persic rule at the Foreign office that all our diplomatic dispatches shall be written in *English*.



POLITE ATTENTION.

Lady. "OH NONSENSE, CHILD.—THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!"

Boy. "NO, 'M. PLEASE, 'M, TWO YOUNG GENTS SAID IT LOOKED LIKE RAIN, AND I WAS TO FETCH YOU HOME IN THIS 'ERE CHEER!"

BISHOP HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PARSONS.

Enter BISHOP and certain Parsons.

Bishop. Preach the sermon, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you fluently on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your parsons do, I had as lief the begging impostor spoke your discourse. Nor do not thump the cushion too much—your fist thus: but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirlwind of zeal, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to see a robustious whisker-cheeked fellow tear an exhortation to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the sanctified, who, for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable grimace and rant. I could have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing *Chadband*; it out-mawworms *Mauworm*; pray you avoid it.

1st Parson. I warrant your lordship.

Bishop. Be not too cold, neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the emphasis to the word and the word to the emphasis, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the dignity of the pulpit, for anything so overdone is from the purpose of preaching, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold as 't were the mirror up to conscience; to show piety her own figure, profaneness her own image, and the very soul and spirit of a man his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the witlings laugh, cannot but make the sober grieve; the censure of the which one, must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole temple of others. O, there be parsons, that I have heard preach, and known others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, having neither the accent of Christians, nor the delivery of Christians, scholars, nor gentlemen, have so moaned and bellowed, that I have thought some of Little Bethel's clergymen had trained them, and not trained them well, they imitated *Stiggins* so abominably.

1st Parson. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, my lord.

Bishop. O, reform it altogether. And let those that aim at being

pathetic preachers speak no other than articulate sounds; for there be of them, that will themselves groan, to set on some quantity of maudlin hearers to groan too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the text be then to be considered; that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful hypocrisy in the snob that uses it. Go, keep you steady.

[*Exeunt Parsons.*]

PUFFS FOR THE POLICE.

In humble emulation of his brethren of the penny-a-line profession, who nobly omit no opportunity of puffing the Police, especially when the latter have done the very least in the world to deserve such laudation, *Mr. Punch* has resolved to open his columns from time to time to the reception of paragraphs in glorification of The Force. By way of a beginning, he is happy to record his testimony to the skill, coolness, and energy of INSPECTOR O'PAQUE (of the Digamma Division), as displayed under the following trying circumstances. A gentleman of the name of SMITH was walking up Holborn Hill on Saturday last, when he felt a tug at his coat, and the next moment perceived his handkerchief, a valuable cambric one, hemmed, for which he had given elevenpence only last autumn, in the grasp of a diminutive pickpocket. He collared the boy, and INSPECTOR O'PAQUE at that moment coming up, the gentleman gave the thief in charge. The worthy Inspector, who combines some of the genius of the first NAPOLEON with no small share of the imperturbability of the third, apparently took not the slightest notice, but, at the right moment, and when the least delay would have enabled the watchful delinquent to escape, seized the latter by the neck. There were several persons about, and though many of them were of the lower class, and may possibly in their minds have entertained an intention of rescuing the criminal, the dauntless Inspector never quailed, but, calling to two constables behind him, delivered the lad into their charge, and walked on without another syllable. This is only one of a hundred instances in which the VICOCQ-like tact of INSPECTOR O'PAQUE has enabled him to arrest a most determined and dangerous offender.



CLERICAL ELOCUTION LESSON.

BISHOP PUNCH. "NOW, SIR, LET ME HEAR YOU PUBLISH BANNS OF MARRIAGE."

SWELL CANDIDATE FOR ORDERS. "I—AW—PUBL'SH BANNTH OF MAWIDGE 'TWEEN WEGINALD WOBERTH, BATCHLA, AND—"

BISHOP. "STOP, SIR, STOP. THAT WILL NEVER DO FOR US. YOU HAD BETTER TAKE ORDERS—IN THE COMMERCIAL LINE."

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION AT THE BROMPTON BOILERS.

By our Own Penny-a-Liner.



ABOUT two o'clock, on Friday last, the persons in the vicinity of these Boilers were alarmed by the sound of a terrific explosion. Hastening to the spot, we were fortunate enough to procure the following particulars, which may be relied upon. It appears that MR. PETER MEEKBURY, a highly respectable resident at Islington, had been visiting the Boilers in company with MRS. MEEKBURY, and in coming out had been incautious enough to let drop a hint that the lady might as well return to Islington by an omnibus instead of a cab. MRS. MEEKBURY, who is of a highly inflammable character, took fire, and instantly blew up, and indeed continued blowing up MR. MEEKBURY with considerable violence. It was thought at one time that he had been knocked into the middle of next week, but this alarm proved to be unfounded, and prompt assistance being at hand in the shape of a mother-in-law, who hurried up with a cab of her own hiring, and for which she nobly declared she would die sooner than allow a Brute to pay, MRS. MEEKBURY was got out with no other loss than that of a temper which she can well afford to spare. The accident, however, should be a warning to husbands not to drop anything likely to cause an explosion, and MR. MEEKBURY'S nerves have been so shocked that, by the advice of a (young) medical friend, he has gone out of town without leaving his address.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"THERE is a story of a swell, who being advised to go and see a play at Sadler's Wells, exclaimed 'Aw—Sadlaw's Wells, wheaw's that?—aw—pweicious long way, isn't it?—s'pose that one will have to change one's horses on the woad?'"

"I am not a swell myself, and I know that Sadler's Wells is accessible from Regent Street for an eightpenny fare, and I know moreover that whenever I have gone there I have invariably been pleased with my evening's entertainment; and yet with all this knowledge I go there very seldom, and why I don't go oftener I'm sure I cannot say. Every time I come away I make a firm resolve to go again within a month; but somehow this intention always goes to fill a gap in the infernal pavement. Notwithstanding all our fancied craving for variety, I think we Londoners are sadly apt to get into a groove, and not to move far out of the ways we once have chosen. How many a man there is who to save a couple of minutes when he was late for office, used to take what he conceived was a short cut through a court; and now his time is all his own, and he has little work to occupy it, he takes the same short cut by force of his old habit, and gets a pegtop on his toe or a tipcat in his eye, as a reminder that his legs are not so agile as they were, nor his sight so clear and watchful.

"The Second part of SHAKESPEARE'S *King Henry the Fourth* was the play I went to see on my late Islington excursion. It was played for a few nights at the same house some seven years since, but I believe with that exception it has not been seen in London for well nigh half a century. Yet the play as now presented seems actable enough, and one wonders at the verdict which long ago pronounced it to be only readable. The comic scenes predominate through the first four acts, and are full of pleasant humour both in action and in speech; while the scene in the fifth act with the old King and his sons is replete with touching pathos and nobly written lines, and has the stirring incident of the stealing of the crown. I think few more telling pictures have been seen upon the stage than the confronting of young HARRY with his dying father; who first upbraids, then listens, then pardons and embraces, and retires to die content. This scene MR. PHELPS acted with his son, and both sustained their parts as well as any actors living could have represented them, and neither mouthed nor mumbled the words they had to speak. I had never seen the latter gentleman before, and was glad to notice in him a careful level utterance, and no tendency to rant.

"But admirably well as the pathetic parts were rendered, the comic scenes of course were the main feature of the piece. MR. PHELPS played *Justice Shallow*, as well as the old King, and thus gave us a good

proof of his quick versatility, for two characters more opposite than the fussy fatuous justice and the calm majestic sufferer: it were difficult to conceive. The trembling nervous hands and feeble hesitating voice, seemed fit signs of his senility and of his shallow pate: and while he prattled on with garrulous complacency of the freaks of his hot youth, one felt how many *Shallows* still are extant in Society, and how fond they are of boring you with the wild deeds which, by Jove, Sir, they did when they were boys.

"To me a great charm in the plays that I have seen at Sadler's Wells is, that they are always evenly well cast. There is no trace of the system of hiring farthing dips to stand about the stage, so as to heighten the effulgence of some bright particular 'Star,' whose brilliancy is deemed to be enough to fill the house. On the contrary, the minor parts are carefully attended to, and no unnatural excrescence spoils the general effect. Seeing the large space that he covers on the stage, *Sir John Falstaff* can be hardly called a minor part; and really MR. BARRETT filled it very well, though one couples the fat knight with more unctuousness of voice. His wife, too, played *Dame Quickly* much as one could wish; for of course one can't read SHAKESPEARE without forming to one's self one's own conception of a part; and MR. SEYTON raved and ranted and swaggered o'er the stage with better taste than *Antient Pistol* generally does.

"The spirit of SHAKESPEARE has been summoned to many a *séance*, and when it comes to town again I should certainly advise it to visit Sadler's Wells. If ghosts have memories and feelings, and are sensitive in mind, it would do the ghost of SHAKESPEARE considerable good to note how SHAKESPEARE'S plays are relished by that audience, and how reverently it listens to each one of SHAKESPEARE'S words. 'Attention!' is the order until the curtain drops, and not a sneeze or snuffle grates upon the ear, indeed (except when moved to laughter or applause) the house is all so silent you might hear a playbill drop. A good proof this I think that good plays still are cared for, if they are but acted evenly, and mounted not with gorgeous splendour, but simple natural good taste.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

M'CLELLAN'S WAR SONG.

AMONG recent news from America is a report of a "maiden speech" delivered by GENERAL M'CLELLAN to the Pennsylvania troops. This oration may be said to have been both witty and poetical. It was remarkable for brevity "the soul of wit;" and that its form was, in chief part, at least, that of poetry, the perusal of it will convince any reader who has a reasonable ear for versification. It commenced with:—

"Soldiers!"

to which single word of simple prose succeeded the following lines:—

"We have had our last retreat.
We have seen our last defeat.
You stand by me and I will stand by you."

Here the Muse of GENERAL M'CLELLAN seems to have inspired him to relinquish rhyme, and to conclude his exhortation in blank verse, thus:—

"And henceforth victory will crown our efforts."

GENERAL M'CLELLAN seems to be a regular "warrior-bard," like the "minstrel-boy" who "to the war had gone," except that he appears to have no harp, whether "wild" or tame, slung either "behind him," or in front of him. The wildness of his measure is, however, somewhat analogous to that of the musical instrument with which the juvenile Irish poet and hero went into action. The antipathy to slavery displayed by that youthful patriot may turn out to constitute another point of resemblance between him and the American General; who will perhaps, when his conquering army shall have planted the flag of Freedom upon Southern soil, celebrate the emancipation of his sable fellow-citizens by singing its triumphant achievement in a negro melody, accompanying himself on the banjo.

A Shrewd Guess.

A CLEVER Yankee, alluding to the well-known line, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," makes a "guess" that the GLASS in question must have been the Lady who wrote a celebrated cookery-book under that name. The "mould" he explains by saying it must mean an ice, or jelly, or pudding, or blancmange, or any other kind of "mould" you like—all of which goes far in his opinion to prove what a very clever fellow SHAKESPEARE was. Not only did he know everything that went before him, and a great deal more, but he could also anticipate coming events!

A SIGHT AT THE SEA-SIDE.

THE REV. MR. STUTTERS walking on the beach, and preaching to the waves with pebbles in his mouth à la DEMOSTHENES.



BLOOD WILL CARRY ANYTHING—AT LEAST SO MISS FEATHERWEIGHT THINKS!

NEWSPAPER DISTRESS MEETING.

THE present unexampled failure of the News Crops is producing a most disastrous effect upon the journals, and unless something shortly happens, we do not go too far in saying that they will be reduced to the extremity of coming out with nothing but instructive and irreproachable matter in them. The oldest sub-editor has never known such a dearth, and there has been a strong feeling in the newspaper offices that some steps should be taken to meet the crisis. A preliminary meeting of sub-editors has indeed been held upon the subject; and though *Mr. Punch* is never in any danger of suffering in the way in which his contemporaries are afflicted, his warm and brotherly regard for them induces him to give publicity to the proceedings, in order that the public may know how exceedingly hard is the task to supply it just now with the exciting reading which it requires.

The gathering was held in the reporters' room in the office of the *Morning Flambeau*. The Meeting sat about, where it could, and the veteran MR. SHEARS was unanimously called to the chair. He laughingly responded that the Meeting might be hanged, and sat upon his big table, swinging his legs in the most affable manner, and intimating that if anybody wanted to speak he might do so without any charge; meantime, he himself would have some pale ale.

MR. CLIPPER said they all knew too much about meetings to go into any gammon of that kind; but if any gentleman would be obliging enough to tell him how to make up a paper, he would willingly stand that gentleman any refreshment he liked to put a name to, up to the amount of fourpence. Did they realise the fact that this last week they had actually printed the speeches at five agricultural dinners? (*Sensation.*)

MR. SLASH said that it was too true, and would add, in further proof of their condition, that he had that morning given out a report of an address by MR. SPURGEON about the Gorilla.

MR. CLIPPER said that that was not so bad, and he would be glad of a pull of it for his own paper.

MR. SLASH said of course he should have it. But what was to be done? Last week he had great hopes, for a fellow came in with a grave statement that BLONDIN had had a tumble, and was done for; and he had actually given out BLONDIN's memoir, and written to a leader-writer, requesting a column of spicy remarks upon the barbarity of such exhibitions; but it was a sell, a vulgar sell, now running about. You say to a fellow, "BLONDIN's killed," and when he has done being astonished, you say, "Yes, he's skilled on the rope." (*Indignation.*)

MR. WARY said that they had tried to do him in the same unprincipled manner; but he had turned their dodge into a paragraph, stated the rumour, and added a contradiction. ("Of course.") But this was small game. They really ought to have something on a large scale.

He was not going to bind himself or others by what he was going to say, but suppose that a man could be found who for a certain consideration would blow up Tilbury Fort, did those present think that those whom they represented would help to make up a purse?

MR. SCORER said that that was talking business. Would the explosion demolish Gravesend?

MR. WARY said it would smash Gravesend to pieces. He had ascertained the quantity of powder.

MR. SLASH saw no objection, and the money would be no object; but he thought that they would rather be playing into the hands of the illustrated papers than into their own. Views of the explosion, views of Gravesend in ruins, the air full of shrimps and excisemen, and all that, would make the fortune of the picture-fellows; but he thought that the dailies would get little out of it. However, it was worth thinking over. Meantime he would suggest the consideration whether some plot, or large conspiracy, or dreadful attempt of some kind, could not be bought as cheaply, and the details be all grist to the mill.

MR. CISSORS took the same view. But it must be something large. What did they say to getting up an Austrian plot to carry off LORD JOHN RUSSELL?

MR. SCORER thought a French plot would be better, as the letters would be more easy to translate. But he feared that this would create no great interest. There were thousands of people who thought LORD RUSSELL was the same as the Special Correspondent in America, and the women didn't care about him, and it should be a regular sensation business for them. Could an American vessel in Liverpool—a Southern vessel—make a dash at a school, and carry all the children away to be sold for slaves—that would rouse the mothers a bit, especially if three or four young ones were dropped into the Mersey in their night-gowns. (*Applause.*)

MR. WARY said that he should, unluckily, have to discredit that, because his paper went in for the South. Could a fellow be got to advertise that on a given day he would jump off the top of St. Paul's?

MR. CISSORS. But he must do it.

MR. WARY. Of course he must do it—I am supposing him to be a man of character and honour, to be deucedly well paid, too.

MR. SCORER said that there was business there. The man must write to the Dean and Chapter for leave—they would take no notice, and there was an opening for a severe article on haughty hierarchical corporations—then there would be betting as to whether the whole thing was a sell—he must hide himself in the vaults—hear the service for the last time—come up too soon and frighten an intelligent verger into a fit—all good, and a biography of the verger must be had. Seen on the top gallery, at early dawn, waving a black flag—horror of the metropolis—Dean and Chapter awake at last, and send a policeman—but the door nailed up, and no getting at him. Frantic Volunteers at DAKIN's offer to shoot him to prevent frightful spectacle, and send off to SIR GEORGE GREY for leave. The fellow dances, and reads out of a book, which he throws down—vigilant Serjeant X 1999 gets it—only a *Whole Duty of Man*, but we'll reprint it, as part of the story. Disappears, and the metropolis is indignant—by the way, this might be done for two or three days, if he takes up sandwiches and a flask of brandy, but on the third day, while the big clock strikes twelve—Come, there's plenty of graphic business there.

MR. CISSORS. But he must do it.

MR. SCORER. Don't I keep saying so? And then there'll be the inquest, and a thousand letters urging that St. Paul's should be taken down, or wired over, or something, and it may be the question whether we should not advise the indictment of the Dean and Chapter as accessories—it seems to me that there is good stuff there,—if you can find the man.

MR. CISSORS. But he must do it.

MR. WARY. Certainly he must. Well, that's a suggestion, and if the meeting sees anything in it, I may say that there'll be no difficulty with us. Anybody else anything to propose?

MR. PRUNER supposed it would be no good setting fire to Buckingham Palace.

MR. SLASH thought not—there had been so many fires lately.

MR. SCORER wondered whether anything could be done in the way of a gas explosion.

MR. WARY said that the gas was so abominably bad now-a-days that nobody would believe it could go off.

MR. SNIPPER said that poison stories always told—he was for something in that way. Would anybody put ipecacuanha into all the drinking fountains?

MR. CISSORS had a good mind to prophesy an earthquake. He would get strong letters from scientific men, who'll say anything, if you can only ask them to contradict other scientific men, and one could work away on the theme until nobody could sleep in their beds.

This suggestion was loudly applauded, and the Meeting resolved, first, that MR. CISSORS was a brick; secondly, that the subject should be taken up and worked; thirdly, that they would have pale ale; and fourthly, that the Chairman should pay for it. So, unless something better turns up, the public may shortly expect to hear that strange underground noises, accountable for on no ordinary solution, have been heard in Devonshire and Norfolk, and that intense heat is observable in the Midland mines. It's coming!

GREEN GO THE LASSES, O!



FIFTEEN have we heard of countless accidents by Crinoline, but Crinoline is not the only cause of danger in a lady's dress. At least a correspondent who writes to a contemporary, and appends his name with the affix of "M.D.," gives some rather startling reasons for believing so. After stating that the fashionable *mauve* tint, and *Magenta*, "will not stand the test of artificial light," he proceeds next to remark that—

"The only colour, perhaps, which remains fixed under all kinds of light is what is known as 'SCHEELE'S GREEN.' This colour, which is pleasingly bright in the day, is made of arsenic, and preserves its freshness and beauty under all trials of artificial light. Now, as Paterfamilias probably knows, if he looks into his wife's ac-

count with her milliner, there is a new light stuff called tarlatane, which has recently come very much into vogue. A lady in proper fashion, with a good green tarlatane dress, is surrounded by 92 square feet of tarlatane, and this 92 square feet of tarlatane contains, as a chemical fact, about 13 ounces of arsenic! Fancy a bevy of a dozen or two of such young ladies 'in verdure clad' of this kind, and that at every crush of their dress, every toss of it in a quadrille, this arsenic is given off in poisonous dust, and that this dust is the fruitful source of headache, redness of skin, inflammation of the stomach, consumptive cough, &c."

With this knowledge in his mind, we think a man would be as green as the dress of his fair partner, if he either waltzed or polked with a lady in SCHEELE'S green. In fact, girls in these green dresses ought to be marked "DANGEROUS!" or to

have "BEWARE OF POISON!" embroidered in red letters right across their backs. Whenever for the future we go into a ball-room, we shall look on each green lady as a new *Lucrezia Borgia*, who would subtly be the death of us if we joined her in the dance.

Nor are head-dresses less hurtful than those which clothe the body; for, proceeds M.D.—

"We are occasionally meeting ladies attacked with erysipelatos symptoms, indigestion, cough—now distinctly traceable to head-dresses containing green arsenical artificial flowers. A careful chemical analysis of one of these wreaths gives exactly as much arsenic as would kill 36 men, and a far tarlatane dress would kill 1,500!

Long experience has taught us that it is quite useless to preach against the fashions, for ladies have deaf ears for all complaints upon the subject; and no matter how dangerous or how ugly are their dresses, so long as they are fashionable, ladies will persist in wearing them. So our only chance of making them give up this poisonous green, is by warning the male sex of the danger they incur by it, and recommending gentlemen to keep themselves aloof from any girl they meet with in a verdant dress or wreath. When thus they find themselves neglected, if not absolutely shunned, ladies will of course set all their wits to work to ascertain the cause; and notwithstanding the delight they may feel in being dressed in the fashionable colour, we will wager the delight of being flirted with and waltzed with will quickly prove the stronger. Off will go the green, and on will come AUGUSTUS, and the only "redness of skin" which will be shown by the young lady will be the blush upon her cheek when she hears the question popped.

Important Notice.

It is wished by the Government that the whole of the ugly old copper coinage should now be withdrawn from circulation. *Mr. Punch*, ever anxious to assist the administration of the country, hereby announces that he has taken up the iron cover of the hole in the pavement over his coal cellar, and any person is at perfect liberty to shoot down any amount of the said coinage, and to walk away without any question being asked.

AMBITION AMONG THE ALDERMEN.

THE question "Who is to be Lord Mayor?" appears this year to have created extraordinary excitement in the City. There seems to have prevailed a supposition that the Monarch of the Mansion House, whoever he might be, would stand a good chance of being made a baronet, and the prospect of getting what may be called a barren honour, occasioned an unusual competition for the Lord Mayoralty amidst the aldermanic body. Commenting on this generous rivalry in which the chivalry of Guildhall has been lately engaged, a Correspondent of the *City Press*, in the subjoined passage, asserts a high idea of an abstract Lord Mayor:—

"THE LORD MAYOR must be a man of dignity, wealth, and intelligence—of graceful manners and great discretion"

and our Civic contemporary adds:—

"He must, in fact, be, according to the Hibernian description, 'a gentleman every inch of him.'"

as O'LEARY said; whence the self-assertion, "Every inch a king!" was put by SHAKESPEARE into the mouth of *Leary*, after O'LEARY.

But what has SHAKESPEARE to do with the dignity of Lord Mayor? Why, when he has occasion to deal with it, as in *Richard III.* he exhibits it in a light quite the reverse of that wherein it is represented in the *City Press*. SHAKESPEARE'S *Lord Mayor* has the deportment of a civil old beadle: his manners are ludicrous, his intelligence is that of a goose. The only discretion he shows is such as what appears in the better part of valour. How different this picture of the Lord Mayor is from that which is delineated in the *City Press*, and from the reality which, at least in modern times, has ever been conspicuously manifest at the Mansion House, and whereof the most signal characteristics have always been universally acknowledged to be, a singularly dignified bearing, remarkable intelligence, peculiarly graceful manners, and the nicest discretion.

Toi Que Je n'Aime pas.

AT ALFRED MELLON'S Concert on Friday, during the performance of a selection from *Robert le Diable*, our friend Young RAPID observed, looking at the bill, "Ah! that chorus exactly represents the history of my case. *Le Vin. Les Belles. Le Jeu.*"

NEW MONKS WANTED.

MONKS and monkery are at such a premium now that it seems members of the English Church are desirous to go into the monastic line. An announcement appears by which young men, English Protestants, who may feel a "vocation" for a conventual life, are invited to address themselves to a certain Brother Ignatius. They are warned, however, that they will have to promise three things, Obedience, Poverty, and Celibacy. *Mr. Punch* has no particular "vocation" to interfere with the doings of idiots, but as regards the third vow, he heartily approves it in the case of anybody who may think of applying to Brother Ig. Fancy a sensible girl ever being asked in marriage by any one who had been helpless enough to prattle of a monastic life in these days! At the risk of bigamy, frigamy, *et omne quod erit in ignam*, *Mr. Punch* would sooner marry her himself than allow her to become the bride of such a Nass. But, after all, perhaps Brother Ignatius is only one of the ingenious gentlemen who have a neat way of getting postage stamps without applying to the vendors thereof, in which case we heartily wish him all success—monks of 1861 are fair game.

A Kick in the Right Direction.

WHAT is Italy to do with his old Holiness the POPE? Surely she has had enough of him by this time. She will have no peace and quiet so long as he remains with her. Now that quarter day has come, she had better rid her house of him. The bad company he keeps is clearly quite enough of an excuse for getting rid of him. We think the Boot of Italy could not well be put to any better use than in kicking out his Holiness POPE PIUS.

THE NATION THAT TURNS OUT MOST NEGATIVES.

By the recent Census we are informed that in Paris there are no less than 23,000 persons who get their living from Photography and the photographic process. An old fogey, who has never been able to get over his stupid prejudices against the French, upon being told of the above fact, exclaimed in a tone of the greatest triumph, "Egad, it's just like 'em! I always said those French fellows were the cleverest chaps in the world for *making faces.*"



ACCOMMODATING!

STERN PARENT. "Too Fat for a Page, you think, Sir? Um!; You see, Sir, if so be you could wait a week or so, we could redooc him wery easy."

A GOOD SORT OF FELLOW.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"ME and *Lucy Lockit*, who is staying on a visit with me (bygones being quite bygones) read this in a newspaper on Thursday last, and cannot help, both of us can't, sending it to you.

"A fellow calling himself *MACHEATH* was before *MR. COMBE* for some paltry crimes:—

"*MR. COMBE* told him he was a disgrace to the name he had selected. *Captain Macheath* was a celebrated highwayman, but he always paid his tavern bills. He was a good sort of a fellow, and did not go sneaking about bilking hotel-keepers and stealing boots. As a caution to him for the future, he should sentence him to three months' hard labour at Wandsworth."

"*Lucy* and me wish to signify to this worthy Magistrate that we quite agree with him, and that the way he spoke up for the Captain did credit to his head and heart. *Macheath* has his frailties, as which of us has not, but what's that when your heart's in the right place? Highway robbery, bigamy, subordination (we think it's called) of perjury, training gangs of thieves, and all that, is very wrong, no doubt, but we quite agree with *MR. COMBE* that one may do all that and more, and yet be 'a good sort of fellow.' So in *Lucy's* name and mine (for we are above all low jealousies now), we thank *MR. COMBE*, and will thank you, *Mr. Punch*, to tell him so. The Captain is out on a little business, being now on the Stock Exchange, or would join us in compliments.

"Yours, very affectionately,

"*Belgravia.*"

"*POLLY MACHEATH (née PEACHAM).*"

Military Journals are Requested to Copy this Contradiction.

WE are authorised by an intimate friend and sincere admirer of the EARL OF CARDIGAN to give the most positive contradiction to the rumour that, falling *GARIBALDI*, the command of the Federal forces was to be offered to his noble Lordship. The Earl cannot imagine why they connected him with Bull's Run.

"UNDER WHICH MAYOR, BEZONIAN; SPEAK OR DIE?"

WRITING slightly before the event of the struggle for the Mayoralty in the Exhibition year, but wishing to stand excessively well with the LORD MAYOR for that year, *Mr. Punch* begs to state, and he finds that he is but repeating the sentiments of most of his contemporaries, that while he cannot conceive how there can be the slightest doubt as to the propriety of re-electing *CUBITT*, who is &c., &c., &c., he is utterly at a loss to perceive a single valid argument for not electing *SIR H. MUGGERIDGE*, who is &c. &c. &c.

P.S. Since writing the above, he observes that *has* been chosen. Of course. It would have been an insult to the City to have done otherwise. He heartily and cordially rejoices.

P.P.S. The blank shall be filled up when he really knows the fact.

ABOLITION OF THE PAPER DUTY.

NOTICE.

In consequence of the Abolition of the Paper Duty,

MR. PUNCH

Hereby gives Notice that he will

REDUCE

Any person who offends him to as much impalpable powder as will lie upon

ONE FARTHING,

And relieve his friends of one bore

FOR THE FUTURE.



OLD GENT. "Do you know what a Lie is, Sir?"

LITTLE BOY. "Oh, don't I, jest; I tells lots of 'em."

A NATIONAL DEFENDER.

"I SAY, *Punch*, old chap, I wish you'd just pitch into that 'G. U.' who has been writing to the *Times*, and saying that we English don't know how to dress, and that when we go abroad we wear our seediest clothes, and walk about in rusty wideawakes and unpolished boots. What if we do, I'd like to know? Just as if a freeborn Briton hadn't a clear right to dress exactly as he pleased, and do precisely what he liked, wherever he might be. So long as I can pay my shot, I reckon I shall always be welcome on the Continent; and as for Frenchmen turning up their noses at my 'blackguardly' appearance, as 'G. U.' says they do, I can only say that I should like to catch them at it, but I never did so yet, and don't expect to do. They are precious glad to see me, in whatever togs I come to them; and though behind my back, maybe, they call me 'one grand beast,' they are always vastly civil to my face, and take good care not to laugh at me while I'm within hearing.

"If this 'G. U.' be believed, our barristers and doctors, and college chaps, and merchant princes annually 'disguise' themselves as cab-drivers and 'bus cads, and disgust their swell French friends by walking with them without gloves, and staring at shop-windows like a lot of country bumpkins, and deporting themselves generally less like educated gentlemen than uncivilised Gorillas. 'Vulgar-looking objects,' 'G. U.' has the cheek to call us, and says that at the theatres our 'disregard of decency' is really still more glaring than in the public streets. And then, by way of contrast, he tells us that when Frenchmen come to London, there is nothing vulgar or shabby in their appearance, and they pay us the respect of 'dressing even better than they do at home.' Well, judging by the specimens I've seen near Leicester Square, there must be precious scarecrows somewhere about Paris, if worse clothes are there in wearing than those which we see here.

"The fact is, *Mr. Punch*, I believe that Mister 'G. U.'s' real name is *Jehu*; and as, I think, he drives a cab, he has a fondness for all foreigners, for they know nothing about distances, and are generally chargeable at half-a-crown a mile. So he gives them this soft soap in the hope of tempting more of them to London, where he will no doubt

SPIRITUAL BOXIANA.

WITH serious interest we see advertised a—

NEW RELIGIOUS PUBLICATION, 2d. Monthly.—No. 1, for October, 32 pages, in Illustrated Wrapper, the CHRISTIAN'S BREAD-BASKET, a magazine for family reading.

The Bread-Basket of a Christian—our contemporary *Bell's Life* will correct us if we are wrong—is, in the fistic tongue, that part of him, ladies, in anatomical language, named the *epigastrium*, or pit of the stomach. The *Christian's Bread-Basket* is indicated by its truly fanciful title to be an organ of muscular Christianity as cultivated by Professors of Evangelical principles, and the Noble Art of Self-Defence. This idea of that new religious publication will appear to be confirmed by the designation of one of the articles in the table of its contents as, "Your Babe, How Will You Train It?" We look for future announcements of edifying papers under similar heads, as "The Good Fight," "Grist to the Mill," "The Judicious Bottle-holder," "The Faithful Second," "Time!" "Believers Up to the Scratch," "Are You All Right?" and so forth. The title of any successful periodical is sure to be imitated; therefore, if the *Christian's Bread-Basket* should be found to answer, its appearance no doubt will soon be followed by that of the *Christian's Potato-Trap*.

The proprietors of that evidently pious and as evidently pugilistic periodical so happily named the *Christian's Bread-Basket*, should send a liberal lot of copies of it to MR. THOMAS SAYERS, in order that the ex-Champion, as a Teacher, may distribute them among his juvenile disciples. The *Christian's Bread-Basket* may be conjectured to contain the sort of spiritual grub that is just the thing to suit the digestion of any serious youth who may be engaged in profiting by MR. SAYERS'S lessons; particularly with a view to the prize of his peculiar calling.

"Le Commencement de la Faim."

THE appearance of MONS. DUPIN as a Protectionist is certainly very curious. Free Trade in England was a question of cheap bread, and Protection was ultimately compelled to yield to it. In spite of all the opposition, it may be the same with Protection in France, if the lower classes once began in anger to raise the cry of "DU-R(A)IN."

be always glad to see them, and take them to as many sights and places as he can. But as for foreign-going Britons being biased by his blarney, pray don't let him lay that flattering unction to his soul. When on a tour an Englishman always does his best to make himself at home, and to enjoy himself as much as it is possible to do. There is no mistaking his insular deportment; and, though some may think it insolent, that's a matter of opinion, and JOHN BULL on a tour don't care a jot what people think of him. Some perhaps may stare to see him stalk along in the middle of the streets, and stare up at the houses as though they all belonged to him, and he were come over to inspect his property. Others again may wonder at his walking about a church while service is proceeding, and looking at the pictures as though they were a show, and uttering his comments in audible stage-whispers, much to the annoyance of those who are at prayers. But all these little eccentricities foreigners forgive us, because we have long purses, and don't mind dipping into them. And so long as they are pleased and proud to see us, I don't see why a 'G. U.' needs to crack his whip at us; and if it comes to talking of 'vulgar-looking objects,' why Englishmen are ever so much handsomer than foreigners, and as for English women, bless them! Where upon the Continent can we look upon their like? This I'll say and stick to, in spite of all the 'G. U.'s' and Jehu in creation; as sure as my name (p'rhaps you may have heard it?) is

"JOHN SMITH."

The Costume of Travelling Englishmen.

POOR JOHN BULL mustn't be blamed, or ridiculed, if he does look a little shabby and eccentric on the Boulevards and elsewhere, as it is very well known that an Englishman always puts on his bad habits the moment he goes abroad.

NOT THE SLIGHTEST MATERIAL FOR "A LEADER."

WHY is the KING OF NAPLES like a leading-article writer at this particular period of the year?

Because he must feel himself dreadfully at a loss for subjects.



"TOO TRUE!"

In the above disgraceful garb (usually Light Tweed, Mouse Flannel Shirt, No Waist-coat, and a White Billycock Hat!) G. U. meets his Friend Jack Lostring walking on a blazing summer day in the Boulevards, Paris.—Can we wonder that he discards Jack there and for ever, and relieves his anguish of mind in a Letter to the "Times"?

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

WE doubt if the following is likely to be found, under the head of "Fashionable Intelligence," in the *Morning Post*:—"On Thursday last, FRANCES ANNE, Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, gave her annual *dîner champêtre* at Carnlough, in Ireland. Invitations were sent out to the number of 300, and full as many must have attended. We are sorry we can give none of the gentlemen's names, as they were mostly colliers, and all of them, moreover, were her Ladyship's tenants, and as such we doubt if they would be interesting, much less known to any of our fair readers. They were mostly distinguished by extreme plainness of attire; whilst a plentiful absence of gloves as well as jewellery, only relieved occasionally by a gaudy waistcoat, in the very worst taste, generally prevailed. We must admit, however, that clean shirts predominated, and from the brightness of their happy faces, no one would have suspected what was their usual calling. The company sat down to table at the primitive hour of two o'clock; but in spite of that, every one seemed to make a capital dinner. The repast was plain and substantial, and what it may have wanted in quality, was certainly made up in quantity. However, as it was of a nature that Mrs. GUNTER would not have prided himself in having sent out, we must be pardoned laying before our readers the particulars of the *carte*. As soon as dinner was over—we were going to say, as soon as the table-cloth was removed, only there was no table-cloth used on the occasion—her Ladyship delivered a speech, so very different to anything we are in the habit of printing, that we are sure we shall be excused occupying our columns with a word of it. It was curiously free from compliments, or any elegant *fournaire* of well-bred *persiflage*, or any of those nicely-worded drawing-room *judaisies*, that mean nothing, and yet are so acceptable to the educated ear. On the contrary, it was only to be commended for its gentle wisdom and unaffected tone of kindly admonition and earnest exhortation. However, it seemed to go to the hearts of the guests, who gave vent to their excited feelings by cheering, of course, in the noisiest manner possible. As soon as they were tired of eating and drinking, the company went home in their respective carriages and wheelbarrows. The only beverage handed was beer."

The above may appear a highly improper entertainment for a lady in the MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY'S station of life to lend herself to, but we confess if the "Fashionable Intelligence" of our fastidious contemporary were oftener filled with such reports, we should take much greater pleasure in reading them.

REGIMENTAL ASSASSINS.

It is a most lamentable necessity in the nature of things that armies must be in considerable part composed of men of moral worth and intelligence. What a pity it is that brains which are capable of reason, and a heart animated with human feeling, should be under the obligation of becoming liable to be blown out and torn to pieces by creatures who are beasts in every respect but that of possessing two hands, and having weapons in them! War seems to be a sort of work that should, by right, constitute the severest kind of hard labour to which criminals could possibly be condemned. It is essentially a painful and disgusting employment, wherein nobody can deserve to be involved but the worst of felons. Military service, in short, ought to be penal servitude. The forces of a nation should consist of its rascality and its ruffianry. These considerations only enhance the regard which all who feel the force of them must entertain for the heroes whom a sense of duty compels to brave death, and even mutilation, in defence of their country. They are the confessors and martyrs of patriotism.

There are, no doubt, numerous unconvicted British scoundrels who would be glad to fight for pay and plunder, and the gratification of their innate ferocity; and these take to fighting as a trade, engaging as volunteers in a quarrel which they have no business with. The Special Correspondent of the *Times*, in a letter from Washington, makes the following allusion to villains of this description:—

"They must know, also, that they act in opposition to the QUEEN'S proclamation in accepting service on either side. There are, however, a number of English subjects engaged as officers on both sides, and the Irish may be counted by myriads (in its proper sense) in both armies."

In any rational view these English and Irish bravos militant, whether on the Federal or Confederate side, deserve to be hanged as much as anybody can. They kill for hire or for amusement, and if such killing is not murder, what is? It differs only from common murder in being much more deliberate. If all of these blackguards who may be taken

prisoners are gibbeted, they will be the right men in the right places, if the tight noose of a halter is the right place for the neck of any man. In battle, a man's lower jaw is sometimes shot away without killing him, and, thus hideously maimed, he drags on a ghastly existence for many years of misery. Should this accident happen to any English or Irish mercenary, occupied in the commission of wilful murder on behalf of either the North or the South, who will pity him? A "gallant lad," a "dashing boy," exercising his venal or gratuitous "gallantry" and "dash" in unwarranted bloodshed, would meet with a merited rebuke in a crack of the chops which would leave him permanently chop-fallen.

If we could but safely constitute the British army out of such materials as the fellows who are now murdering the Americans and one another under the Stars and Stripes and the Palmetto Flag respectively, how happy we should be! We should not be then as we are now, compelled to throw away valuable lives in resisting the aggression of any surrounding savages who may be hounded upon us by the hope of plunder on the lust of glory.

THE FALL OF THE APPLE.

THE Manchester folks are buying up all the apples, so that we are threatened with a cider famine. It seems—

"That the Manchester calico-dyers and printers have discovered that apple juices supply a desideratum long wanted in making fast colours for their printed cottons."

This is not the first time in the history of the world that the apple has been the fruit of mischief or discord, or that a question of momentous gravity has turned upon its fall. However, we are very sorry, for apple juices are good for something more than what is drily stated in the above paragraph; for do they not in warm weather supply, also, a "de-cider-atum" in quenching a pedestrian's thirst? Since they are to be used for the future only for printing, we suppose we shall find their taste and quality principally displayed in *Gros-de-Apples*!

A NEW COURT CIRCULAR WANTED.



EXPECTED PUNCH,

"I WISH to call your notice to a literary want, which I think it is your duty as a loyal British subject, and one having undoubtedly great influence at Court, to attend to without loss of time and get supplied. The meagre details which are furnished of the movements of our SOVEREIGN by that bald and disappointing publication, the *Court Circular*, should surely be expanded by some competent historian, for the interest and delight of persons like myself, to whom the slightest act of Royalty seems worthy to be chronicled in the most durable of type. Curiosity I know has been called a vulgar passion, and many people think—or at least pretend to think—that although the press may

chronicle the movements of HER MAJESTY when she appears in public state, it has no right to inquire into her doings when in private, any more than into those of any other private lady in the land. Some indeed affect to view it as the height of snobism if one betrays a wish to know how Royalty employs itself in its leisure moments, and whether it eats and drinks like humanity in general, and walks and laughs and talks in the usual human way. But I think such curiosity is laudable and loyal; and I am not to be deterred from endeavouring to gratify it by any sneers and snarls about 'impertinent Paul-Pryism,' or hints about one's hunting royal persons, and watching all their movements, as though they were some newly-discovered species of wild beast.

"Now, hungry as I am for every scrap I can pick up about the movements of the Court, only see with what scant diet the *Court Circular* would starve me:—

"THE QUEEN and PRINCE CONSORT, accompanied by PRINCESS ALICE and PRINCE LOUIS of Hesse went out driving yesterday afternoon, and walked home through the Balmoral woods.

"PRINCESS LOUISE rode out attended by LADY CHURCHILL.

"PRINCE ARTHUR and PRINCE LEOPOLD, attended by BARON WRESTERWELLER and MAJOR ELPHINSTONE, drove to Loch Bulig.

"There was no addition to the Royal dinner-party."

"What bald and meagre details! How utterly unsatisfying to one who like myself would wish to know so much more than is here recorded. Not one word is said as to how HER MAJESTY and family were dressed, and whether they looked well and seemed in tolerable spirits. Yet to loyal subjects surely such particulars are interesting. Perhaps it were unreasonable to expect that a reporter should be constantly at hand, to treasure up the tit-bits of the Royal conversation. But I should immensely relish such a record, and would subscribe to any paper that would undertake to furnish it. How delightful it would be to know the sweet soft nothings that PRINCE LOUIS whispered modestly in the ear of his Princess, as they 'walked home' together through the leafy woods! Of course the QUEEN and the PRINCE CONSORT discreetly walked in front, and suffered the young couple to follow at their leisure, and enjoy the opportunity of loitering as they pleased. The uninteresting *Court Circular* says not a word on this point, and makes its statement in the most prosaic stupid manner, as though such a thing as love-making were quite unknown at Court. But any one with eyes can see quite clearly what took place, and it is cruel to deny us the delight of such full details as might have been supplied.

"On another day my loyal curiosity is balked by the bald bits of intelligence that—

"THE PRINCE CONSORT and PRINCE LOUIS OF HESSE went out deer-stalking.
"HER MAJESTY'S dinner-party included a number of grand people and the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting."

"What did the PRINCE CONSORT kill? That is the first question that I palpitate to know. Was his Royal Highness successful in his stalking, and when he got a chance, did he make a decent shot? As our country is becoming now a land of practised riflemen, every one must feel an interest in the prowess of the Prince, and must be glad to know that he is a sure marksman in a deer forest, and that a stag when aimed at by him will be venison in a crack. Then again, as to the dinner. Was there anything extraordinary in the 'Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting' being present? One would think the phrase 'in Waiting' meant that they attended upon Royalty at meal-time, and discharged the duties which are usual to waiters, such as changing plates and dishes, and bringing fresh clean knives and forks. But if this be so, why was their presence specially recorded? and are we to imagine that when they are not mentioned, other waiters do their work, and they are having 'a day out?'

"Of all the mortifying scraps and atoms of Court news, the following however, I think, the most disheartening. After a few meagre words anent the elder royal

personages, and how a recent morning had been wiled away by them, I find it said with brutal brevity that—

"The Royal Children took their usual out-door exercise."

"Is not that, Sir, disappointing? How am I to know what the Royal Children did that morning with their royal selves? In common I dare say with millions of your loyal readers, I am most completely in the dark upon the point. Carefully I have searched through two whole years of the *Court Circular*, and can find no scrap of statement as to what this 'usual out-door exercise' may be. The only way indeed by which I can arrive at any guess upon the matter is by looking at my pocket-book to ascertain the ages of the Royal Family, and then assigning such a pastime as seems suitable to each. But whether the PRINCE LEOPOLD did really play at marbles on the morning I refer to, or whether he amused himself with castigation of a whipping-top or the trundling of a hoop, is a question which I have, alas! no data to decide. Nor can I determine if his elder brother ARTHUR took his exercise on pony-back, or in playing fly-the-garter with some Gentleman in Waiting, or in having a game of hop-scotch, because he was in Scotland, or in getting some fat nobleman to make a back at leap-frog, or a ball or two at cricket, or a running bout at rounders, or a turn at prisoner's base. The PRINCESS HELENA attends the royal dinner-table now, and must therefore not be classed among the Royal Children, and the PRINCESS LOUISA is in her fourteenth year, and so no doubt is too sedate for things so juvenile as skipping-ropes. But the little PRINCESS BEATRICE is still—bless her!—in her doll-age, and I can picture her quite prettily at her 'usual out-door exercise' of walking out as nurse-maid with her dolly in her arms; though whether dolly is of wood or wax, and has blue eyes, black, or brown, and whether she be able to wink those visual organs, I regret that I can do no more than give a feeble guess, and dolls are now so various that my guess, there is great reason to fear, would prove a wrong one.

"Such particulars as these the *Court Circular* should furnish, to satisfy minds loyally inquiring like my own. And now that a new newspaper is started every week, I trust if the *Court Circular* neglects to do its work, a new one will be set up forthwith in opposition. Promising my support to so promising a spec,

"I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

"A LOVER OF SMALL BEER."

"Paul Pry Place, Tuesday."

SPECIMEN OF AN AUSTRIAN TELEGRAM.

ONE morning last week an Austrian telegram announced the fact that, on board an English vessel, the Austrian Government had seized Seventy Boxes, containing 3000 rifles, intended, of course to be used by those who object to the paternal arrangements of the House of Hapsburg. The same evening the Austrian telegram was slightly corrected by an accurate statement of the case, which was that One Box, containing some rifles, had been placed on board an English vessel, by a mistake which was at once detected and rectified.

We earnestly hope that at the coming International Exhibition, Austria will contribute to the Philosophical Instrument department a specimen of the wonderful multiplying spectacles furnished to her officials. There will be nothing else so miraculous unless MR. SAMUEL WELLES should contribute his hypothetical ten million magnifying microscope of hextra power.

Negroes in Africa and in Europe.

"THE Negro (says a writer in the *Cornhill*) invents nothing, originates nothing, improves nothing." The same can pretty nearly be said of the Bourbon, with this addition—that your Bourbon learns nothing. In fact, it may be said with justice, and we wish to offend no black man with the comparison, that the Bourbons are the Negroes of Europe.

BE JUST, IF YOU WON'T BE GENEROUS.

It is not fair for us to laugh at the poor Yankées. If they have had their Bulls' Run, pray haven't we, also, every year our Cowes' Regatta?



THE LAST DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.—PACKING UP.

Maid (to Paterfamilias). "PLEASE, SIR, MISSUS SAY YOU'RE TO COME IN, AND SIT ON THE BOXES; BECAUSE WE CAN'T GET 'EM TO, AND THEY WANTS TO BE CORDED."

GLORIOUS TRIUMPH IN THE CITY!!!

As *Mr. Punch* last week announced must inevitably be the case, the Livery has chosen MR. CURTIS by a splendidly preponderating majority. As *Mr. Punch* also remarked, it would have been an insult to the City to doubt the result. As *Mr. Punch* further remarked, he congratulates the City on its noble conduct. There can be no kind of hesitation in affirming that not only is CURTIS the proper man—did we say man, we mean nobleman—for the office of LORD MAYOR during the year when foreigners from all parts will crowd our metropolis, and expect to behold in the person of our Chief Magistrate a compendium of all that in private is kind, and all that in public ennoblingly towers, for Mansion House banquets expressly designed, like the strength of the shaft with the capital's flowers. The veteran champion of the City's rights; the gallant politician who resigned the inglorious safety of Andover to fight the perilous battle of the Constitution against the fiends of revolution whose rage found vent in the frantic accents of the terrible WOOD; the hero who, though defeated, quailed not, but instantly gave more dinners—here was the man—nobleman, we mean—for the City, and right proud and glad we are that the City knew its man and chose him. May CURTIS, twice Consul, have a glorious and prosperous second reign, and when the bright sword of Royalty shall fall upon his metropolitan shoulders, the steel should be wreathed with roses, like the blade of HARMONIOUS, and homage be paid at once to the brave statesman and the worthy host. Who's MUGGERIDGE? MUGGERIDGE be blowed! Bah! bee! bo! buh! MUGGERIDGE, indeed! London for CURTIS, and CURTIS for London!

Such are *Mr. Punch's* sentiments, from which he has never swerved a hair's-breadth, and to which he adheres with the tenacity of one who stands upon principle. It is at the same time due to himself to say that, like his contemporaries, he had been prepared for any contingency that might occur, and that he had the following paragraph ready in type, and had the Livery taken a different view of the case, these

remarks would, *mutatis mutandis*, have taken the place of the above glowing eulogium.

As *Mr. Punch* announced last week must inevitably be the case, the Livery has chosen SIR HENRY MUGGERIDGE by a splendidly preponderating majority. The City has vindicated its title to be regarded as the asylum of justice, fearlessness, and incorruptibility. MUGGERIDGE is Mayor-Elect, and a glorious triumph has been achieved. Who, we indignantly ask, were his opponents? The Conservatives, who boast that it is their pride *stare super vias antiquas*, and now indeed do stare at the old streets in speechless dismay. These were the champions of order and vested rights, and these men sought to thrust away the lawful claimant of the City throne, and by a *coup d'état* of unequalled ferocity, to reseal a sovereign whose lease had expired. MUGGERIDGE is victorious, and faction and epicureanism sneak into unutterable nothingness. What was the base, and indeed baseless assumption upon which they rested their case? They urged that MR. CURTIS had upheld the social honours of the City, and they dared to imply that MUGGERIDGE might be less generous and open-handed. Why, did they not know that this noble Corn-Factor is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, created by no less a personage than the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH himself? Was he—the Chevalier—likely to tarnish the lustre of his order, the star of the brave whose light hath shed such glory o'er the quick and dead? His very name is suggestive of hospitality—MUG, MUGGER, MUGGERIDGE are words redolent of the rich atmosphere of the loving-cup, the spiced wine in which a Mayor wishes happiness to the world in general, and the Aldermen in particular. We have no language to express our contempt for the happily innocuous but not the less malevolent attempt to push him from his stool, and it is with sensations of a character too elaborate for analysis, and too recondite for utterance, that we join in the exulting shout, "London for MUGGERIDGE, and MUGGERIDGE for London!"

And now we hope that we have made it all right in both quarters, and will only request that the LORD MAYOR will recollect that we have



THAMES AND HIS TRIBUTARY.

FATHER THAMES. "BLESS YOU, MY THWAITES! BLESS YOU! IF THEY HAD WAITED FOR YOUR 'INITIATIVE,' I SHOULD HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR."

always stood by him, and led him from victory to victory, and that in 1862—3, SIR HENRY MUGGERIDGE will not fail to bear in mind that no considerations of personal interest prevented our upholding him in his gallant struggle, cheering him during its progress, and consoling him for its result.

As for SIR PETER LAURIE. Well, he would have made a very good Consul indeed, and if the citizens had placed the saddle on the right Mayor, he should have had as splendid a paragraph as either of the above. As it is, he knows where we are to be found, and that if we like one thing better than another, it is first-rate Madeira.

HAPSBURG'S GREATNESS IN VENICE.

MY DEAR TEAREM,

No doubt you will rejoice to hear how highly the constitutional government of that great monarch, your friend, the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, is making itself respected in Venetia. You will remember that a little while ago the Austrian authorities at Venice arrested and fined several of those persons who had the presumption to attend a *requiem* celebrated on the occasion of the death of COUNT CAVOUR. *Requiem*, indeed! No rest or peace to the wicked! Well, the long-suffering Austrian rulers did not exact the fines at the time from their ill-conditioned subjects, and they liberated several of those perverse offenders. This forbearance has not been appreciated as it deserved to be; the ungrateful Venetians have made no sign, not any the least demonstration in acknowledgment of your great and glorious friend. What is the consequence? That, my Tearem, we are told by the Paris correspondent of the *Post*, according to whom:—

"At the beginning of this month, however, the 'Colpevoli' were called before the police, and told that they must pay the fines or go to the prison of St Severo for eight days. Many Venetians paid the fine, but others preferred the imprisonment. There were ladies who did not hesitate to submit to imprisonment rather than to pay their florins for attending a religious ceremony in a city of his most Catholic and Apostolic Majesty FRANCIS-JOSEPH. Among these was SIGNORA GARGNANI. This lady was told by the police that if she preferred imprisonment to the fine, 'She would be placed amongst the *donne di mal affare*, and would be only allowed the ordinary prison food.' This lady had the pluck to accept such an alternative, and suffered her eight days' incarceration with such company. The CONTRESS LABIA and the SIGNORA SERONDI are other ladies who are in prison for the same offence."

These, my dear Tearem, are only a few of the obstinate ladies whom the energetic Austrian police has imprisoned because of their refusal to pay fines for having attended a mass for the repose of a soul which was hostile to the dominion of the Hapsburgs in Italy. There are many more of them expiating their audacity in prison. In thus punishing these rebels in crinoline, the admirable police of Austria has evinced sound policy, not only administrative but also financial. Let us hope it will succeed. FRANCIS-JOSEPH, though a royal gentleman, such as the Kaiser of a police like that of Venice ought to be, is nevertheless a gentleman in difficulties. The finances of his Empire, you know, are in a very bad way. The fines, therefore, under his constitutional rule, due from delinquents guilty of having attended an objectionable mass, were of course an object to a magnanimous but needy prince. Hence we see the wisdom exercised by his police in endeavouring to extract those penalties from the offenders who owed them by every possible means, even by imprisoning respectable ladies along with *donne di mal affare*. They could not have taken a more judicious course, could they? unless indeed they had whipped the forfeited florins out of the Italian traitresses, after the manner of gallant HAYNAU of famous memory, whom you should love; for, inasmuch as his scourge lacerated the backs of the fair sex, he too was a Tearem in his way; and he tore 'em in the interest of Austria. Congratulating you on the conciliatory, liberal, and enlightened government of your constitutional and imperial friend as instanced at Venice,

To JOHN ARTHUR TEAREM, ESQ.
Boots at the Spread Eagle.

Believe me, &c.
PUNCH.

A SENSIBLE FASHION.

THE attention of Paterfamilias is invited to the subjoined piece of valuable information, for which he has to thank *Le Follet*:—

"The vogue for Zouaves is far from becoming extinct, there is an economical reason which proves greatly in their favour. For instance, skirts that would otherwise be rejected have a very good effect when accompanied by the coquette vest Zouave, and an elegant chemisette."

The skirts that would, if worn otherwise than in conjunction with the coquette vest Zouave, be rejected, may be presumed to be skirts which want a little washing but will not stand being washed. It is melancholy to every reflecting mind, except that of a linen-draper or milliner, to think how many skirts are rejected under those circumstances, and have to be replaced by unfortunate husbands and fathers

of limited and precarious means, which are in a great measure confiscated by the Income-Tax. Any fashion which will have the effect of making female apparel go farther and last longer than it would else, is highly to be commended. What the coquette vest Zouave means, never mind. A coquette, as we have before had occasion to observe, is, according to JOHNSON, a gay airy girl who endeavours to attract notice. The coquette vest Zouave may be a gay airy vest constructed for the same purpose. Say that the coquette vest Zouave is, in plain English, a flirting-jacket. Be it what it may, so long as it occasions the preservation of skirts that would otherwise be rejected, it is a boon and a blessing to Paterfamilias. Let him cast an eye on the wardrobe of Materfamilias and the girls, and if, by the help of strong spectacles, he can manage to make out that their skirts are in any danger of rejection from slight discoloration, or on any the like pretence, let him generously treat them all round to the coquette vest Zouave, combining elegance on their part with economy on his own, and getting credit, at the same time, for good taste and good-nature.



MR. SPURGEON'S ADVICE TO BACHELORS.

ON Tuesday night last week, at the Newington Monster-Tavernacle, MR. SPURGEON delivered a Lecture on that popular monster the Gorilla. From a report of the celebrated preacher's observations, the subjoined extract may conduce to the edification of our readers:—

"The worst Gorillas were bachelor Gorillas. (*Laughter.*) He hoped he addressed none of that class. (*Continued Laughter.*) From this subject MR. SPURGEON digressed to the softening influence of female society, and said that the best thing every bachelor could do was to take under his sheltering wing one who could give him more than he could give her. (*Laughter.*)"

Why laughter? What was there to laugh at in this last remark of MR. SPURGEON'S? There are those who laugh at what they don't understand, and such alone surely are they who could have found aught laughable in MR. SPURGEON'S advice to bachelors. They did not, of course, apprehend any latent fun in the figure of the bachelor's "sheltering wing." It is not to be supposed that they understood MR. SPURGEON as insinuating that the bachelor who married was a bird as it were; namely, a goose. And where was the joke in defining the wife that a bachelor had better take as one who could give him more than he could give her? In a matrimonial altercation, indeed, there are plenty of ladies who are capable of retorting with interest on their husbands, and giving them as good as they bring and better in that sense of the phrase; but of course these are not such as MR. SPURGEON would recommend. Some wives if, in giving their husbands heirs, they have come under his definition, cannot have likewise earned his approval. The fellow who is so fortunate as to contract matrimony with a party able to give him more than he can give her, can only rationally be conceived to be one who marries a woman of property so much exceeding his own as to pay her expenses and leave him something over. This kind of marriage, though a most felicitous transaction, is a grave affair of business, and no laughing matter to any serious mind, such as that which should actuate everybody who sits under

MR. SPURGEON. The thoughtful bachelor would sigh instead of laughing on being advised to "take under his sheltering wing one who could give him more than he could give her." Where, oh where, is so valuable a woman to be found? Can SPURGEON tell, or is the reply to come from Echo?



MEDICAL MANSLAUGHTER.

EVERY now and then, especially in the dull season, a paragraph appears headed "Accidental Poisoning," or "Medicine given by Mistake:" on reading which, we learn in nine times out of ten, that the servant in attendance has given the sick patient a dose from the wrong bottle, and, through carelessness or else imperfect ability to read, has administered some liniment instead of some cough mixture, and has not until too late discovered the mistake. Now, there is an Act of Parliament which enjoins that what is poisonous shall be labelled "Poison," which is a short word and easy to be read. But surgeons very often, and chemists not the less so, instead of marking lotion bottles with the label "Poison," are rather apt to use fine language and to stick upon their phials the inscription "For External application only," a phrase intelligible doubtless to nine persons out of ten, but which is likely by the tenth either not to be spelled through, or not rightly to be understood. Long words are very well for educated minds, but for intellects half cultured short ones are far better; and where life and death may hang upon the use of them, surely it were better to use even vulgar phrases which would be intelligible, than terms more elegantly chosen, which possibly would not. Many a half-schooled servant, who might not know the meaning of "external application," would understand the coarser caution "NOT TO BE TAKEN INSIDE," while for persons more illiterate who might entertain some doubt about the rightly spelt word "Poison," a label printed "PISON" would be much more likely to be quickly understood.

LOCOMOTIVE LOVE.—Buss-ing.

A LABOURER NOT WORTHY OF HIS HIRE.

ALWAYS foremost in the cause of freedom, *Mr. Punch* raises his loud protest against the arbitrary and tyrannical conduct of the Government, and specially of SIR GEORGE GREY, Home Secretary, in reference to the pension of MR. FIELD. To pander to the prejudices of the mass is entirely unworthy of the statesman who should rule and guide it, and SIR GEORGE GREY has taken an opportunity of showing that he shares the feelings of the English, and of inflicting a blow upon one of the representatives of the spy-system. MR. FIELD has been a policeman, and has earned a retiring pension of £120 per annum. MR. FIELD has set up an office for himself, and proffers his experience as a Detective to anybody who desires to find out anything, and can pay the required fees. *Mr. Punch* has read statements in the papers, and has also received special information, which lead him to believe that the private spy-system is carried on with considerable zeal and ingenuity by MR. FIELD and other professors of the noble art. Why they are to be discouraged, *Mr. Punch* does not know. If a wife suspects that her husband's allegation, on going out, that he has business to attend to, is not quite correct, why is she to be debarred from the pleasure of hiring a spy, who shall follow the husband, note what time he arrives at his office, and what time he leaves it, whether he has improved his dress, and whether he goes down to Greenwich or Blackwall, and with whom, so that the wife may confront him with the proofs of his duplicity, and demand to be sent to her mamma? Or, on the other hand, if a husband imagines that all his wife's interviews during the day are not narrated to him, why should he not bring home a detective, who, under the guise of a tradesman's messenger, with some article for Mrs. SLYBOOTS'S inspection, may become acquainted with her face, and may track her from the milliner's to the grocer's, and thence to her friend MRS. WILEY'S, and thence to Kensington Gardens, and thence to the biscuit shop, and thence home, and may furnish the husband with all this information? The Home Secretary does not appear to respect the professors of detective science, and simply because MR. FIELD has placed some heading to his letters which may lead foreigners to believe that the Government has something to do with the system, the ex-detective's pension has been stopped. He clamours, and well he may. Most Englishmen do not like spies, and use hard and contemptuous words about them, and call the system a vile one, and are inclined to kick anybody who is found listening at a keyhole, tampering with a letter, or boring a hole in the wall of a room. They even prefer to be deceived, to using that kind of means of detecting deceit. But this is a coarse, insular way of looking at the matter, and we regret that those who have learned in France, or elsewhere, to avail themselves of the advance of ingenuity,

and the subtleties of the spy-system, receive an implied slap in the face by this discouragement to MR. FIELD. SIR GEORGE GREY should get rid of his English notions and habits of thought, and be more cosmopolitan. How the French officials must smile at his fastidiousness! There are no such prejudices in France, where the man who plays dominoes with you, or the lady who waltzes with you, or the tailor who measures you, or the affable stranger who smokes a cigar beside you in the Gardens, may turn an honest napoleon by learning your business for the benefit of somebody else whom it may concern. Why is England to lag behind the rest of Europe in the cultivation of Fine Arts? When Parliament meets, does SIR GEORGE think that he can successfully meet the question why FIELD'S pension has been stopped, with the bureaucratic reply that his circulars threw suspicion on the Government, or the insular statement that he was disinclined to show favour to an agent of a system which the people regard as mean, treacherous, and un-English. MR. FIELD evidently thinks that these will be no answers at all.

DARING ACT OF PERAMBULATORSHIP.

WE are accustomed to complain of servants, and to declare that they are careless, inattentive, thoughtless, destructive for the mere pleasure of destruction, and we don't know what else. Now we boldly maintain the contrary. One fact will suffice. We have just been witnessing a nursery-girl (she could not have been more than thirteen) *wheel a perambulator, with two children in it, down the steps by the Duke of York's Column!* It's a fact. Bump—bump went the slender vehicle, as it descended each step, and thump—thump went our poor heart as we watched the gradual descent of the vehicle. We expected an accident every minute. We rushed forward to offer our assistance, but there was not the slightest occasion for human help. With wonderful nerve she guided the frail machine. Nothing could have exceeded her wonderful self-possession but her consummate skill! At last—and those thumping five minutes were to us more than an age of stifling suspense—she accomplished the daring act, and it was done as coolly as you would eat an ice. And most miraculous—not a single baby was spilt! We would not have tried that perilous feat—no, not for all the wills and plate-chests in Courts's cellar. Yet we have heard ladies peevishly declare that servants do not take sufficient care of their children!

NIGGER PROVERB.—Massa Debil, him not so lilly white as him be painted.

DESCRIPTION OF AN AGRICULTURAL MEETING.



AVING to attend an Agricultural Dinner at Northampton, LORD LYVEDEN is reported to have said:—

"I regret that having seen this morning every kind of improvement and every stall teeming with something new, when we come together this evening nothing new is presented to us. We have the same speakers—the same stale jokes—the same antiquated imageries—the same worn-out arguments. (*Laughs.*)"

We would not dispute his Lordship's judgment for the world. He evidently knows what an agricultural meeting is; but, knowing as much as he does, we wonder how he has the courage to venture into one. Is he fond of "stale jokes"? Does he take any particular pleasure in listening to "worn-out arguments"? Has he any special need to clothe his thoughts with "antiquated imageries"? As for the good taste in telling these hard truths to the poor agriculturists, throwing

them into their very faces, after having partaken of their dinner, we would make the agricultural Port answerable for that rather than his Lordship.

It was scarcely kind of LORD LYVEDEN to say in the next breath—

"There is nothing to tell you that the breed of orators is improving. (*Benevolent laughter.*)"

And this, too, after EARL SPENCER, and LORD BURGHELY, and the HON. MR. VILLIERS had been speaking. He might have spared their feelings, or have kept

his thoughts to himself. This open criticism is not justifiable over the social board.

LORD LYVEDEN should propose a prize next year for the "best orator" at an agricultural meeting. That probably might improve "the breed." We wonder who would win it? Would it be NEWDEGATE, or LORD ROBERT MONTAGUE, or MANNERS, or NAAS, or who? We would back MANNERS against the whole oratorical universe (the agricultural portion at least—that is to say, the green part of it), but then LORD LYVEDEN must not enter himself for the contest.

GROSS EQUIVOCATION.

THE subjoined advertisement embellishes the inside back of a Western Omnibus:—

"STRACHAN & Co.
Domestic Black
Combining great strength
with roughness." } *See ad.*

The announcement of "Domestic Black" for sale might naturally suggest to a visitor from South Carolina, or another Secession State, that the Domestic Institution was one of the institutions of England. As "combining great strength with roughness," our Southern guest might imagine that the Domestic Black would be better suited for field labour than for in-door work, including the care of children. The low price of the Domestic Black, being considerably under a dollar, would astonish him, and he would perhaps remark that the nigger was going dog-cheap.

A Triple Hatful of Coppers.

THE newspaper paragraph subjoined will afford an answer to the question, "Why is the POPE like *Punch*?"

"PETER'S PENCE.—The total amount of 'Peter's Pence' paid into the royal treasury up to the present date, is said to be £2,250,000."

His Holiness has a great many subscribers. This is the resemblance between *Punch* and the POPE. The difference is that *Punch's* subscribers take *Punch* in, whereas the POPE's subscribers are taken in by the POPE.

A QUIVER FULL OF CHILDREN.

SOME time ago, *Mr. Punch* announced the appearance of a new periodical, to be called the *Quiver*. It has appeared, and is stated by its conductors to be successful. Its apparent objects are highly praise-worthy, and *Mr. Punch* would be sorry to indite a word in discouragement of any effort to do good. But it occurs to him that a household conducted on the system recommended in the number of the *Quiver* now lying before him might be—not to put too fine a point upon it—slightly dull.

An exceedingly self-satisfied Parent, complimented by a friend upon the conversational fluency and accuracy of Parent's children, takes credit to himself for having cultivated those gifts in his offspring by sundry rules and regulations. In the first place it is sternly ordained that in the Fluent Family, no child shall ever talk Nonsense. If he or she have nothing sensible to say, he or she must hold his or her little tongue.

All things considered, *Mr. Punch* is not quite sure that this prohibition is calculated to make home particularly happy. One MRS. BROWNING has theories upon the subject of child-nonsense, theories which would shock the judicious Parent in the *Quiver*; for the lady (but what do women know about education?) censures—it is in a lovely passage in *Larora Leigh*—men who have not the wisdom to talk nonsense with children. But, passing from this, and we dare say that when out of Stern Parent's hearing, Fluent Children indemnify themselves for their premature sagacity, *Mr. Punch* invites attention to the mode in which Stern Parent supplies Fluent Child with *pabulum* for wise talk.

At the beginning of each month, Parent writes a long list of "subjects" upon slips of paper, and places these in a "vase." We believe a common jug, or a flower-pot with the hole corked up, or even a disused hat will answer the purpose, but "vase" is more elegant, and you can get a stunning vase, all scroll and red and gilt, in the Lowther Arcade, for one and eightpence. Well, every morning some one of the children draws out a slip. He or she proclaims the word. At dinner, after mouths have been wiped, serviettes put into rings, and grace said, each child is expected to come out with something wise in reference to this theme.

Parent gives a specimen of the result, in a case where the subject drawn out had been the lively and suggestive theme, "Truth." *Mr.*

Punch is sadly afraid that had he had the misfortune to be one of the guests upon the occasion, he should have been obliged to remember a pressing engagement, in order to escape from the poor dear little pedants who were made to torture their thoughts into the semblance of aphorisms and epigrams. Or, perhaps, he would have tried to provide them with something lighter, by slipping some new subjects into the vase. For, the laboured and stilted nonsense—yes, nonsense strictly forbidden in fun, breaks out in earnest—which Self-sufficient Parent sets down as the talk of Fluent Children, would, had it really been uttered, have moved *Mr. Punch's* gentle soul to compassion. He will not quote it, though, for it is not kindred with his own nonsense, but this is the sort of thing which is to make Fluent Children:—

Polly. The word which has to-day been withdrawn from our vase, dear parents, is Patience. As I am to speak first, let me remark that this is a quality apt to be recommended by those who do not always evince the possession of any remarkable share of it.

Jucky. It is a very desirable quality, because it enables us to endure misfortunes with fortitude.

Louisa. It is like a lamp, because—because—because it throws a soft light upon our sorrows.

Stern Male Parent. You may add, LOUISA, because it requires to be supplied with the oil of charity.

Stern Female Parent. Let me also add that LOUISA's simile might be improved by introducing the word "camphine," for patience shows a very pure spirit.

Stern Male Parent. Admirable, dear Mamma. Proceed, HARRY.

Harry. "Patience, should, like a polished razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's hardly felt or seen."

No, I mean Satire, but I got the wrong quotation into my head.

Stern Parent. As a forfeit for your inadvertence, HARRY, repeat to us the first hundred lines from *Paradise Lost*. With due accent and emphasis.

Harry. "Of man's first disobedience eating fruit, &c., &c."

There, will anybody like to join the Fluent Children at their improving revels, or who's for a game at Cross Questions and Crooked Answers? Happy may be the man who has his Quiver full of such children, but *Mr. Punch*, who adores and is adored by children generally, confesses that he would not be very happy with the children of the *Quiver*.



Small Cousin. "DO YOU KNOW, ALICE, IT JUST OCCURS TO ME, THAT THE GUARD THINKS WE ARE A RUNAWAY COUPLE!"

THE APPLES OF VANITY.

O VANITY! thy lust of dress
Is as the hunger of a dog.
No beast exceeds thy vast excess;
No glutton, alderman, or hog.
Horseleech more suction doth not crave:
Thou art insatiate as the grave.

What bounds thy ravage can contain?
Our orchards must their fruit produce,
That Manchester may better stam
Thy cotton trappings with their juice:
So we shall have no apples left,
And of our cider be bereft.

Thou idiot Vice, whose mean delight
Lies in the thought of being seen,
In gay habiliments bedight,
Distended by thy Crinoline:
What is there thou wouldst not devour,
Just in thy hat to stick a flower?

Ah! couldst thou, from the very grape,
Squeeze out a novel purple dye
To colour thy confounded crape
So as to catch the public eye,
Thou 'dst spoil the true Burgundian vine
Itself, and rob us of our wine.

Humiliating Spectacle.

THE following remark was made by a Swell inspecting through his eye-glass a very small infant exhibited to him at the instance of its father, by its nurse, "Welcome little Stwangeav! Baby, singulaw queechaw—Of cawse, A was once a baby myself. Ought to make a fella humble—the ideaw of having evaw been sa match like a puppy!"

AFFECTIONS OF SALMON.

THE Fishery Commissioners of Ireland report a "decline of Salmon." This is very sad. The decline of Salmon was lamented by those who rejoice in their consumption.

A PUZZLE FOR A CABMAN.

THE Minutes of Education lately put before the public have received from some people some moments of attention; and certainly the writer of the following advertisement would be none the worse for giving half-an-hour to any minutes that should point out how the English language might be learnt:—

FOUR POUNDS REWARD.—LOST, a valuable **TURQUOISE** and **GOLD BROOCH**, on Thursday night, 26th. If the cabman who took two ladies, in evening dress, from the corner of Wellington Street, Strand, to 3, Upper Baker Street, N.W., will return the same, or any person who may have found it in the cab, shall be gladly paid the reward offered if brought to the address given.

The puzzles here presented are really quite as numerous as those littered in our nursery, and to our mind they are scarcely less difficult to solve. Whether the cabman is requested to "return the same" two ladies, or their "evening dress," or "Wellington Street, Strand," or "Upper Baker Street, N.W.," or "any person who may have found it in the cab," we are utterly unable definitely to decide. And what the "it" refers to is alike incomprehensible, as is the nominative which is wanting to the "shall be gladly paid." Which is the "address given" is another doubtful point, seeing that the corner of Wellington Street is mentioned as well as No. 3, Upper Baker Street, N.W.; and what is to be "brought" there seems a problem not less difficult, and one that we have certainly no leisure now to solve.

If ladies who lose things word their advertisements thus loosely, they cannot wonder much at not recovering the articles they lose. However conscientious a cabman may be, he cannot be expected to waste an afternoon in endeavouring to get through such a maze as we have quoted; and the chances are, that after sundry scratches of his puzzled pate, he will pitch the *Times* aside, and have another pot of beer.

The Uses of Prosperity.

PROSPERITY has its "sweet uses" as well as adversity, for no sooner does a man come into a little property than he instantly learns the number of his friends: whereas, if he remained poor, the chances are that he would have died in perfect ignorance of the fact.

WHAT? AT IT AGAIN? YOU!

RUSSIA, enchanted at the politeness of MR. SEWARD, has found heart to begin interfering in a quarter where it might be thought she had received some little discouragement the other day. She has actually taken upon herself to apprise the Sublime Porte that she disapproves of its treatment of the Montenegrins, and intends to send vessels to enforce her views. What does Europe think of that? Russia!

"While yet her cicatrix looks raw and red
After the English sword."

We should much like to see the original reply, as jotted down by the new Sultan. We wonder whether this is anything like it:—

"Son of a burnt fortress,

"Your missive has been laid on our feet, and if your own have recovered from the bastinado so well laid on by our late brother's friends, you had better come here and humbly ask leave to devour the letter, on your knees, in our presence. By the soul of the Prophet, but some people's efrontery is marvellous. Are the blasted docks of Sebastopol rebuilt, and are all your ships fished up from the bottom of the sea and re-fitted? Send by return of post the head of the slave who penned the letter, and say what you will stand if we promise not to show it to the small-footed but large-minded BULWER.

"Seraglio Point.

"Agrées, &c."

On the whole, *Punch* humbly suggests that the Autograph of all the Russians had better attend to the manumission of his own negroes, and leave the Montenegrins to mind their own business. OMAR PASHA might like nothing better than giving the same hint in livelier colours.

A Salt-Water Sketch.

(Taken on the Sands.)

THE Visitors of Ramsgate are divided by the respectable residents into two classes:—"Those who go to bathe, and those who go to see them bathe."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A FAST young Undergraduate explained to his slow "coach," that the reason he was reading up a *Guide to the Turf* was for instruction in Ethnology, or the knowledge of Races.



"NONE O' YOUR LARKS."

GIGANTIC NAVY. "Let's walk between yer, Gents; folks 'll think you've took up a Deserter."

THE FALL OF THE LEAF;

OR, SYLVAN MUSINGS.

I SAT upon a timber stool,
Beside a woodland alley;
Autumnal breezes brisk and cool
Came brushing down the valley.

Half stripped the moaning branches sway'd,
Their fickle foliage muttered;
And tawny swarms adown the glade
Flew, trundled, skipped, and fluttered.

They fluttered, trundled, skipped and flew,
Tossed, winnowed, swept, and heaped;
Each gust increasing myriads blew,
Each lull the drifts did deepen.

Think you upon the scene I mused,
Mere wood-notes tame to borrow,
Collecting metaphors much used
For elegiac sorrow?

No! When I heard the branches sigh,
And saw the dead leaves caper,
I thought of our short Rag Supply—
I said, "Here's Pulp for Paper!"

In dearth of our material raw,
By GLADSTONE clean forgotten,
Our home-grown substitute is straw—
A staple frail and rotten.

Straw's brittle fibre splits and tears;
Cheap prints employ but hate us:
Besides, the gritty silex wears
Our mashing apparatus.

Litter and literature contest
To keep the straw mart merry,
Pitting the stable interest
Against the stationery.

While leaves which, left to rot, are lost
In fumes of noxious vapour,
Would surely minimise in cost
Material raw for paper.

A PAPER MAKER.

REPENTANCE RATHER TOO LATE.

SUBJOINED is an extract from a paragraph which may be considered singular, as having appeared in the *Times* :—

"SEPARATION OF AGED COUPLES IN WORKHOUSES.—At a meeting of the Guardians of Greenwich Union, held last evening, Mr. B. CARTER, chairman, Mr. BASSETT, one of the Woolwich guardians, moved, 'That a committee be appointed to consider and report what arrangements can be made for enabling married couples in the work-house, both of whom are over 60 years of age, to live with each other, as the 23rd section of the Act 10th and 11th of VICTORIA, cap. 109, declares it to be illegal to compel such married persons to live apart.'"

The *Times*, whence the foregoing statement is taken, is, it is necessary to state, simply the *Times*, or as the Yankees say, the *London Times*. It is really and truly the *Times* of Printing-House Square. Had such a piece of news occurred to us in an Irish *Times*, we might have noticed it as the record of a truly Irish fact. That fact, related as having occurred at Ballybog or Ballyblunder, might have been cited as characteristic of its locality. But, here, in England, the Greenwich and Woolwich Guardians, in quorum assembled, are moved, in the twenty-fourth year of HER MAJESTY'S reign, to consider and report what arrangements can be made for abolishing a practice which was declared illegal by an Act of the 10th and 11th. Surely this beats Banagher, or shutting the stable-door after the steed has been stolen, or trying a man after his execution, or anything preposterous that can be well imagined. What is the penalty attached to the illegal regulation which the guardians of the Greenwich Union, thus late in the day, met to talk about discontinuing? Should they not at the same time, have been invited to consider what steps to take in order to avoid the legal consequences which they had incurred by persisting for a long series of years in a course of illegal inhumanity? What would be thought of a gang of fraudulent distillers holding a public assembly to determine what arrangements to adopt in order, for the future, to pay the Excise duty; the clandestine production of spirits having been declared illicit by the statute in such case made and provided some time ago? But it is one thing to sin against the Excise Laws, and another to sin against the Poor Law, when the sin against the latter is committed on the side of barbarity.

PUNCH'S PULPIT LOZENGES.

CLERGYMEN, and students preparing to take orders, are earnestly advised to make a trial of these lozenges, which are highly efficacious in making clear the voice, and rendering the utterance articulate and distinct. They are also warranted to cure that painful stammering and lingual hesitation with which so many nervous preachers are afflicted; and to impart a level, smooth, and glib pronunciation to those whose elocution was neglected in their childhood, or whose tongues have long been tied by some impediment of speech. Another of their benefits is, that they assist in strengthening the voice, and so enable weak-lunged clergymen to make themselves distinctly heard where previously their preaching was so utterly inaudible that it could do little good. They act too as preventives of that dropping of the voice towards the close of a long sentence, to which so many parsons are so painfully addicted; while at the same time they tend gradually to cure such oral failings as affected inability to roll the letter R.

Mr. Punch has at his side a peck or two of Testimonials, which thoroughly attest the truth of the above assertions, and which, as nobody of course can be doubtful of his statements, he will not insult himself by putting into print. He need only add, that if one trial won't prove the facts which have been mentioned, the purchaser will be at perfect liberty to make another; and a third, and even fourth or fifth will be allowed to all who put sufficient money in their purse.

Letters with a Tremendous Postage on Them.

We see that there is a Continental paper published called the *Correspondance Bullyer*. We do not know what the paper is like—we have never seen a copy of it, not even in a Sub-Editor's room—but we should say that when an Italian gentleman writes to a lady to say that she may have her letters back for a certain sum, say £2,000, that a demand of that exacting nature takes very much the form of a *Correspondance Bullyer*.

SURROUNDING SAVAGES.



"Duels seem to be increasing in Germany. The *Zeit* of Frankfort states that a hostile encounter has just been fought near that city between MAJOR VOX DER TANN, Chamberlain to the KING OF BAVARIA, and an Austrian officer, whose name is not given. The Major was shot in the abdomen, and soon after expired."

If the former of these two fools, like the latter, did get shot in the abdomen, and died soon after, he got less than he might have had, and less, indeed, than he deserved. He might

have received a wound in the abdomen, which would not have been quite such a *coup de grâce* as that of which he "soon after expired." He might have had his nose shot off, and have remained till death a ridiculous caution to duellists. His knee might have been smashed by the bullet of his adversary, and, his leg having been amputated, he might have had to hobble through life uncheered by the sympathetic honour and the liberal pension which are (sometimes) paid to the warrior maimed in battle. He might, and in a land less tolerant of murder would, have been hanged.

But what if Servians challenge Austrians, and German and German fight duels, and one German shoots another in the stomach? Let the hog eat the dog, or the dog eat the hog! What matters either event to the British public at large? and is not the shortest possible comment on the one or the other a mere bore to the upper and fastidious classes? Are we not guilty of virtuous indignation in even intimating any kind of objection to the practice of duelling? Not Guilty—Civilisation may recede here as elsewhere—who knows how soon? The "code of honour" may be revived. Any one of us wise men may be liable to be shot or stabbed by a blockhead and bully, once more, as in time past, permitted by society to demand his honour or his life. Disapprobation of duelling, based on a ground so purely selfish as this, is not to be sneered at.

“COLONEL BOROWITZKA, the Austrian Consul, having shown disrespect to the PRINCE OF SERBIA at a ball, the whole body of Servian officers have drawn lots in order to decide which of their number should challenge the Consul to a duel.”

The servility of these Servian officers in thus drawing lots to determine which of them should sacrifice himself or another man to his master's affronted dignity, is about on a par with the self-devotion of the sable aborigines of Dahomey to their dingy sovereign. The Servian slave on whom the lot in this idiotic and sanguinary sortilege chanced to fall, was served rightly if he incurred the fate that was experienced by the other fool un-dermentioned:—

Avaricious Greed for Office.

SIR HENRY MUGGERIDGE was confidentially asked what was his private opinion of the Lord Mayor allowing himself to be put up a second time for election, when the baulked Baronet answered somewhat snappishly, "Oh! it's just like his Cubittity!"

THE HEIGHT OF EGOTISM.—SPURGEON lecturing on the Gorilla.

THE NEW TEMPLE FOUNTAIN.

An Imaginary Conversation.

JOHNSON. BOSWELL.

Boswell (as they walk in the Temple Gardens). Are you aware, DR. JOHNSON, that our worthy Benchers have been beautifying the Fountain yonder?

Johnson. Sir, the statement was yesterday made to me by some frivolous person, who, like yourself, loves to impart small news. Let us verify it, however.

Boswell (when they have reached the fountain). Well, I don't think it is so bad.

Johnson. Finish your sentence, Sir. Valueless as may be your sentiments, let them be clothed in decent garb. Finish your sentence.

Boswell. I thought I had done so, Sir.

Johnson. You can have given no thought to the subject, Sir, or you would not make such an assertion. You said that you did not think this hydraulic edification so bad. Explain your adverb. "So" may imply in like manner, in such a degree, in such a manner, in the same manner, therefore, provided that, thus, in noting comparison.

Boswell. Might I venture to submit—

Johnson. You will submit upon all occasions, Sir, as becomes your ignorance. But, ha! ha! don't look downcast. You are assured of the friendliness of my regards even when my diction seems incompatible with esteem. Enough of this. What do you mean by so bad?

Boswell. Forgive me if I venture to contend, even against my venerated friend DR. JOHNSON, that colloquially I am justified in using the adverb implying comparison, without the corresponding word as, to render the degree definite.

Johnson. Nay, Sir, if you are gravely defending your folly, I have done. Sociality may extend indulgence to mirth, but morality prohibits the toleration of effrontery.

Boswell. I spoke unguardedly, Sir. Perhaps, in my own mind, I supplied the comparison, and meant that this fountain, as now adorned, is not so bad as I had expected to find it.

Johnson. That, Sir, is at once a lucid and a fair expression of opinion.

Boswell. Your approbation, Sir, makes me happy indeed. (*Wipes his eyes*.) Yet I don't know, Sir, that I entirely approve the alteration. The old long single stream, to which we had been for years accustomed, is now bedizened, and the nymph of the fountain can hardly recognise her haunt.

Johnson. A pleasant classical phrase. Yet, remember, if she be a woman, that she must rejoice in any addition of finery.

Boswell. Most true, Sir. Your knowledge of human nature is marvellous.

Johnson. I confess that I share your prejudice. Yet those nude boys sustaining the shell whence the water rises, to fall back upon the two basins, with a sound which has aptly been compared to the pentameter—

"In the pentameter eye falling in melody back."

—you observe the scanning, Sir—I say that those unclad children, the shell, the basins, and the general effect are not unpleasing, though there is an utter absence of originality in the design, and no remarkable elegance in the execution.

Boswell. It looks like an importation from the New Road.

Johnson. The New Road, Sir, is now called by another name, and, moreover, I am unaware that the atmosphere of St. Marylebone is more unfavourable to art than that of any other vicinity. Clear your mind of cant, Sir.

Boswell. You are unjust, Sir. I meant to imply that the work before us resembled not so much that of the sculptor, engaged to illustrate a certain idea for a certain purpose, as that of the tradesman who keeps so much stone in stock, for sale to any person who may wish to erect tomb, memorial, tribute, or landmark.

Johnson. You have defended yourself ably and boldly, Sir, and you have fairly characterised the abomination before us. In proof of my satisfaction, I will go with you, if you please, to the Mitre, and you shall stand treat for a bottle of port wine.

Boswell. Most gladly, Sir.—(*Aside*, I dare not tell the great SAMUEL JOHNSON that I should prefer his standing Sam.) Let us go, Sir.

Johnson. And, like Horace, pour a libation in honour of the fountain.

[*Exeunt*.]

EXTRACT FROM MR. PUNCH'S DIARY.

"We can't help fancying that foreign sovereigns who pay QUEEN VICTORIA a visit must find in the habits of our Court a striking contrast to those of the Courts of other countries. Do they never grow tired of walking on the slopes? Don't they long for something brilliant and exciting in the way of a hunt by torchlight, a review of fifty thousand men, a masquerade, or a banquet of a hundred and fifty covers? HER MAJESTY'S sideboard of plate is very magnificent, and she has, of course, a first-rate cook and a first-rate cellar; but we are given to understand that Royal dinner parties in England are rather dreary affairs, and that, when compared to the joyous feasts of the Continent, they would appear to be composed of funeral baked meats."—*Daily Telegraph*.



R. PUNCH, ever vigilant, and jealous of the honour of his Sovereign and friend, lighted upon the above remarks in a very smart leading article in the *Daily Telegraph* one day last week. He hastens to set the writer right, *quamprimum*. There is no necessity for him to help fancying that our Queen's Court is different from other Courts; but whoever "gave" him to understand that a Royal dinner-party in England, under certain circumstances, is a dreary affair, made him a present of a valueless character. But the result does depend upon circum-

stances, and those circumstances are the presence and affability of a guest with a somewhat marked nose, and no clumsy expansion or ungainly elevation of figure. In a word, when *Punch* is present, no divinity is absent.

He has not troubled his gracious Mistress and Friend with an electric message to ask leave to make this revelation, but ventures at once to give such an idea of a Royal dinner-party, when he is there, as will dispel the uncomfortable surmises of his friend of the *Telegraph*. He refers to his own private Diary for an entry respecting one of his late visits at the Palace, a diary, by the way, which will be published one of these days, with effects which it is almost too awful to contemplate:—

"June 27. Thursday. PAM with me all the afternoon, making jokes and asking advice. Sketched a speech for him on the * * * * question. He told me some very good things about J. R., and his funny French, and how, asking what "Concierge," over a door at the Louvre, meant, and being told "Porter," said it was very thoughtful of the authorities to keep porter there for the students, so as to save them the trouble of running out for refreshment. PAM wanted to write something for this week's number, but I would not displace anything to make room for him, smart as he is. GEORGE LEWIS came in, and we three played at leap-frog for half an hour, when LEWIS stopped the game to explain the athletic sports of the Ancient Greeks, and was very profound on the *Quinquertium*, or five exercises. He also offered to do a review of GLADSTONE'S Homeric book for us, promising, needlessly, to cut it up uncommon; but as he did not think he could do it in less than thirty columns, I didn't seem to see it. Dressed, and to the Palace to dinner. The Q. was looking exceedingly well, and was full of kindness and appreciation of me, as usual. F. M. seemed bored; I suspect a Bishop had been bothering him. The children enchanted to see me, as always. Large party to meet some King or other; he was presented to me, but I did not catch his name, and forgot to ask, but he seemed respectful and willing to oblige. PAM sat next to him, and at intervals I heard MASTER PAM giving him pleasant little hints that he must dismiss his Cabinet, or would be in a mess—that fellow PAM's coolness is inconceivable. I told them a few things out of the next Number, and of course there was a roar; but I will not do this again when the BISHOP OF OXFORD is at table, for I know he passes them off to the Archdeacons as his own; and though he is an excellent fellow, this is not right. The PRINCE gave a capital imitation of BUCKSTONE, supposing him to be delivering a lecture on Oolites before a scientific association. JOHNNY RUSSELL tried a joke about "primitive trap," but it was not very neat, and PAM told him so; but JOHNNY had his revenge afterwards with a hit at the Constable about Cupid-ity, only nobody understood it. LORD SHAFTESBURY was very emphatic about the extra-

ordinary merits and graces of boiled oysters, which is a dish he heard of early in the year, and said that he would ask me to taste at his house, when those bivalves came in again. He said that a good old Aunt had told him of it, on which LORD CLARENDON quoted POPE, rather more happily than civilly:—

"Let me extol a cat on oysters fed."

I capped the line, looking at JOHNNY RUSSELL—

"I'll have a party at the Bedford Head."

"So you shall," he said, very good-naturedly, "and the sooner the better." His heart's in the right place, that JOHN. But we could not settle whether the beards were to be taken off, and were divided into Shavers and Non-shavers. GEORGE LEWIS thinks that the English oysters, eaten by the Romans, must have been pickled, and also quoted that queer bit of CICERO about oysters increasing and decreasing with the moon—*cum luna pariter crescent*. What a memory that cove has! After dinner, I sang them a few impromptu songs, some of them exceedingly clever and happy, and they shrieked at some of the rhymes, &c. &c.—

"And there sits a man who by no means a Jow is,
Though he has a long nose, I allude to G. L., &c."

and I made a capital one on the F. M.

"Our Prince is a Marshal, but never can say
The ugly word No, so he's not MARSHAL NAY."

An epigram which I do not remember to have seen equalled. "O, can't he," said PRINCESS ALICE, *naively*. The evening was a delightful one, and when CLARENDON and I lit our cigars on the step, I was astonished to see that it was twelve o'clock. However, *nulium tempus Regine*. Got home, and found a splendid diamond pin, sent with a respectful message, by MR. SPURGEON. Gave it to my valet, but made memorandum to give SPURGEON a puff one of these days. Slept well, the Palace wine never does me any harm, and yet I must have drunk eight or nine bottles, without counting the maraschino, which I always drink out of a silver pint-pot."

Now, what does our friend of the *Telegraph* think of Palatial dreariness?

EXOTIC SLANG.

THOSE Continental telegrams will be the death of us. One of them, sent from Paris a few days since, having announced that numerous arrivals of grain from Liverpool had been reported at Marseilles, appended to that statement the following remark:—

"These arrivals allow us to hope that the alimentary crisis is about to enter a subsiding phase."

"Down again to 3*d.* even money," is the English expression of the state of things expressed in the foregoing jargon as the "subsiding phase" about to be entered by the "alimentary crisis." In such jargon the word "complications" is one of frequent occurrence. "Interpellations" is another. Is it too much of an "interpellation" to ask whether the worst conceivable "complication" is not that which is formed by phraseology like that above quoted?

IMPORTANT TO OLD LADIES.

WE are no doubt indebted to our excellent system of railway management for the appearance of the subjoined notification in the *Times*:—

ACCIDENTS are ALWAYS OCCURRING.—The WORLD INSURANCE COMPANY insures compensation in case of death or disability from accidents.

Considering, however, all that is involved in the idea of World Insurance, we should like to know whether or no the World Insurance Company is a speculation which has been got up by any of the popular writers on prophecy who, in works which appear to command a large sale, are continually announcing the final conflagration of the Globe. Is DR. CUMMING, whose eye to the main chance is as sharp as his apocalyptic second sight, a shareholder in the World Insurance Company?

A Female Fanatic for Music.

WE have succeeded at last in solving a life-long enigma. After years of patient investigation, we have been rewarded in finding out the true motive that induced the Old Lady to part with her Piano, and buy a mangle with it. We rejoice excessively in discovering that such a sacrifice was only done from an excess of devotion to her art, that she might be the better enabled for the future to turn all her energies and thoughts exclusively to her HANDEL!!!—[This Correspondent has written his last for these pages, but may address us privately from Tusnunia, or wherever he may have wisely taken himself off to.]



RELAXATION.

SCENE—Smoking Room. Country House. 2-30 A.M.

Country Friend (to Johnson, who has had a long tramp of it in the rain after wild birds). "WELL, GOOD NIGHT, OLD FELLOW! IF YOU WON'T HAVE ANOTHER WEED. REMEMBER!—CUB-HUNTING IN THE MORNING, HALF-PAST FIVE. DON'T BE LATE!"

HEY FOR DISHABILE!

"MR. PUNCE,

"AN eminent Metropolitan tailor advertises a morning costume 'For Gentlemen,' described as 'a Negligée Milled Tweed Suit, consisting of a Cape, Jacket, Vest, and Trousers, the charge being Two Guineas.' This, I suppose, is the sort of dress in which, worn on the boulevards at Paris, and on other pavements in foreign parts where dandies most do congregate, our countrymen are wont to astonish the French and the rest of the Continental natives, and afford them harmless amusement, to the disgust of other less independent and more-sensitive Englishmen.

"For my part, Sir, I do not by any means concur with those thin-skinned Britons who have lately been complaining of the plain but picturesque attire which generally distinguishes our tourists abroad. In my opinion, the customary and characteristic garb of the English traveller combines elegance with economy in the most desirable proportions; the ratio of economy considerably preponderating over that of elegance. Comfort, durability, and cheapness are the primary recommendations of clothes all over the world. Appearance is a secondary, or a tertiary, or a still minor consideration. Young men are now adopting very rational habits, that is to say, habiliments. In so doing they ought to be encouraged. When I was a young buck, or at least the contemporary of young bucks, my associates were very commonly accustomed to run up tailors' bills, which their fathers had to pay. To be sure, I never did such a thing myself, and perhaps I am rewarded for it now, when I contemplate with satisfaction the inexpensive rig of my own boys, who are a credit, and not a debt, to their affectionate governor.

"There is little difference, I believe, between the domestic costume of our young fellows and that in which they use to exhibit themselves to grinning foreigners. Not quite so in respect to girls. Battered hats and amorphous Crinolines are mere accidents of travel. They are phenomena whose causation depends on laws whereof the operation is determined by the dimensions of trunks and bandboxes. They never

THE GERMAN FLEET.

(To a Little Fatherland Lubber.)

AND did the little German cry
I want to have a Fleet?
A Navy in his little eye?
Oh, what a grand conceit!
Well; if he'll promise to be good,
His wish he shall enjoy;
See here's a ship cut out of wood:
A proper German toy.

The prettiest fleet that e'er was seen
Shall be at his command;
This is the type of that marine
That best fits Fatherland.
'Twill crown his aspirations fond,
And realise his dream;
'Twill crest the waves of every pond:
And ride each rippling stream.

But then his Fatherland's extent
His Navy must confine,
And his ambition must be pent
Within its bounding line.
To covet Schleswig he must cease,
Holstein no more desire;
And not disturb his neighbours peace,
To play at sword and fire.

To man his ships there needs no crew
Of highly seasoned tars;
That's well where Neptune's sons are few;
He wants but sons of Mars,
In Fatherland to hold his own,
And keep the foeman's feet
From off that stream whose banks alone
Demand a German Fleet.

False Report.

WE are authorised to contradict a rumour which is current that the piece called *Mischief Making*, now in play at the Olympic, was originally written by his Holiness the POPE, and that its title bears allusion to the part which he is playing in the drama of *Italian Freedom*, just brought out.

appear on the other side of the Channel, any more than on this, otherwise than altogether against the inclination of the wearers. My sons I have no occasion to complain of on the ground of their excess of apparel. I wish I could say as much for my daughters. I should be very glad if they would be a little less particular about the shape of the hats and Crinolines wherein they are wont to court public admiration at home, and would accordingly be content to wear those, and all other articles of clothing, about ten times longer than they do at present.

"In conclusion, let me observe that the state of the human skin is of much more importance than the hue and texture of any fabric which may invest it. Our Continental neighbours, at a hotel or a lodging-house, as a rule, allow you about as much water for the purpose of washing yourself as what just suffices for cleaning your teeth. This is Christian conduct of them, no doubt. I believe they do as they would be done by. They may ridicule the cut and the tints of a Briton's raiment; but how about what underlies that rough exterior, on the one hand, and their own elegant externals, on the other? What is the colour of our respective skins? Will they institute comparisons? On whose side will the laugh be then? Well, perhaps on theirs still. They will deride us absurd Englishmen for neglecting our dress, which is seen, whilst we carefully wash and cleanse the surface of our bodies, which, on the Boulevards and other fashionable places, is not seen. Never mind. Let those laugh that win. A penny saved is a penny got; and milled Tweed suits, at two guineas, if they will only do duty a sufficient length of time, are the clothes for the money of

"PATERFAMILIAS."

A Fleet that Doesn't Make much Way.

Landlubber. And where is this German Fleet I read so much about?
Seafaring Cove. Off Good Hope, Sir; and there it has been sticking, to my knowledge, Sir, for years past, and you may take my word for it, Sir, it will never get much further than that.

[The LANDLUBBER is perfectly contented with the bonafide-ness of his nautical friend's information.]

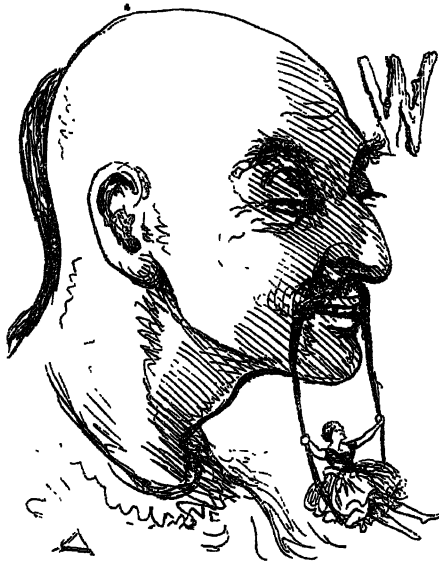


THE GERMAN FLEET.

MR. PUNCH (TO SMALL GERMAN). "THERE'S A SHIP FOR YOU, MY LITTLE MAN—NOW CUT AWAY, AND DON'T GET IN A MESS."

A FAITHFUL SPIRIT

THAT CAN MAKE HIMSELF GENERALLY USEFUL.



ILLING to make themselves generally useful, "the Spirits" from rapping have now got to drawing and painting. They can take portraits too, without ever having seen the original. This is most marvellous, but then everything is possible in the Spiritual world. There seems to be no limit to their accomplishments. We suppose we shall have spirits next who will cut our hair, and shave us, and call us early in the morning, and cook our breakfasts, and run errands, and answer our correspondence for us.

In fact, why not keep a Spirit-of-all-work in the house; one who should combine the

respective offices of maid, cook, valet, *commissionnaire*, boots, and secretary? It would be very serviceable, would get over the perpetual annoyance of domestics, and would effect a material saving in wages in the course of the year. Consider, too, what an economy in board alone there would be!—for one of the most remarkable things is, that these Spirits do not require anything to eat or drink. There is no agreement required for tea or sugar, or so much beer *per diem*. They live on air; even London air doesn't seem to disagree with them.

Another advantage is, that they would execute their work without the smallest noise. They do not slam doors, or tramp heavily up and down the stairs, or chat over the area-railings with the housemaids of next door. They have, also, a great respect for property! You never hear of a Spirit breaking anything, unless it may be a nervous person's repose. "Breakages" in a respectable establishment, where a good, stout, active Spirit was kept, would be unknown. The poor "cat" would be no longer calumniated by having all the broken things put upon its broad innocent back. The work would be done noiselessly, breathlessly, without your being even aware that any one was moving about the house. The vexed question of "Followers" would be effectually put to rest. The only difficulty that we can foresee would be in satisfying oneself as to its character. It might be a delicate question to ask the Spirit where had been "its last place," and how long it had been there?

But touching the drawing and painting. Here is a proof of the Spirits' newly-developed artistic power, which we take from the September number of the *Spiritual Magazine*. It is so exquisitely rich, that we are sure the reader, who loves a bit of fun, will not quarrel with us for taking it *in extenso* :—

"In the *Banner of Light*, of February 2, I read a communication in regard to spirit-painting, by J. B. FAYETTE, Esq., of Oswego, N. Y. Being very anxious to get the portrait of my spirit-mother, and having had a communication from her to the effect that she would sit for Mr. F. on the 25th of February, I simply wrote to Mr. F., stating that I wished to have the portrait of my spirit-mother, and that she would sit for him on the day above-named. Some three weeks ago I received a letter from Mr. FAYETTE, stating that he received, on the day appointed, the portrait of a lady, giving a description of it. I immediately sent for it, and have it now in my possession. My surprise can be imagined, when, on opening the box, I recognised in it a true portrait of my spirit-mother—true and perfect in every particular.

"Now the most remarkable feature is this; My mother was born in Germany, and died there about eleven years ago. Her portrait was never taken in her lifetime, and her attire was entirely different from any fashion in this country. Mr. FAYETTE knew nothing of all this. To my astonishment and delight, the painting exhibits not only the true and perfect likeness of my mother, but even the particular fashion of her dress, and the very one that she used to wear before her last sickness.

"Any one who wishes can see it at any time by calling at my residence.

"St. Louis, Mo., April, 1861."

"CHRISTIAN FISCHBACH."

Granting the above to be true—and we should be sorry to doubt it for fear of raising all the Spiritualists, like a swarm of gnats, about our ears—there is an end to portrait-painting. Who will patronise what we may call flesh-brushes, when you can have a painting from a Spirit R.A. without the trouble of sitting? Photography, too, will be summarily knocked on the head. We wonder that the Council of the National Portrait Gallery does not patronise this new branch of the arts. Through this spiritual agency they could have "true and perfect likenesses" of all our great men, instead of buying dubious copies;

and, moreover, the "particular fashion" of each one's dress would be stamped upon them.

It is a great pity that J. B. FAYETTE, Esq., of Oswego, N. Y., does not live in London, or else we would instantly give him an order to execute us portraits of all our ancestors up to the time of ADAM inclusive, with "the particular fashion of the dress" of each particular period. It would be immensely interesting, and indisputably authentic.

Oh! Spirit of Humbug—for such is Spiritualism to our vulgar eyes—we wonder what will be thy next little caper!

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"THE annual emigration is very nearly over, and London is receiving back its travelling inhabitants. The West End is of course in a great measure still vacant, and the blinds are down in all its lordly streets and squares. Such of its *habitues* as chance to be in town seem rather more than commonly afflicted with *ennui*. Solitude is apt to conjure up blue devils, and a Swell adrift in London in desolate October falls an easy victim to the azure fiends. Curiosity inciting me to visit Rotten Row, I last week walked along it, and met nobody but nurse-maids. Not a horse was visible as far as eye could reach, and the sole thing to remind one of the glories of the place was the presence of two Swells sitting languidly on chairs, and pitching stones at a short pipe stuck upright in the path. Perchance a thought of old 'Aunt Sally' had inspired them to this sport, and they were thinking of the pic-nics they had graced in the past season, and the elegant amusements they had revelled in thereat. I did not hear them speak, but one can easily conceive the conversation that were likely with them; how they voted London in October juiced slow, and considered it a havid baw voting to remain in it. Poor fish out of water! Of course 'twere no use talking of theatres to *them*. I never saw a Swell appear amused by any acting, and excepting when he has to go as escort in the season, I doubt if any box-keeper ever gets a sixpence from him.

"But the West End is not solely inhabited by Swells, for there are wise men from the East who have taken up their quarters there. And they and Central Londoners have mostly winged their homeward flight, and, after some six weeks of a quiet sea-side life, a few hours at a theatre seem unusually tempting to them. The only question is, where had they better go? and if they expect to be guided by the newspapers, I fear their expectations will be difficult to realise. Casting my eye down a column of the *Times*, I see it stated that one play has 'nightly been received with tumultuous applause,' and another has 'achieved an unprecedented triumph,' while a third has been 'pronounced by the entire public press' to be the cleverest production ever witnessed on the stage. Where all is so superlative, it is difficult of course to guess which is the best; and Paterfamilias must often throw his *Times* down in despair, and decide where he shall go by means of a toss-up.

"What effect these puff advertisements may have on minds in general, I am not gifted with sufficient mental insight to conjecture. To me they are deterrent rather than attractive, for puffery in any shape is hateful in my eyes. For this reason, may be, I went last week to the Olympic, which is about the only theatre whence no puff ever emanates. Its advertisements state simply what is to be played, and what actors are to play it; and the managers abstain from blowing their own trumpets, thinking very wisely that such blasts are little listened to, and still less applauded.

"To go to the Olympic and not see Mr. ROBSON seems like going to the Lord Mayor's and not seeing any turtle. But Mr. ROBSON is, unfortunately, far too ill to act; and Mr. EMDEN is obliged to do the best he can without him. When the main prop of a house is suddenly withdrawn, it is not an easy matter at once to find a substitute, and the system of architecture that makes a house dependent on one main prop may be open to criticism. Mr. EMDEN has, however, succeeded very fairly in his improvised attempt, and deserves that due success should succeed to his exertions. The new *Jack of all Trades* is a pleasant little piece, and its hero, the travelling flunker who's made gentleman, is exceedingly well played by Mr. H. NEVILLE, whose name is new to London, but will soon, I think, be popular. He has a pleasant voice and bearing, acts freshly, and with force, and when pathetic keeps his pathos within reasonable bounds. If I mistake not, Mr. NEVILLE is an actor of some promise, and if he exerts himself will prove of value to the stage. Light Comedians just now are not so plentiful as partridges, and any one who shows a sign of acting like a gentleman is to be welcomed and encouraged to act his very best."

"ONE WHO PAYS."

A Deep Investment.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph has been giving an elaborate account of some "Wonderful Discoveries" that have been made in the Isthmus of Suez. The most curious thing for us would be to see some of the money turn up which MONS. DE LESSERS has been sinking there.



CURIOUS ECHO AT THE SHOREDITCH STATION.

Traveller. "PORTER! PORTER!"

Echo. "DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET HIM?"

A CURIOUS MIXTURE.

In the news from Spain, we read in Thursday's *Times* as follows:—

"The Queen had ordered the PRINCESS DONA CONCEPCION, whose illness had been announced, to be treated according to the homoeopathic system. Not fewer than 88 Christian namos were conformed on the son of the Infante DON SEBASTIEN, in his recent baptism."

This flood, this drenching of names comes curiously after the mention of homoeopathy. It is clear, at all events, that Royal children in Spain are not baptised homoeopathically. Poor little son of the INFANTE SEBASTIEN! it will be a sad tax on his juvenile memory, every time he has to be trotted through his catechism, for him to recite all his eighty-eight names! Spanish parents, apparently, look upon a child much in the same way that a lawyer looks upon a bill—they calculate the chances of its being honoured according to the names it has at its back.

Another Attack on the Gorilla.

A NATURALIST was explaining to a Frenchman the actions of the Gorilla, but felt an embarrassing difficulty, inasmuch as his supply of French was not only limited, but anything but perfect. Wishing to explain that the savage, previous to rushing into action, was in the habit of striking his big chest, he said, "*Vous comprenez, mongsoo, le sauvage bête frappe son grosse caisse*"—"Ah! oui, parfaitement, he is one drum-mare,"—interrupted the polite Frenchman. But he was evidently puzzled to understand where the beast got his drum. And this is the way that Natural History is written!

MR. PUNCH ON SOME POPULAR DELUSIONS,

TOUCHING TRAVELLERS BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

MR. PUNCH has lately profited by the rare leisure of the dead season to take a trip across the Channel—Pshaw! why should he disguise the flattering fact, that he has been attending *incog.* the round of Royal festivities, which have lately been exciting the curiosity of the *Gobe-mouches*, and the speculations of "our own Correspondent."

Of course when *Mr. Punch* receives an invitation from one of his brother Sovereigns he doesn't think it necessary to blow his roo-too-it over the communication. He knows it is meant in a friendly way—private and confidential in fact; and so he packs up his crown and sceptre—the famous *tricorn* and *déton*, which may some day figure in a cabinet of our national museum like the relics of a FRIZZ or a NAPOLEON at the Tuileries or Sans-Souci—whistles *Toby* to heel, hugs *Judy*, embraces the baby, leaves *Shallabala* in charge, and drops in at Potsdam, or Carlsruhe, Brussels or Ostend, Compiègne, Biarritz, or even at Plombières, unannounced and unattended—but never unwelcome.

Diplomatists and Duchesses ask seriously who is the little grey man in the great coat with the odd protuberance before and behind, and the overshadowing cocked-hat, from under which little is visible but the gleam of a lightning eye, and the tip of a commanding Roman nose, who rides so well forward with the principal group at the reviews, who is the life and soul of the princely pic-nics and *parties de plaisir*, and who is in at the death at all the stately stag-hunts? How little they suspect that these modest habiliments conceal the great Potentate of Public Opinion—whose counsels are more free than welcome alike at the Tuileries and Carlotenburg, at Peterhof, and Aranjuez, but whom neither LOUIS nor LEOPOLD, nor FREDERICK-WILLIAM, ALEXANDER, FRANCIS-JOSEPH, nor ISABELLA, ever dream of saying "Not at home" to, when he chooses to knock at their Imperial or Royal doors. But *Mr. Punch's* present purpose is not to discuss Royal gossip, or to reveal Imperial confidences. He rather wishes to confine himself to certain points touching matters continental, of more interest to subjects than to princes—and especially to certain points of comparison between his own dearly-beloved fellow-countrymen, and their nearest foreign neighbours, in France and Germany.

De re vestiariâ in the first place. The *Times* abuses JOHN BULL, and *Madame son Epouse*, for going about on their travels got up as Guys—for shocking foreign prejudices, and showing their contempt for foreign opinion, by sporting eccentric shooting-coats, flaming flannel shirts, reckless wide-awakes,—and worse still on the ladies' part, by the

general shabbiness and ugliness of their travelling toilettes, and head gear.

Now, making every allowance for the desperate necessities of newspaper writers in the dead season, and admitting that British travellers—male and female—include specimens both of the Guy and the Gorilla, *Mr. Punch* must put in his protest against any such wholesale indictment as this of his compatriots *en voyage*. On the contrary he is prepared to maintain, after surveying mankind from Calais to Calataimi—dining with comprehensive knife and fork from Parisian *Tables d'hôte* to German *Rund-tafeln*—bounding on the light fantastic toe from the *caneans* and *Bigol-bouchades* of Champs-Elysées dancing-rooms, to the waltzes and schottishes of Kursaal ball-rooms—squaring all circles, from those which surround the marble-topped tripods of the Boulevards, to those that crowd and elbow each other about the green-covered and green-girt tables at Homburg, Spa, or either Baden—familiar with all levels of nature and man, from the flats of Belgium to the Alps of Switzerland,—that, as a rule, the wearer of the best travelling suit (for stuff, cut, and condition together), the cleanest shirt, the least ragamuffin or ridiculous hat, the soundest and shapeliest foot-covering, is a Briton.

Englishmen turn neater and sweeter out of a railway carriage after a night's rattle, restlessness and frowst than any other people; they are more presentable, more like gentlemen, after an Alpine scramble among glacier and *moraine*, *crevasse* and *couloir*; they present better brushed hair, and cleaner hands and faces and whiter linen at the *Table d'hôte* under difficulties, and fall into less profound abysses of misery and degradation in sea-going steamers, than the natives of any other country.

I, Punch, am speaking now of the *men*. For the ladies—bless them!—I am compelled to admit they don't understand dress as an art so well as their French sisters. Millinery and dress-making have their home and head-quarters in France, just as cooking has; and for the same reason—because the inferiority of the raw material makes the elaborate and well-studied dressing of it a matter of sheer necessity.

Where Heaven sends us meat (according to the proverb) we may put up with cooks of Old Nick's providing, and yet not starve; but the people for whom Old Nick seems to have purveyed the meat, must, perforce, seek a solace and compensation in heaven-born cookery.

But, apart from their national shortcoming in the art of dress, I maintain that Englishwomen, on their travels, deserve as much good said of them as Englishmen. Bless their fresh faces, and smooth hair, and clean cuffs and collars! In these particulars, what French or German woman can hold the candle to 'em? I declare, the other day, at Nuremberg, when fairly worn down and depressed by the ugliness and unattractiveness of the womankind of Vaterland, I thought I

should have hugged a couple of sweet, sunny-faced, modest English maidens who descended, like a burst of sunlight, into the low-roofed, smoke-sodden *Speise-saal* of the "Ostrich," under the convoy of an imposing Mamma, and a worthy Paterfamilias much ground down and gravelled by luggage and languages together.

I admit that the plain British female looks plain on her travels, and maybe dowdy. But I maintain she is not a whit dowdier, and generally not half so disgusting, as her plain sister of France or Germany, unless where French coquetry has succeeded in disguising the defects of the meat by the dressing and garnish.

Considering what this feat implies, on the part of the foreign female, of concealment and pains, of *suppressio veri*, and *suggestio falsi*,—the pins and puffs, the tails and tresses, the wadding and wire, the milliners' bills, and the transport of the *batterie de toilette*,—who will say that the British matron, with all her indifference to coquetry and its triumphs, is not the preferable helpmate of the two, whether for home or travelling use? But this I will maintain, that an attractive English-woman loses less of her attractiveness under the necessities and accidents of travel than any of her Continental rivals. She has a quality of purity and freshness about her which seems to repel all soil, whether material or moral, as the oil in the duck's tail-gland drives off the water-drops from his plumage; and, as a rule, her clothes, and her way of wearing them, have the same merits of freshness and purity in comparison with those of her rivals.

This then is the first proposition I am prepared to maintain against all comers: that *English travellers, of both sexes, are, as a rule, the best-dressed travellers in the world.*

My next proposition is like unto it, viz.: that *the English abroad are the best-mannered travellers, and at home the best-mannered dealers with travellers, to be found in the circle of civilised nations.*

There!

非我即彼。

CRINOLINE FOR COUNSEL.



Now that the lawyers are enjoying their vacation, and have nothing else to study but to study their own comfort, we trust they will employ a portion of their leisure in considering what a comfort Crinoline would be to them, if they only had the courage publicly to wear it. Every term one hears complaints of "those nasty stuffy gowns" in which, as fashions go at present, every barrister enrobes himself; and so many learned legs get entangled in their folds in tripping down from chambers or in trotting up to court, that the chances of

a "cropper" are every day incurred, with the chances of the cracking of some learned pate. As the loss of a lawyer is too terrible to contemplate, we will not pain our readers by calculating what are now the chances of an accident, every time a counsel puts on his stuff or silk. Suffice it that those chances would of course be much decreased, were Crinoline adopted to distend the legal robes, and prevent their tightly twining round the legal legs. It may be urged indeed that Crinoline is in itself a cause of danger, and that many lady-wearers have been tripped-up and maimed by it. But such mishaps have only happened when its amplitude has been in marked excess of what is needed for keeping one's gown free from twisting round one's legs; and though weak-minded women may like to risk their limbs for the sake of such exuberance, we are sure strong-headed lawyers would never dream of doing so, and would confine within safe bounds their crinolineal expanse.

We need not enlarge on the advantages of Crinoline, to male wearers at least, and when worn within due limits. How it would tend to keep the legs cool, and prevent a man from getting over-heated in an argument, must certainly be patent to the dullest of perceptions; nor can it be less clear that Crinoline would give a certain air of greatness which many of our Ciceros now lamentably lack. We often hear of little Barristers swelling with importance, and trying to look big, when they

are making what they think will be considered a great speech; and how vastly in this way Crinoline would help them, it is needless that we state. Neither need we dwell upon the obvious improvement which Crinoline would be to the appearance of our counsel, supposing that they chose to try and cut a swell in it. Instead of hanging limp and loose as though it were not made for him, a lawyer's gown, when well stuck out with whalebone ribs and steel, would sit so as to add somewhat of true dignity to the figure, and would impart a graceful bearing where is now a clumsy slouch. Instead of skulking through the streets as though half frightened to be seen, which too often is the case in their skimping scarerow robes, Counsel when in Crinoline would feel conscious of their altered looks, and would walk along erect with a swagger and a swing, so as to show off how well their gowns were cut. A man would take a pride and pleasure then in his Court robe, and instead of slipping out of it the instant he left Court, would more likely take to wearing it when he had no occasion, simply for the reason that he looked so vastly well in it.

The ladies, bless them! would of course approve of the new fashion, for any novelty in dress is always charming in their eyes, and it is so seldom they can get men to take interest in it. But when Counsel robe in Crinoline there will be another bond between a husband and his wife, and still more will he regard her as whalebone of his whalebone, and steel rib of his steel. Delightful little meetings will be secretly convened for the evenings when dear CHARLES's new Crinoline comes home, or dear AUGUSTUS's man-milliner has promised to attend, to see how many yards must be let into his gown so as to make it nicely sit. Indeed we should not be surprised to hear fond Mrs. BRIEFLESS say at breakfast to her lord, before hurrying him to the 'bus, "Dear, do come with me shopping in your Crinoline to-day; you've really no idea how *extremely* well you look in it!"

This thought must in itself be sufficient to make fashionable the fashion we suggest. If we show that it will have the approbation of the ladies, we need surely say no more as a plea for its adoption; for the gallantry of lawyers is as well known as their learning, and they would even shave their whiskers off to win a woman's smile, if it were woman's wish to see them with shorn cheeks.

PLAIN WORDS FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.

"MISTER PUNCH, onerd Sir, ope as you'l escuse the libaty I'm taken but Me and JIMMY LEATHERS we reads yer peayper reglar at the Cut and Bagpipes, and last weak among the tiscuments we come across the follerin which we wants you to explain:—

HOPLEMUROMA.—W. C. begs to call the attention of all who have the care of horses to his HOPLEMUROMA, for the improvement and growth of horses' feet, to cure and prevent brittle and shelly feet, sand cracks, seedy toes, discaised frogs, &c.

"Now me and JIMMY we has each on us the care of Osses which some on em at times is libel to bad oofs, and a Nitton deal o' trubble I can tell you as they causes of us which we'd both be precious thankful for to ear of any Stuff as ud cure M hout and hout, and Master e'd not mind a Button what he paid for it, But what I ses to JIMMY, Jnr, says I, I can't abear them furrin lookin nauncs which if a article be ginivine why call it somethin Onderstandable, and then one knows there ain't no Gammon, Cos this ere Opplemewremer, I dare say it's all right, but then says I why who's to know it. Maybe you Sir as a scholar can find out what it mean, but JIX and me and sich we aint well Eddicated chaps, and so you see we likes plain words and gets kinder skeered o' rumny ones Which we knows what's wot in Ossiflesh, but as for Opplemuremas why they air so much Greek to us, and master E's so cranky I dusnt play no 'speriments, espeshly now the Untin Seasing is at and we've got ony ninetecn Osses at present in our stabuls, So I ope as MISTER W. C. ull give a explanation of the meanin of his Ople &c. which fine wuds wont butter parsnips, and call a spade a spade and you won't sell not no more on em by callin it a shurvel.

"Yours to komand,

"JOE SNAFFLE.

*Ead grain to the onrable GEORGE TONPLEFFS, Esq, (rre), which praps you may ave met Us down at Markit Arbur."

"Lend us your Gotton."

We read that the "Cotton Loan already amounts to 1,000,000 bales," and that it is perfectly ready for the acceptance of the Confederate Government. We never heard of a "Cotton Loan" before, and confess that we have very strong misgivings as to the existence of such an article. However, there is the Cotton Tree, and who knows that the above may not be some new kind of "plant?" We have only one wish in connection with it, and that is, since this "Cotton Loan" seemingly boasts of a million bales, that it would, out of the lot, just find one or two—substantial ones—that would have the effect of binding America over to keep the peace.



IWIT AT A DISADVANTAGE.

"Well, Jackson, you are always here for being drunk, so I shall fine you five shilling."

"Not got a penny, your Worshup."

"Not a penny, Sir!"

"I got only coppers,—'Hot Coppers,' your Worshup." [He was most promptly and most properly looked up.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN LOYALTY.

By Telegram from Compiègne, when the KING OF PRUSSIA arrived there the other evening, and was met by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH at the terminus, MR. REUTER received the important information ensuing:—

"Their Majesties proceeded from the terminus to the Palace in an open carriage without any escort, the people shouting by the way, 'Long live the King! Long live the Emperor!'"

Those people who follow at the wheels and heels of Royalty, shouting, are doubtlessly incorrectly described as "the" people. They are only some of the people, surely. The class of persons accustomed to express their feelings by shouting must be a peculiar one. A psychological inquirer would like to exist a few minutes in the consciousness of an individual capable of waving his hat and bawling under the emotion excited in his mind by the sight of a prince. Were this practicable, a philosopher might so be enabled to understand the feelings of the gentlemen whose figures, brandishing hats, occupy the foregrounds of prints in the illustrated papers, representing a Royal party on a railway platform, or Royalty engaged in laying the first stone of an institution. In this country the cries and gestures of these demonstrative persons arise, no doubt, from genuine enthusiasm. In some other countries can it be possible that applause is sometimes arranged, and hired?

Rumoured Perversion.

THE *Ani de Religion* announces that the COUNT DE CHAMBORD is about to undertake a voyage to Constantinople. This is probably not to be taken as a piece of religious intelligence. In going to Constantinople, the COUNT DE CHAMBORD will not turn Turk, any more than the PRINCE OF WALES would (whatever the *Record* might say) necessarily turn Papist if he were to go over to Rome.

A MONUMENTAL QUESTION.

WE believe it is a regulation at the National Portrait Gallery, that a certain number of years must have elapsed after death before the portrait of a recognised genius, or hero, can be received. If this species of quarantine is requisite with a portrait, why not also with a statue? We think it is doubly necessary with the latter, inasmuch as it is far easier to remove a picture than it is a statue. When once a twelve-foot monument of granite and metal has been planted in a public thoroughfare, it becomes a very difficult operation indeed to dig it up again. Some such regulation, like that in force at the National Portrait Gallery, is, in our opinion, absolutely wanted with regard to our statues, or else London promises to become in a very few years nothing better than a caricature collection of the very weakest brazen mediocrities. Why, you would see almost greater evidence of talent and worth in any stone-mason's yard in the New Road!

As for ourselves, we are perfectly disinterested in the matter. We should like to see any wild enthusiast daring to propose a statue to us! However, our career has been of that purity and celebrity, that we feel sure a grateful posterity would never allow so gross an insult to be paid to our beloved memory.

NOTICE FOR A GENERAL MOURNING.

Great Chamberlain's Office.

IN consequence of the demise of his Imperial Majesty, HIEN FUNG, Emperor of China, all persons who have charge of the tea-pot are invited to show their feelings by putting a DECENT BLACK tea into the said pot, and a decent quantity of it, until further notice from those who have hitherto had to complain of an opposite line of conduct.

(Signed) PUNCH D'ERESBY.



PAINFUL AND HUMILIATING CONTRAST TO THE DISADVANTAGE OF OUR POOR LITTLE ENGLISH TRAVELLER, OF COURSE.

PATENT POTATOES.

WALKING out the other day, as men should do, with our wife, we saw announced in a shop window that there were there on sale a lot of "Patent Gravity Selected Potatoes." The notion of potatoes being chosen for their gravity struck us as so funny that we almost lost our own, and we began to fauce greengrocers inviting us to purchase a peck of peas selected on account of their solemnity, or a bundle of asparagus as being most sedate. A smiling lot of seakale as a contrast might be offered, and a comie cauliflower would prove a tempting novelty to palates tired of grave potatoes, or surcited with serious beans. The idea, too, of a patent being granted for potatoes puzzled us as much as the choice of them for gravity, and we more than half resolved to go into the shop and ask for information how the grant had been achieved. But we make it a strict rule not to open a shop-door when our wife is with us, for fear our doing so be forthwith cited as a precedent for her doing the same. So we remain still in the dark about these patented potatoes.

A THIEF'S CONVICTON.—A confirmed young Thief is convinced that "prison isn't 'calthy." He attributes this to the "cutting 'air" that prevails there.

THE ALLOCUTION ACCOUNTED FOR.

ACCORDING to the Paris correspondent of a daily contemporary:—

"Despatches from Rome say that the POPE and CARDINAL ANTONELLI have taken to drinking champagne, and abusing the whole world under the influence of that pleasant beverage."

At first sight this announcement had the suspicious appearance of a hoax, expressly intended to take in *Punch*—but he is a young man from the country, and you don't get over him! The POPE's last allocution, however, can leave no doubt on the mind of anybody that it is perfectly true. The imaginary atrocities which his Holiness asserts to have been perpetrated by the Piedmontese Government, and the abusive epithets which he heaps on the fancied authors of those outrages, are strongly indicative of the effect of champagne, if not brandy and water.

Having blackguarded the ministers of VICTOR-EMMANUEL with a violence which must have been vinous or alcoholic, the Holy Father goes on to vituperate, in the same strain, certain persons in the States of Mexico, for committing just the same enormities, "setting," says his Holiness, "an example never before seen." Why, by his own showing, it had been set by RICASOLI and his colleagues. This is the oblivion of either dotage or drunkenness; there is too much reason to fear, of the latter.

The POPE may keep in his cabinet or chest-of-drawers a whole lot of abusive allocutions handed down to him by his predecessors, and may have picked that one which he delivered the other day out of a pigeon-hole. It is full of stock phrases—"dens of robbers," "schools of false doctrine," "offspring of darkness," "pernicious and abominable writings," &c., turning up like "*sidera cæli*" and "*consonant omne venus*," in a schoolboy's verses. If it was merely a traditional allocution, we can only conclude that the POPE was too tipsy to adapt it with any verisimilitude to existing facts; intoxicated inasmuch as to make one part of it contradict the other.

How could the POPE, if he had been anything like sober, talk about the "testimonies of real affection, of unflinching fidelity, of devoted submission and generous liberality," lavished upon him by the Roman people? It is lucky for him that "PONTIUS PILATE" has not taken him at his word, and left him to the protection of his devoted Romans.

Of course the Holy Father delivered his allocution in Latin—of which we have not the text. We only know that it began with "*Venerabiles Fratres*," which we can imagine him to have turned into something like Ver'rash Frarrah, if the consistory in which he

delivered it was preceded by a symposium with ANTONELLI; who at one of these champagne bouts will probably go thrusting his head out of window, and singing through his nose, the following notification to the City and the Globe, all and sundry, whomsoever it may concern, that is to say everybody:—

Impletur vini Campagni Papa, ebrius est lepidè, et sibi elegit nomen Ciccquolus secundus;

or, to translate the Latin into idiomatic and appropriately accented English, "Pope 'sh gosh 'sh shkinful o' Ch'mpagne, 'sh jollydrunk, au' 'sh 'shided to call 'sh shelf by sh' name o' CICCQUOLUS SECUNDUS."

We will not believe the POPE's allocution to have been a tissue of deliberate inventions. We will suppose that he spoke it in his ales and his angers and metheglins, his wraths and cholers and champagnes.

LETTER TO A LADY.

DEAR LADY PALMERSTON,

85, Fleet Street, E.C.

THAT'S a very sensible womanlike letter of yours, Madam, thanking your colliers for being pleased that they have found coals on your property. You cannot attend the proposed dinner, for LORD PALMERSTON is really busy, and you've got some friends coming to stay with you, but you are very much obliged. You write as straightforwardly and frankly as your husband, and put as little nonsense into your notes. I am very glad that your colliers have found coals for you, and I hope you'll burn them through many a happy Christmas, and so I tell you, and I wish that the women would take a leaf out of your Letter-writer.

Your respectful but affectionate friend,

VISCOUNTESS PALMERSTON.

PUNCH.

P.S. Not a word of French in your letter, bad or good. Thank you, "EMILY PALMERSTON."

"The Diet of Worms."

BAD accounts of the Silk-worms in France again this year! These fair spinsters have been going on very badly for several years past, and we think it is high time now that they thought of turning over a new leaf.

BRICKLAYERS AND BEESWING.



ONCURED PUNCH.—Of course you saw that newspaper report the other day of how some bricklayers broke into a bin of fine old port, and swilled it down as freely as though it had been swipes, one of the party actually mixing it with tea! Don't you think this a sad proof of the want of education among the working classes, and should not proper steps be taken to prevent as far as possible the chance of its recurrence? The bare idea

of 'twenty port' being swallowed down like porter is a dreadful thought for men of meditative minds. One would at least be glad to know that such good stuff were rightly relished, though one might not get the luck of tasting it oneself. I would suggest then that a wine class be started in our day-schools, whereby the palates of our poor might receive in some degree a vinous education, that in the case of any windfalls—or more correctly wine-falls—they might know how to smack their lips over a good bottle, and to drink it with that reverence which surely is its due. To swill down port or claret out of a pint pot appears to educated tastes a highly barbarous proceeding; yet there are doubtless thousands of our fellow countrymen who would not hesitate to do so if they only got the chance. Let us then endeavour to enlighten their crass ignorance, and to teach them how good wine should properly be sipped. To drink a glass of wine so as to extract the highest possible enjoyment from it, and not to let a whiff of the bouquet escape unrelished, is one of the fine arts that requires great cultivation, and only constant practice will enable one to master it. Of course we can't expect our boors and bricklayers to do so, but we may at least improve their understandings so far as to prevent their mixing port with tea. Such acts are a disgrace to a civilised community, and I for one shall not feel satisfied until they have ceased.

"If my suggestion be thought feasible, I shall be happy to subscribe a few dozens from my cellar, to be used by way of practice in the class first set on foot. And if you in your benevolence will act as the receiver of similar donations, I have very little doubt they will be speedily poured in.

"I remain, Sir, yours respectfully,
"PHILOPOTUS GREEN."

* We have not the least objection to practise our benevolence in the way desired, and any one who sends us a few dozens of old port may depend that we shall see that they are turned to good account.—PUNCH.

A Rush of Royalty.

AMIDST the mob of monarchs that have lately been favouring LOUIS NAPOLEON with their society, we think there is one King whom of all others the EMPEROR would be the most delighted to see in France this year, and certainly his presence would be the most welcomed by the manufacturing classes in this country—and that is, KING COTTON, from America.

DIFFERENCE OF TASTES.—In taking a new house, the first thought of the woman is where shall the piano be put?—Of the man, which shall be the smoking-room?

HOW TO PUNISH SOLDIERS.

THE cat o' nine tails clearly has as many lives as tails, or it would long ago have died from the attacks which have been made on it. Page after page, and volume after volume, hath *Punch* scathed it with his sarcasm and seared it with his scorn, and tried in every way to exhaust its vital breath. It still drags on, however, a lingering existence, and, though not so strong in favour as it was, it is by no means yet entirely bereft of lively vigour. This the following scrap of military intelligence will show:—

"On Monday the men of the 9th depot battalion were assembled on early parade in Colchester Camp, to witness the infliction of the sentence of a court-martial upon Private J. REARDON, of the 6th depot, who had been found guilty of drunkenness and striking a non-commissioned officer. The prisoner, who is an old soldier, having been in the service upwards of 20 years, had been frequently convicted of military offences, and was now sentenced to receive 50 lashes and undergo 84 days' imprisonment. He received his punishment without saying a word, and was afterwards marched to the hospital, whence he will be removed to a military prison to undergo the remainder of his sentence so soon as he has recovered from the effects of the flogging."

This soldier, we are told, had been "frequently convicted," and no doubt had nearly as frequently been flogged. One infers this from his silent reception of his punishment, which shows that, like the eels to skinning, he was tolerably well used to it. His back, doubtless, had been toughened by the whippings it had borne; unlike a bit of beef, which is made tender by much beating. Now, the object of all punishment is to deter and to amend; but what good in either way has flogging ever done to so back-hardened an offender? Where, then, is the use of brutally persisting in it, seeing that no benefit appears to be derived from it?

Again, to put in prison for more than eighty days a soldier who is being supported by the country, seems to us, as taxpayers, a waste of bread and gruel, or whatever other viands he may there be furnished with. Drunkenness is bad, and striking officers, in point of discipline, is worse: but for neither of these offences, nor for both of them together, would we imprison an old soldier for four and eighty days. If, as in this case, he had frequently offended, there would be no more good in confining than in flogging him; and the best, as well as cheapest, thing that could be done with him would be to brand him in the books as useless and incorrigible, and at once dismiss him from the service he disgraced. Surely, were it known that on a third or fourth offence a soldier would be thus kicked out of his employment, there would be far fewer old offenders in the ranks: and there would be a saving both of whipcord and of victuals, were this punishment imposed instead of flogging and imprisoning offenders who are proved to be defiant of them both. In the name then of economy, as well as of humanity, we ask that some such step as we suggest be taken to free the British Army from blackguards who disgrace it, and whom the cat or the black-hole are proved incapable to cure.

A DOMESTIC CALAMITY.

LAST Sunday, a Fire was discovered in the drawing-room grate of MR. N. PECKER, a large baby-linen manufacturer, in the neighbourhood of Lamb's Conduit Street. Instantly the Fire was discovered, the alarm was given by one of the servants, when many minutes did not elapse before the Fire was effectually put out by MRS. N. PECKER, who, in the most indignant terms, declared she would not have a Fire in any house of hers at this early period of the year. Who was going to polish the steel bars?—she was audibly heard to express her earnest desire to know. We understand there was no damage done, beyond a ha'porth of wood being consumed; but there is no knowing what might have been the consequences, as there was a large scuttle brimful of coals, not more than a couple of yards' distance from where the Fire first broke out. The origin of the accident is not known, but it is strongly suspected that MR. N. PECKER was the incendiary himself, as he was heard only a few minutes before to declare that "he wished the blazes he could get warm." The matter, however, has since been hushed up. It is most fortunate the fire ended where it did, as, from the inquiries we have since made, we do not think MR. N. PECKER is in a position to display the smallest possible amount of assurance, or insurance, either; and in the absence of that, the house might, to speak familiarly, have been made considerably "too hot to hold him."

A Thwack for Thwaites.

Q. Of what material, should you say, the "Board of Works" was composed?

A. Why, judging from its works, certainly not a great deal.

"E'EN MIGHTY PAM."—*Pope*.

"THE GOVERNMENT is a Constable," says the wise SYDNEY SMITH. THE CONSTABLE is our Government, says the equally wise *Punch*.

THE RESPECT PAID TO PROPERTY.

In a statistical paper, we read that "the National Museums, the Palaces, the Tower, Greenwich Hospital, and Kew Gardens, were visited, in the course of last year, by nearly 3,000,000 people." Will any fine prejudiced Tory, of the good old school, who delights in harping upon the mischievous propensities of the lower classes, oblige us with the information as to the exact amount of damage committed within that period by those 3,000,000 people? He must be surprised to learn that there is a single picture, or curiosity, or work of art, or tree, or shrub, or flower, or the smallest thing of value, left in any of those public buildings!



PAINTING THE LILY.

We read that a short time back a Frenchwoman made her appearance at the Insolvent Debtors' Court, who described herself as "an Enameller of Ladies' Faces." It is a source of congratulation that the business was not a profitable one, for it would have grieved us excessively to learn that our beautiful countrywomen lent their countenances to any process that tended to make them *smooth-faced* in the finished manner that Continental ladies frequently are. Enamel may do very well for the faces in a pack of cards, but then English beauties need not enter into competition with painted Queens of Hearts; for they are winning enough of themselves without resorting to any such superficial advantage as bismuth, or arsenic, or any similar poisonous ingredient. Moreover, a face that was enamelled would be liable to chip, and we have serious doubts whether a lady's nose, that was in that flawed condition, would stand out to the best advantage, even though it were set off, in the way of tasteful uniformity, by the most beautiful of chip bonnets. Then, think of the vulgar remarks that would infallibly be made. Fancy a heavy dragsman saying with the most languid contempt, as though he were expatiating on a rare specimen of damaged crockery: "Yes, she certainly is one of Nature's finest bits of porcelain, but what a pity she is chipped!"

Specimens of a North-American Examination.

Schoolmaster. What do you call the Cotton Tree?

Patriotic Pupil. A branch of Treason.

Schoolmaster. Has it any root?

Patriotic Pupil. Slavery.

Schoolmaster. What is its seed like?

Patriotic Pupil. Sedition.

[The PUPIL is patted on the head, and presented with a hundred-bladed bowie-knife by way of prize.

A TRULY ENORMOUS NUISANCE.

THE following statement is made by MUSICIANS in the *Times*. MUSICIANS had applied for some reserved seats at Exeter Hall for the oratorio of *Elizah*, and there were none to be had:—

"On inquiry I ascertained the somewhat amusing fact that nearly 400 seats have been sacrificed to—Crimoline! The Hall holds 3,000 seats, of 16 inches each; but the present fashion requires 18, and reduces the number of sittings by 370 or 375."

The above statement being a brief and eloquent expression of a deplorable state of things, there are only two words in it for which MUSICIANS might have been judiciously advised to substitute others—"somewhat amusing." Instead of "somewhat amusing," he should have written "very disgusting." If civilisation is indicated by dress, that of the present day is receding, and has in a great measure receded to the degree which it stood at in the *Belleston* era. MUSICIANS continue:—

"When HANDEL produced his *Messiah* for the benefit of a charity in Dublin, the managers are reported to have requested the ladies to dispense with hoops for the occasion."

All womanhood is fortified with hoops again. At the same time, all Europe is armed. As it was in the old times of ferocity and frivolity, so it is now. Disaffection to the reign of Peace coincides with rebellion against the rule of Taste; and France is at the bottom of both calamities. When France sleeps, Europe is tranquil; when France is agitated, Europe is in convulsions. So France glories in saying, "To these boasts she can add another brag. When France masquerades in the old clothes of preposterous vanity, Europe also wears Crimoline. *Place aux dames!* our neighbours may well exclaim. We too have also some cause to cry "Room for the ladies!" when 400 seats in Exeter Hall are sacrificed to hoops. What a mean contemptible nation we shall be, male and female, if we cannot somehow agree to reject that edict of imperial petticoat government, dictated by France, which not only disfigures the women of England, but also incommodes them, and not only incommodes them, but likewise those who pay for their uncomfortable excess of apparel, which encumbers, and crowds, and crushes us, and pushes them off our stools.

There only wants some sensible heroine to hell, or rather to disbell, the cat, and lead her sex in shaking off the yoke which absolute French absurdity has imposed on their corporeal circumference.

GLORIOUS GALAXY OF TALENT.

BOTH PRINCE NAPOLEON and TOM THUMB have been stopping at that magnificent Hotel, the St. Lawrence Hall, in Montreal, at the same time. Both were tremendous favourites: in fact, it would be difficult to say which of the two stood the higher in the public estimation. If it were to be measured by kisses, we should decidedly say that the General was more popular with the ladies. By a private arrangement, so as not to clash, the Prince and the General received on different nights. It was reported that the General had challenged the Prince to give a series of representations, *à la NAPOLEON BONAPARTE*, in costume, and everything complete, but we can only say that, at all events the challenge, if offered, was never accepted: and we think the Prince displayed unusually good taste in declining it.

THE ANGELIC DOCTOR.

OUR friend and contributor, DR. CURMING, has delivered a lecture at Manchester on the old subject. He sticks to it that 1867 will see the world out, in some way, and will, at least, be the end of all chronology: and if we exist, it will be in an unchronological period. We have not the least idea what this sort of living will be, or whether it will hurt much; but one thing is quite certain, namely, that if there is no more time, preachers will not be able to waste time in talking intolerable nonsense. Further, DR. CURMING declares that, whatever change may be wrought in us, he, for one, does not desire to be an angel. DR. CURMING, for shame, Sir! Mock modesty is a mark of bad breeding. As if you did not know that you are an angel already! Ask the ladies of your flock, ye ould dissembler! Flap yer wings, ye ould deluder, and stop that sort of thing!

A Vicious Court Circular.

THE *Times* said a very rude thing, we hope unconsciously, in a leading article on the interview between the KING OF PRUSSIA and the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. It said that the two sovereigns "had got into a vicious circle." Now *Punch*, who knows everything, knows that the phrase is one of dialectics. But people who don't know everything may remember what MIRABEAU said, when an oratorical opponent announced that he should now shut up M. MIRABEAU in a vicious circle. "What? Is the honourable member going to embrace me?" Did the two Sovereigns embrace?



CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

Master G. O'Rilla. "DEAW! HOW SHOCKING! THERE'S ANOTHER GOOD FELLAH DONE FOR!"

Cousins. "WHY WHEAT HAS HAPPENED, GUS?"

Gus. "HAPPENED! WHY CHARLEY BAGSHOT GONE MARRIED!"

THE CHANT OF COMPIÈGNE.

(With a Fashionable Burden.)

THERE'S a downy cove at the Tuileries.
But at Potsdam's as downy a one:
And LOUIS is not more anxious to do,
Than WILLIAM not to be done.
As the Baden Conference proved a sell,
Let's try what Compiègne will do:
With dinner and dance, with picnic and play,
The German must come to!
So we'll sugar the web, and we'll butter the
web,
But the fly only says, says he,
"I'm a young man from the country,
But you don't come over me!"

"I'll give you a lift upon the Throne
Of united Germany:
An Army upon the Eider,
And a Fleet upon the Spree:
I'll give you Schleswig, as appanage
Des Deutschen Vaterland.
And all I ask of you in exchange,
Is a strip of Rhenish sand!"
So he sugared the web, and he buttered the
web,
But the fly only said, said he,
"I'm a young man from the country,
But you don't come over me!"

"I'll set your foot upon the neck
Of Austrian and Dane;

Make England's self to disavow
Her own MACDONALD fain.
Who calls a Prussian blockhead
As traitor I'll indict:
Vote your police intelligent,
Your railway-guards polite."
So he sugared the web, and he buttered the
web,
But the fly only said, said he,
"I'm a young man from the country,
But you don't come over me!"

"The wolf's intentions may be kind
Towards his fleecy friends,
When how they may shake off the bore
Of dogs he recommends.
But Prussia's debt to France is scored
In red-ruled lines too plain:
And we don't wish to do the work
Of Leipsic o'er again.
So sugar the web, and butter the web,
The fly only says, says he,
"I'm a young man from the country,
But you don't come over me!"

"Your hon'able intentions all
With gratitude I hail:
But promises to pay are not
Quite payments on the nail.
If frontiers *must* be rectified,
And treaties overhauled,
Suppose we dropped our *tête-à-tête*,
And had a Congress called?

But as things stand between us two!
All I say is, d'ye see,—
"I'm a young man from the country,
But you can't come over me!"

"If you have frontiers to round,
I've frontiers to maintain:
Without *my* loss I don't quite see
How I can help *your* gain.
My German wits they may be dull,
And yours are sharp, I know;
But if upon *one* rope we pull,
I fear you *might* let go:
Then head o'er heels when I was hurled,
No more my song would be,
"I'm a young man from the country,
But you can't come over me!"

The Royal Exchange.

MONARCHS are generally known more from their military, than their civil qualities. This may be one of the reasons why every one has laughed at the notion of the KING OF PRUSSIA visiting the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH merely to "exchange civilities." It is seemingly something so very new for monarchs to be civil to one another, that when they do, no one gives them credit for it. Nothing will disabuse politicians of their deeply-rooted conviction that a King's visiting-book and the Civil List are not totally different things.



THE COVER-SIDE AT COMPIÈGNE.

KING OF Pr-ss-a. "I'M A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY,
BUT YOU DON'T COME OVER ME!"

A MODEL MISCELLANY.

THAT admirable Roundabout Paper, the *Globe* (we speak geometrically only, for consistency is one of its many merits), is a very entertaining miscellany, and a great comfort during the club-hour between ordering your dinner and getting it. Not the least of its attractions is its concise summary of the news of the current day. And not the least of the attractions of that summary is the mode in which fashionable intelligence is relieved, sandwich-fashion, by general information. You read of the travels of a Duke, and next you are told of the flight of a duck. Following the announcement that MR. ROEBUCK is at Scarborough (we hope we are right, and beg his pardon, in advance, if we err as to a fact of such magnitude), we read that the show of terriers in Holborn was most interesting. We learn that a group of small celebrities have gone into Staffordshire to attend an agricultural meeting, and then we are apprised that large flocks of magpies have been noticed crossing the eastern counties. Other things worth knowing are thus interspersed among things which may not be so well worth knowing, and the combination is very felicitous. We conceive this to be a great improvement on the ordinary dull string of fashionable announcements, and would immortalise the invention by offering a specimen, from recollection:—

MR. HENLEY has been staying on a visit with the noble owner of Battleaxe Castle, but is expected to return to his own residence in the course of five or six days or a week at most.

The inhabitants of some of the houses in the Regent's Park have been of late disturbed by incessant growling of an unusual description. It has been ascertained that this proceeded from a fine old bear in the Zoological Gardens, who evinces much dissatisfaction at the whine of a French poodle recently introduced.—*Marylebone Mirror*.

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU has been pheasant-shooting for the last week in the neighbourhood of Chichester.

"The best way," says ROCHEFOUCAULD, "of silencing a bore is the going out of the room in the middle of one of his melancholy disquisitions."

MR. DISRAELI, who is in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits, has been making a short tour in Wales, but is expected at Hughenden Manor on Thursday next.

"It is strange to observe the unwilling yet complete obedience which a certain class of animal is compelled to yield to the superior intelligence of a creature of a higher order. Reluctantly, but submissively, animals of a bucolic character follow the guidance of a vigilant sheep-dog, and receive his prompt punishment of their errors with displeased murmurs, but without attempt at resistance.—*Farmers' Chronicle and Agriculturalist's Gazette*.

LORD PALMERSTON on Friday last inspected the Yeomanry of the Bumblepuppy district, and pronounced a warm eulogium upon their soldierly bearing, and the absence of any tumbling off horses, even at the sudden discharge of fire-arms.

There seems to be no valid reason for the apprehension that appears to have been felt lest there should not be an adequate supply of butter, this autumn, in the rural districts.—*Mark Lane Express*.

LORD RUSSELL, after the Newcastle banquet, at once returned to town, and attended the Cabinet Council on Wednesday last.

"It may be considered generally true, that a reasonable quantity of silence befits a wise and sane man, but it by no means follows that a box is full because the lid is shut down."—*Carlyle*.

LORD DUDLEY has been delivering a speech in Worcestershire, and has spoken in harsh and contemptuous terms of the contest in America. He said, "the most childish and suicidal folly was going on on the other side of the Atlantic, between the horrible trade of slavery on the one hand and blackguard cowardice on the other."

The report of that admirable institution the Asylum for Idiots has just been issued, and it is gratifying to state its resources are prosperous, and that owing to the excellent arrangements of the architect, there is still accommodation ready for any unfortunate who may need shelter.

A Natural Acquaintance.

IN GEORGE HERBERT (HERBERT on Herbs ought to be a good authority) we meet with the following lines:—

"Herbs gladly heal our flesh, because that they find their acquaintance there."

We do not know what herbs they can be that find acquaintance with the human body, unless they are Simples? Extremely touching, and flattering, we are sure!

A PROPHECY NOT VERY DIFFICULT OF FULFILLMENT!—MR. BOWYER declares there are as many good Popes in the Romish See as ever yet came out of it.

A WOULD-BE AUTO DA FÉ.

THE good cause of Spiritualism is highly indebted to the BISHOP OF BARCELONA. That exemplary prelate, the other day, was so good as to order three hundred volumes, including various periodicals, on the subject of spiritual manifestations, seized by the police on the shelves of a bookseller, to be publicly consigned to the flames on that especial part of the esplanade of his episcopal city whereon criminals condemned to death are wont to be executed. This *auto da fé* was celebrated with the pomp befitting so awful a solemnity. A priest presided over the bonfire; his reverence was attired in full canonicals, and held a torch in one hand and a cross in the other. A public notary and his clerk also attended for the purpose of legally and formally recording the fiery judgment executed upon these works of darkness, to which all the ceremony observed in their destruction, will attach an importance that cannot but greatly attract readers to the perusal, and much increase the circulation, of similar productions.

As the priest and his assistants withdrew from the scene of execution, they were assailed with storms of hisses, and shouts of "Down with the Inquisition!" It is thus clear that in causing spiritualistic works to be burnt, the BISHOP OF BARCELONA has done somewhat, and perhaps not a little, to render Popery unpopular in Spain, and promote the popularity of Spiritualism in that country.

The right reverend prelate might have adopted the less happy plan of burning the obnoxious volumes quietly, as another more discreet ecclesiastic disposed of certain story-books of knight-errantry, treating them as mere mischievous trash. But he fortunately thought proper to make their cremation public, and cause it to be performed with all the honours of exorcism. No doubt the priest, who attended cross in hand, duly sprinkled the condemned productions with holy water, with the idea of adding fuel to the fire that consumed them, and expelling those particular spirits which he believed to be the agents that operate in Spiritualism.

The BISHOP OF BARCELONA is evidently the right man in the right place, and there at the right time. Two or three centuries ago he might have got hold of the authors of the above-mentioned publications on spiritual phenomena, and have caused the former, under the name of necromancers and sorcerers, to be reduced to ashes along with the latter. That would not be so pleasant for Spiritualists as the merely symbolical and typical martyrdom of being burnt in print. As it is, the Bishop can burn nobody along with forbidden books except himself, in burning, as it were, his own fingers.

INCREDIBLE HUMBUG.

THE following statement with regard to the prisoner COGAN, who was hanged the other day at the Old Bailey, protesting his innocence to the last, occurs in the *Times*:—

"The body was removed after being suspended the usual time. An application was afterwards made for permission to take a cast of the head and face, but, acting on the advice of Mr. GIBSON, the prison surgeon, that in his opinion such a proceeding was unnecessary for any purpose of science, the Sheriffs declined to assent to it."

The reporter of the foregoing must have made a mistake. No surgeon, surely, could have expressed the opinion attributed to Mr. GIBSON. There are few people who do not think that there is something in phrenology. It is a matter of notorious fact that the heads of criminals exhibit in general a peculiar conformation, being dwarfed in front and at top, and enlarged below and behind. It is obviously a question of some scientific importance whether or no this coincidence between type of head and character implies connection. Such may not be the case. Phrenology may be not even so much as partially true, but all stuff and nonsense. But whether it is all humbug or not is a question only to be determined by such proceedings as taking casts of the heads of malefactors and others—by such a proceeding as that which Mr. GIBSON is represented, no doubt erroneously, as declaring to be unnecessary for any purpose of science. Such a declaration would become a shuffling bishop, desirous of stifling theological investigation, but is quite unworthy of any enlightened surgeon, the minister and interpreter of Nature and truth.

GREATEST LITERARY NEWS EVER HEARD.

"LORD AUCKLAND, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, is preparing for the public a selection from the *Eden* papers."

THIS news is so astounding that *Mr. Punch* has no remark to make on it. There is said to be in the possession of an ancient German family a picture illustrating the great importance of that family in very early times. NOAH comes out of the Ark with the only article worth his personal attention, a box lettered "Papers of the House of HOLLENBURG." But the *Eden* papers beat everything. *Mr. Punch* has nothing to say, except that the Bishop is a lucky Editor. Will he give ADAM'S autograph?



EXCITED JUVENILE. "Oh, Uncle dear, do dance with me—it's only a Galop!"

THE SCHOOL FOR SOLDIERS.

TO TWO PRINCES.

EXILES of exalted station,
Go, and in the cannon's mouth,
Seek the bubble reputation
In the war of North and South.
If, above mere murderous fooling,
Some advantage you pursue,
Go and get a martial schooling
In a strife that's nought to you.

Qualify yourselves as leaders,
Ready for a future day;
Practising upon Seceders:
Game as fair as birds to slay.
Conscience sleeping, late to waken,
Licensed cut-throats, learn your trade;
If you're hanged should you be taken,
Two examples will be made.

You'll rejoice to fall with glory;
Smile in dying, red with sin?
Bravos tell a different story
When in pangs of death they grin.
Heaving groans of desperation,
Crushed by shot or torn with shell;
All their hope annihilation;
Weigh the other prospect well!

Some Persons are Never Satisfied.

A Poor simpleton was complaining of a large sum of money that he had lost through a friend, when the companion, into whose sympathetic ears he was pouring his griefs, inquired if he still retained his friend? Upon being answered in the affirmative, the philosophic advice was, "Then, be content, my dear fellow; you can't expect to have both your money *and* your friend."

MR. PUNCH ON SOME POPULAR DELUSIONS.

TOUCHING TRAVELLERS BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

MR. PUNCH asserted last week, and is prepared most honestly and earnestly to maintain, that English travellers of both sexes are, as a class, the best dressed travellers to be met with; but he anticipates more evil and question of his second *thesis*, that the English are, as a rule, the best mannered travellers, and treaters of travellers,—at least in comparison with our nearest Continental neighbours, French, Belgians, and Germans. Italians and Orientals are both, inherently and instinctively, polite.

Such is the conviction which has forced itself upon *Mr. Punch* in the course of a cosmopolitan experience. There are two things which, on his landing from the Channel steamer, he invariably hails at Dover with intense thankfulness and satisfaction; the first draught of malt from the pewter, and the first quarter of an hour of an English railway.

People may complain, and with reason, of the recklessness of our railway management. No doubt we do start trains too quickly on each other's heels; no doubt the pace is occasionally too fast for signalling or signal reading, and the horrors of a smash, when it does come, are terrific; but *Mr. Punch*, all things weighed, would rather risk a smash on an English line, than crawl in sorrowful, or savage safety on a Belgian, German, or French one; and this, not for the advantage in speed only, or mainly, but because of the ineffable superiority of our English railway system in every point that affects the traveller's comfort. And first and foremost (which brings us to the point of this Essay) because of the comparative good breeding of English travellers and railway officials of all classes.

You are fresh from the chafe, say, of one of those wearisome wanderings to and fro in a network of Belgian lines, in which you have been hustled from carriage to carriage on a damp morning (perhaps after a night of railway travelling) once every half hour, on an average, between Mechlin and Lille, with perpetually recurring halts of ten minutes, but no stoppage long enough for a meal; or you are still bleeding under the *écorchements* inflicted upon you in one of those unconscionable *buffets* (I need not name names) between Paris and Calais or Boulogne, where you have been made to pay a franc for a pear, or a franc and a half for a roll and a basin of warm water with a greasy scum on the surface, called a *bouillon*.

But, in the best of cases, even if your journey has been unharassed by shifting of carriages, broken by rationally-arranged halts for food,

unaggravated by any peculiarly impudent demand upon your purse, you come ashore, labouring under a lively sense of the social and personal inferiority which it seems the object of Continental railway management to impress upon you. You have been "chivied," first of all, through the *bureau* for the registering of your baggage. This may be the less infliction to a large class of Continental travellers, as they can exist for long periods on an infinitesimal allowance of shirts, socks, and undergarments generally. *Mr. Punch* once knew a German professor of European reputation, who made a three months' round of English country-houses with a little bag, not larger than a lady's railway reticule, *pour tout bagage*, and there was no reliable record of his having run up a washing bill the whole time. But PATERFAMILIAS can't carry MRS. P. and his two daughters about the world on a carpet-bag. The family have a prejudice in favour of clean linen and plenty of it; and the ladies, for all the *Times* may say of them—are not quite above feminine considerations in the matter of bonnets and crinolines. Well, take that registering of baggage to begin with. Can there be a greater and idler nuisance? Folks talk of the security and comfort of the thing! As if there was not just as much security ensured by the blue or pink ticket which an active porter claps on your portmanteaus in two seconds on a British platform, by help of paste-tin and pound-brush (I wish, by the way, they weren't quite so liberal of their paste at London Bridge and Paddington) as in all the Continental apparatus of *Bureaux des Bagages*—the delay, and the long range of inaccessible counters, and the extortionate porters, and the hustling, bustling, shoving passengers, and weighers, and uniformed officials shut into wire-safes, who contemptuously take your money and push you out a receipt; a "*scheine*" as they call the document in Germany, and many a shine I have known raised about those troublesome slips of limp paper, which will keep crumpling themselves into impossible corners of your pockets, or getting into the folds of letters, or hiding themselves in unknown compartments of your *porte-monnaie*, as if they preferred any refuge to the hands of a foreign railway official—and I am not surprised at it. What rational man or woman ever needed more security than is given by our simple and unceremonious—ready, but not rough,—English system of receiving, ticketing, and disposing of luggage? And as to trouble; as to the difficulty spared, or caused, to nervous old gentlemen, or unprotected females, by the two systems respectively; I maintain that the struggle, and bustle, and worry, and waste of time over the luggage, at the beginning and end of a railway journey is as fifty abroad, and as five at home; and I appeal for confirmation of my proportions to every traveller, young or old, male or female, strong or weak, cool or fidgety,—who knows both systems.

Then, after you have escaped from the baggage-bureau, run the gauntlet of a crowd of craving porters, one to a package (and note that the railway porter, the man paid as well as badged and clothed by the company, seems unknown on the Continent, where no man will carry anything beyond the nearest point at which he can put his burden down, for somebody else to take up, and so on) comes the pouncing up in the waiting-rooms, under the surveillance of more haughty men in uniform, who guard the doors, and scowl on you, and insist on seeing your tickets every time you pass in or out, and then, when the doors are opened, comes another rush, in which devil take the hindmost is as much the rule as it was in the *Bureau des bagages*.

Here again contrast the two systems—the Continental one of waiting-room pens, in which passengers are “ponded-up,” as the sanitary engineers say, for a longer or shorter period (for you must be at the station ten minutes before the train’s starting, or five minutes, or such other period as the high and mighty administration may think proper to impose on you) to be flushed on to the platform, through a single doorway, by a sort of turncock in a uniform and glazed cap; and ours, where you drive down to the station at your own time—so you can but catch the train—take your ticket, pass on to the platform, choose your seat, deposit your wraps, see your baggage whipped into van or carriage, according as it is bulky or compressed, and all in two minutes, without once feeling the pressure of the administration, or being reminded of the iron hand by the presence of a uniform.

I say, again and again, that the one system shows an utter absence of that respect for the traveller which is the very basis of the other; in which all is calculated on the theory that the traveller is a self-respecting, intelligent, responsible being. Abroad, you are treated as much as possible like a parcel; in England you feel you are a human being—a passenger with eyes, hands, and a head of your own.

All this is not digressive. It belongs directly to our very subject, the relative good-breeding of our travellers abroad and at home. For, humanity is polite in proportion as it is politely dealt with. If it be true, as the laureate sings, that—

“Gently comes the world to those
That are cast in gentle mould,”

it is equally true, that those only give back gentleness who are gently handled by the powers and people about them. It is impossible for a French or German traveller, who is habitually made to feel that he is as dirt under the feet of the uniformed Jack in Office, who orders him in and out of the *Bureau des bagages* and the waiting-room—orders him into the carriage—into his place in the carriage—orders him out of it—orders him in fact from beginning to end of his journey—it is impossible, I say, for this oppressed and uniform-ridden foreigner, not to wipe off on you or me some of the insolence which has been showered on him. When *Captain Absolute* kicks *Fag* down-stairs, *Fag* revenges himself by kicking the scullery-boy.

There may be other reasons, but *Mr. Punch* knows none in his belief so operative as this, to account for the fact (for fact it is) that your average railway traveller on a French, Belgian or German line is apt to be selfish and sulky, always ready to steal a march upon men and to be impertinent to women; that his voice is loud and harsh, his bearing provocative and *outré*, his way of getting in and out of the carriage rude, his rush to a buffet-table, his way of digging into the viands set out, and his general comportment and behaviour at his meals, hoggish; and for the fact, which is equally beyond dispute, that the bearing of most English travellers is the most perfect contrast to this; that self-respect makes them as a rule deferential, soft of voice, chivalrous to women, ready to concede to men, and if sometimes stiff and silent, never brusque, braggart, brutal, or bullying.

Nothing need be said of the contrast between the officials with whom the traveller comes most into contact abroad and at home, because this must be patent to every person who has ever travelled by a Continental and an English line.

It goes so far, that when *Mr. Punch* lands at Dover he feels as if he had passed from a region of coercion, self-assertion and rudeness, to a realm of independence, self-restraint, and good breeding. It is a positive pleasure to him to ask a question of a railway guard, or a service of a railway porter. He knows he will get a civil answer, in a soft voice, or the ready help of a strong and willing arm. People may say that the expectation of a “tip” lies at the bottom of both. *Mr. Punch* can only say he finds the foreigner, in and out of uniform, quite as ready for the “tip,” but that it does *not* produce in his case the equivalent in civility or service. And with this avowal of his faith, he pulls up for the present.

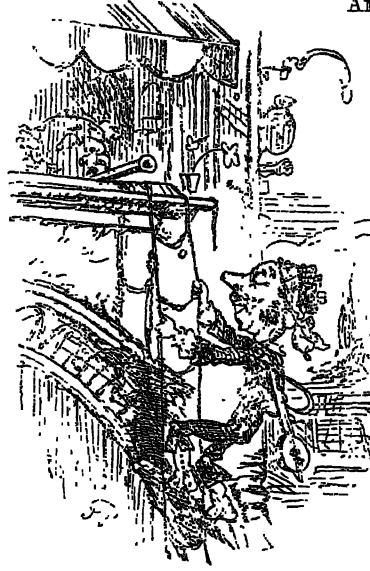
A Joke Shrouded in Mystery.

SOME one was mentioning in the Smoking-room of the City Club, that GLADSTONE was so fagged that he was going over to France for a few days’ relaxation. “Then, I suppose,” said SIR H. MUGGERIDGE, “he’ll go to St. Homer?” Now, whether this accident was purely innocent, or purposely intended, none but the Honourable Member himself can tell. Let us, however, give SIR HENRY the benefit of the doubt. It is more generous to suppose that he never intended it as a joke.

HORRID MURDER OF MOZART.

AMONG sundry new musical works lately announced, there is one which bears the title following:—

“Il mio Tesoro. Cavatine de l’opera de MOZART. Transcrite et variée pour le piano. Par Polydon de Vos.”



We have not had the misfortune to hear this transcription and variation of MOZART; but suppose that it corresponds pretty nearly to CIBBER’S improvements and augmentations of SHAKSPEARE. We are told by a musical critic, in a notice of this composition, or rather decomposition, that M. DE Vos has been guilty of “giving a totally different reading of the accompaniment” to the beautiful air which he has had the audacity to garble, and that he has dared “to lead off his transcription with the opening bar of *La ci darem*,” gruffly uttered in the

bass, whilst “the phrase of this solitary bar is alternated with *arpezzis* by way of introduction to ‘*Il mio Tesoro*,’ the air of which is frittered away in unmeaning and unoriginal embellishments.” What sort of a man is this M. DE Vos? Not a nice one, if that is all true which the greatest man that ever lived, except ourselves, has declared of him that hath no music in his soul. For such a fellow has no music in his soul. His music, such as he has, lies in his mere acoustic faculty of perception, and not in his soul at all; and it is very doubtful whether a creature capable of adulterating and diluting MOZART, being a brute, has any soul whatever.

A musician of genius will take a common tune, and weave the conceptions of that genius about it. A DE Vos seizes upon the thought of a great composer, distorts it, disfigures it, and disguises it with his own unmeaning quavers and senseless crotchets. O, MOZART! O, BEETHOVEN! Thus does conceited irreverence and musical stupidity make a mess of you! *Sic Vos de vobis!* produces strains which are not mellifluous.

THE FORTUNE OF DRILL.

FOOLS are not to be trusted with firearms. The statement of this truism is justified by the fact, recorded in the *Times*, that, at a Volunteer drill which took place on Tuesday last week in Wolverhampton, the 4th Staffordshire Battalion being inspected by MAJOR DIOR, the Government Inspector for the district, under the eye of LORD HATHERTON, Lord-Lieutenant of the county, as the men were engaged in file-firing, PRIVATE BAGALLY, of the Tettenhall Company, was shot in the right hand. The wound is supposed to have been occasioned by one of those unfortunate persons to whom the truism above quoted applies, and who was his rear-rank man. MR. BAGALLY was obliged to have his fourth finger amputated, and to lose a portion of the back of the hand, poor fellow! It is feared that his third finger will also be lost through the clumsiness or carelessness of his rear-rank man, who is not to be trusted with firearms.

Accidents will occur in the best regulated corps; but in any corps that is at all well regulated, they occur but seldom. But at the last drill of the gallant 4th Staffordshire Battalion, as the *Times* further relates, a man’s eye was shot out by a blank cartridge. This Battalion, therefore, wants regulating—to wit, by the elimination of those members thereof who are accustomed to shoot their comrades’ hands off and eyes out, and the formation of these military muffs into an awkward squad, to be drilled with mopsticks instead of rifles in their fists, till further notice. Volunteers are of course prepared to expose their breasts to an enemy expert in the use of firearms, but not to lose their hands and eyes by the shot of comrades to whom such weapons ought not to be confided.

Our Hanwell Telegram.

It is now proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the poor fellow, who riveted his affections on the Lady in the Lobster, is cracked!

“PENDENTE LITE.”—A Chandelier.

AGILE HIBERNIAN. "An *illigint* Catch, yer Honour!"

PUNCH ON THE PYRAMID.

EGYPT is getting into pecuniary difficulties, and the extraordinary rise of the Nile has only plunged her into more hot water. France, who holds that the Emperor that would refuse to stretch forth his hand to assist a virtuous nation in distress, is unworthy the name of *Annexander the Great*, is stated to be about to proffer succour to the Pacha. *LOUIS NAPOLEON* speaks handsomely; and, indeed, as the humbler classes phrase it, no one can speak Pharaoh to Egypt. Still, let Egypt look out—she may have to pay for his friendship. France does not want a river for a frontier, there can be no doubt of that, because she has expressly told Prussia as much. The Egyptians may safely sing, "They shall not have the Nile;" and if they have not got music to the words, we happen to know that the executors of an old band-master who served in a certain little affair in 1798, can furnish the Pacha with an appropriate melody. But suppose it should occur to the Tuileries that, in order to complete the symmetry of France, she wants the Slopes of the Pyramids! Let not Egypt neglect the significant warning that has placed the Sphynx near them as a hint. The Luxor Obelisk already adorns the Place de la Concorde. Are forty sentries to look down from the Pyramid of Cheops upon the Bois de Boulogne? At present the Elected has only races there, and Arabia gives him but his Arab steed, which nearly wins, not quite, with less of bottom than of speed, and seldom found all right. But somebody, deceased, said something about renewing in France the marvels of Egypt; and we could wish not only for the marvellous, but the Andrew Marvellous, that is to say, the Honest, in the policy of the deceased's respected relative. Again, we tell Egypt (whose ophthalmia, in more senses than one, is remarkable) to mind her eye, and not read her hieroglyphics by the light of Parisian gas.

A Heroine that Wants Holding Back.

THE Bavarian *compatriotes* of the Amazonian EX-QUEEN OF NAPLES delight in calling her "*Die Heldin von Gaëta*." So painfully skittish and cruelly painful in many of her antics is this much-bepuffed and over-puffed Heroine, that we do think it would be all the better for her if she were a little *Held-in(n)*.

GERMAN NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

WE have every reason to believe that the German authorities are fully alive to the exigencies of the present crisis, and to the necessity of at once furnishing to Germany a fleet adequate to her wants. For several days past it has been observed that unusual activity has prevailed in the two celebrated toy-shops in Holborn and Fleet Street, and several foreigners of remarkable appearance have been seen looking in at the windows of those establishments. The proprietors, of course, deny that any extraordinary operations are going on, but this diplomatic reserve can deceive no one who is acquainted with the tortuous policy practised and required by the German mind. It can hardly be for nothing that no fewer than five mortars, each capable of carrying a swan-shot, and valued at 3*l.* 6*s.*, have disappeared from MR. HAMILTON'S stores, and when we couple this with the declaration at Hamburg that gun-boats are a German necessity, we leave the deduction to EARL RUSSELL and the British nation. It will not be borne that after the noble effort of a heavily taxed people like ours to prepare a fleet for our protection, the sinister ambition of Germany shall be allowed to cover the sea with ships that may menace the independence of Europe. We do not accuse our Minister of being blind to circumstances, indeed we have reason to *know* that a young representative of the house of RUSSELL has had a recent interview with one, if not both of the eminent toy-makers in question, and it is rumoured that there was taken away in the carriage something which might, without offending German or alarming English susceptibility, allow the Foreign Minister to form his own judgment of the naval strength of Germany. All we say is, that vigilance is especially demanded where hostile preparations assume a scale of studied infinitesimality.

AN UMBRELLA IN THE HAND IS WORTH A NUMBER IN THE STAND.

WE see there is advertised a "Rotary Umbrella." This may be useful in the event of losing one's *parapluise*, for there may be a circum-bendibus chance then of its coming round again to its original owner.

A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.—The Educational Minute.



THE PERFECT CURE.

AS PERFORMED AT MR. ST-ROG-ON'S NEW CANTERBURY HALL.

THE RIVALS IN THE ROPE-WALK.

THE adjective tender is generally regarded as inapplicable to the person and profession of the Finisher of the Law, but tender the noun substantive, in the subjoined extract from a Glasgow newspaper, appears in connection with two gentlemen of that unpopular if useful calling:—

“THE CONDEMNED CONVICT FRAZER.—No word has yet come from the HOME SECRETARY as to the fate of FRAZER, the man who was convicted at the last Circuit Court of the murder of M'KENNEY, by stabbing. In the meantime, the authorities, we believe, have had two applications from persons anxious to carry into effect the sentence passed on him—Wm. CALCRAFT, of London, and THOMAS ASKERN, Maltby, Yorkshire. The former states that he will perform the duty at his usual fee of twenty guineas, exclusive of travelling and other expenses, including first-class railway fare; while ASKERN offers to do it at about half the sum, and third-class railway fare. ASKERN, besides the recommendation of cheapness, seems to be a better educated man than CALCRAFT, and sends several respectable references.”

The writer of the foregoing paragraph describes CALCRAFT and ASKERN as “anxious” to carry out the sentence passed on FRAZER. What was the nature of their anxiety to hang that man? Do they practise their profession *con amore*, and rejoice in executing malefactors? are they accustomed to finish the law as it were with a will? Or is the object of their anxiety merely the pecuniary consideration to be earned by putting a man to death?—are they anxious for a job simply as a pig-butcher is, with a sole view to the fee? The fee of a hangman is a sum which may be regarded with reasonable anxiety. It exceeds that of a physician; is twenty times as great by the tariff of CALCRAFT, the regular practitioner. The conduct of ASKERN in trying to undersell the old JACK KETCH by offering to take half his hire, and to accept third class railway fare, will no doubt be stigmatised, by hangmen in general, as unprofessional and undignified. By the public, however, the recommendation of cheapness on the part of an executioner will be regarded as a very great one; for the principal argument in favour of

capital punishment is that it is the cheapest way of disposing of a fellow who is good for nothing.

In what consists the alleged superiority of ASKERN over CALCRAFT in education? JACK KETCH may be unable to read a line, but capable of putting one about a throat very cleverly for all that. What was the nature of MR. ASKERN's respectable references? Perhaps they were testimonials of his moral and religious character, and civil and attentive deportment, obtained from clergymen and others, and certificates of his professional skill, from medical men. A decent well-behaved and adroit hangman, having the recommendation of cheapness, is certainly preferable to a brutal and clumsy one, even for the county rate-payers.

As the office of JACK KETCH is, at the lowest rate, one of considerable emolument, and education is now put forward as a qualification for it, perhaps it will soon be rendered the prize of competitive examination as a department of the Civil Service.

Readers who may sympathise with the “anxiety” of MESSRS. CALCRAFT and ASKERN to throttle FRAZER, will perhaps be sorry to learn that those artists were cruelly disappointed by the fact that the convict whom they desired for a victim, was provokingly reprieved.

KING COTTON'S REMONSTRANCE.

NEGRO MELODY—“Poor Old Ned.”

Oh, I once was free as air, I could travel anywhere,
To my Manchester well welcomed I could go:
Now I'm bound by a blockade, and in prison I am laid,

Tho' I ruin those who keep me there, I know.
Burden. Then lay down the rifle and the bow—
—ie knife: and take up the shovel and the hoe:
Cease your fratricidal war, and let King Cotton go once more
To the countries where King Cotton ought to go.

By the Navy of the North I am kept from going forth,
And to smuggle me all efforts are in vain:
While the sages of the South hope by Europe's cotton drouth
Intervention in their favour they may gain.
Burden. Oh, lay down the rifle, &c.

To North then and to South I appeal by *Punch* his mouth,
To cease fighting and to set King Cotton free;
Blood and treasure both may waste that can never be replaced,
But they'll ne'er be brought together, save by me.
Burden. So lay down the rifle and the bow—
—ie knife: and take up the shovel and the hoe:
Cease your fratricidal war, and let King Cotton go once more
To the countries where King Cotton waits to go.

“THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.”

THE French Swells have hit upon an invention in the *carte de visite* line, intended to prevent imitation by the masses. The lucky possessor or lessee of a country seat, has a view of it photographed on his cards, and uses no inscription whatever. The portrait system has become low, for everybody has a face, or what by a stretch of courtesy may be called one. But few people, comparatively, have country seats. So here is an invention for the exclusives. We shall probably see it adopted in England. EATON HALL will call upon CASTLE HOWARD, and HOLLAND HOUSE leaves a card with PEMBROKE LODGE. The plan, however, will necessitate the binding up a huge series of Country Houses with one's “Where Is It?” for it will be awkward to make mistakes, and fancy that the photograph on your hall-table is BROADLANDS, when it is HUGHENDEN MANOR, or *vice versa*, when you are in hopes of being invited to the counsels of your Sovereign by the party leader, and equally awkward to go flourishing about a picture of what used to be called DENMAN PRIORY, and showing it to your friends as proof of a visit from KNOWSLEY or CRATSWORTH. There will be no mistakes about *Mr. Punch's* cards; first, because he never leaves any; and secondly, because the immortal window in Fleet Street is as well known as the front of the house at Stratford-upon-Avon; but he recommends to his Swell friends, if they intend to adopt the plan, a course of careful study of what MR. DISRAELI in *Popanilla* cleverly calls the sciences of Architecture and Parkitecture.

“O No, we Never Mention it.”

HAVING, probably, mislaid his almanack, and seeing nothing around him to indicate that he was in a Christian country, the *Times* Special Correspondent in America inadvertently went out shooting on a Sunday. He was instantly pounced upon and fined. Had he remembered the day, the indiscretion would have been almost Quixotically gallant, for anything connected with guns on a Sunday must be so very sore a subject in the North—since Bull's Run.

A CLERGY RELIEF ACT.



They are at liberty to state that, early next Session, a Bill will be brought into Parliament with a view to enable Clergymen, desirous of ceasing to be clerks, to divest themselves of the clerical character. There are many reverend gentlemen who wish to renounce their nominal title to reverence. They find that they can no longer believe all that is comprehended in the Thirty-nine Articles and so forth; but they believe some of it. Accordingly they would, if they could, withdraw from the ministry of the Established Church without seceding from its pale. Like Mr. MACNAUGHT, they would be glad to exchange their position for that of a proper place and an honest calling. But, once a parson always a parson. The priestly character is indelible, and it is legally inconsistent with many if not most other vocations. If a clergyman resigns his preferment, he has hardly measure for the relief afforded by the proposed Bill, to go to the Bar forensic, or keep a public-house; in short, to do anything that he likes, and is able, to earn subsistence in a lawful way. A clause will, of course, be introduced to prevent any scandalous or eccentric person from retaining and abusing an ecclesiastical title after having

any other means of getting a living. By the proposed conscientious clergymen, an ex-parson will be allowed to enter the Army, or any other department of HER MAJESTY'S Service, to go to the Bar forensic, or keep a public-house; in short, to do anything that he likes, and is able, to earn subsistence in a lawful way. A clause will, of course, be introduced to prevent any scandalous or eccentric person from retaining and abusing an ecclesiastical title after having

doffed the canonicals: as, for instance, by blazoning his shop-front with the name of the REV. DIDYMUS VEALÉ, D.D., S.T.P., Butcher.

Another advantage of the Abandonment of Orders Bill, should it become law, is the relief that it will afford to the naked and hungry clergymen, for whom, with their families, the REV. MR. JERVIS and the Clerical Aid Society, are thankful to receive old clothes, and perhaps broken victuals. The contemplated enactment will enable them to become errandmen (unnecessarily called *commissionnaires*), drive a cab, accept the situation of gamekeeper, butler, or any other suitable to their circumstances and inclinations.

Above all, an enactment, empowering clergymen to exchange the clerical profession for any secular employment, will leave all who in any respect disagree with the formularies of the Church no excuse for continuing to eat her bread. Accordingly, no doubt we shall soon see not only those whose theology is too broad for the prescribed limits unfrocking themselves, but shall also behold a speedy exodus from orders effected by all those partisans of High Church and Low Church whose views are at all higher or lower than that intermediate standard from which they differ just half as widely as they differ from each other. When they have all relinquished their benefices it will be time enough to consider the question—What shall we do for parsons?

CRIMINAL BORES.

A BILL is in preparation, and will be introduced into the House of Commons early next session, having for its object the due and effectual punishment of miscreants who put bad corks into ink-bottles, and attach weak and flimsy hook-loops to boots. Owing to these abominable practices, people are continually splashing themselves with ink, and, in trying to pull their boots on, pulling the loops of them off, to their great annoyance, and provocation to the use of strong language. In these days of "mawkish sentimentality," it will perhaps be impracticable to render the offences in question capital; but the highest secondary punishment will, by the proposed measure, be provided for the brutal offenders.

"MAY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION," ETC.

SALTH the *Opinion Nationale*, upon the comparative facilities afforded by Paris and London to the masses of their population, when the latter desire recreation in the fresh air:—

"In our new and delicious gardens at Paris the delighted child of some poor person plays and gives itself up to the transports of joy natural to infancy when placed in such a surrounding, while, seated in the midst of verdant foliage and of flowers, the mother mends the clothes of the family. What would you Parisians say were these little elysiums closed to all but a couple of dozen children of the quarter, and their noble and wealthy parents? Think, then, of the immense and numerous squares of London that are rigorously shut against the working classes, and that the rich or aristocratic alone have access to them, for they are cultivated exclusively for them. When those gardens are kept for the happy and privileged few there is much loss of health, morality, and recreation to the people. The square of Lincoln's Inn Fields, six times larger than your Square du Temple, is fresh, blooming, and deserted. The rich, however, disdain it; and the poor can only look into it. Some benevolent person demanded of the parochial authorities that this unfrequented square should be thrown open to the public, but obtained only a peremptory refusal. A people thus treated is not free. No, a thousand times! although from time to time they throw potato peels at the heads of lords who displease them, although the Radical press says what it pleases of the aristocracy and caricatures of them are engraved."—*Opinion Nationale*.

Now, in the spirit of these remarks, so far as they advocate the opening as many gardens as possible to the people of London, Mr. PUNCH cordially concurs. But when the *Opinion* comes to details, its opinion is like a good many other's opinions, namely, based on ignorance. There is nothing in Paris to equal, either in beauty or extent, the series of parks which are open to our people, and any one who should compare even the Bois de Boulogne (upon whose grass no "delighted child" can walk without a stern order from some sentinel to take its little feet and "transport" off the sacred sward) with the glorious glades of Kensington, would simply talk folly. And as to the mother mending the trousers of the family in the gardens of the Parisian people, Mr. PUNCH would be sorry to destroy so pretty a picture; but trousers and the necessary appliances mean a bundle, and it is not many days since Mr. PUNCH, in the Rue de Rivoli, beheld a decent mechanic, with a bundle which he might have been going to take to the mother of his family, enter the garden at one of the gates in the street aforesaid. At that mechanic instantly darted a furious sentinel, with the spring of a tiger, and actually lowered his bayonet, as if to enforce the angry order with which he sent the man flying back

into the street. The allusion to the Square du Temple is lucky, because it reminds Mr. PUNCH that during the pleasant afternoons of the year, the gardens of his Temple, though private property, are thrown open to the children of the metropolis. The squares generally are simply the private gardens of the houses around, which houses have no other gardens attached to them, and therefore the compensation is given in the area, and it would be as reasonable to ask any dweller in a snug villa to throw his garden gate open, as to claim the squares for others than the house-owners. But with all submission to our French critic (and if this is the EMPEROR, who is praising his own improvements, which are too grand to need praising, he knows that he is writing bosh) London has large and noble provision for the recreation of her masses, and we will back the Five Parks of our people against anything Paris can show in that way. In most show-things she beats us hollow; but we not only do not know that we are beaten in parks, but know that we are not. As to the potato-peelings which we fling at the heads of Lords, that is an affair of our own; perhaps the Lords like it, at all events they never mention it. The freedom of the press is a sore subject with a Parisian, and it would be ungenerous to answer this charge. But we must assert and asseverate that, all things considered, and in contradiction to the *Opinion*, we are free, and that Magna Charta is not repealed even by the denial of permission to the public to walk among dead cats and sallow lawyers in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The only park in which the Master of the French surpasses us is a Park of Artillery, and that is a park which we don't want to see opened for the people—or on them.

The Best English is Spoken in Scotland!

WE mean boldly to declare that, in many instances (we will not go so far as to say, all) the Scotch speak better English than the conceited English themselves do. For instance, they pronounce widow—"weedow;" and it is clear, on the very face of it, that "weedow," with a delicate emphasis on the "weed," must be correct.

THE PERFECTION OF NEEDLEWORK.—It is quite a prize pattern, if a lady can "non" a refusal without there being a single cross-stitch in it.

A SWEET THING IN BONNETS.



THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE WHO WOULD THINK THIS MODE OF WEARING THE HAIR RATHER TOUTSIED AND INTOXICATED, BUT IT IS REALLY FRENCHY AND COQUETTISH.

able to fill the room which it leaves for decoration with the Imperial Eagle, unless patriotic loyalty should prefer the Royal Arms, elegantly emblazoned. Dahlias, to be sure, are reasonable just now; but if this present fashion of bonnets should last till next spring, the vacancy now filled by the dahlia might be occupied by a bird's nest, with eggs in it, open to the spectator, which would attract great admiration.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"I BELIEVE there are existing a clairvoyant class of critics who can describe a performance without having attended it. Were I gifted with this faculty I should fill my present letter with an account of MR. FECHTER'S acting as *Othello*, detailing most minutely the chief points in his conception, and carefully narrating how he worked it out. But as I have not yet seen him in the part, and have not the gift of critical clairvoyance, I must postpone for the present an account of his performance, and content myself with thinking that, from all that I can hear, there is very little need of my hurrying to witness it. Whether it will have as long a run as *Hamlet*, while the public are so fickle, it is not easy to predict; but so great was MR. FECHTER'S success in his first effort, that curiosity alone will cram the theatre till Christmas, and doubtless admiration will long after fill the house.

"Folks who say the taste for SHAKESPEARE has died out have abundant proof just now of the truth of that assertion. Before these words are public four theatres in town will be devoted to his works. MR. G. V. BROOKE has journeyed all the way from the Antipodes expressly to play SHAKESPEARE for a while at Drury Lane; MR. BOOTH is acting *Shylock* and *King Richard* at the Haymarket; MR. FECHTER with *Othello* is cramming the Princess's; and last, and not the least in my poor estimation, MR. PHELPS at Sadler's Wells has appeared again as *Bottom*, and they who have not seen him are advised hereby to go. On the whole I like it best of his Shakspearian conceptions, and rank it far above all other actings of the character that I have ever seen. The mingled cuteness and obtuseness of this very prince of clowns, his dense dull-brained stupidity and important self-conceit, are admirably shown by MR. PHELPS'S rendering: while the languor that pervades him in his love-scenes with *Titania* fitly carry out the notion of his being in a dream. I think his exit on awaking, when his ass's head has been removed, is one of the best bits of comic by-play ever acted. He goes off thoughtfully and slowly, feeling in the air for his long ears and nose, which he cannot comprehend quite how he can have lost. With his dull dazed sense of something unusual having happened, he needs some evidence to help him to reflect upon the matter; and having in his memory a dim glimmer of the past, he is puzzled that no tangible remains of it are left to him.

"I looked in at the Princess's a night or two, and found a fullish audience enjoying the new comedy, and laughing in a way that must have satisfied the author, whose innocent pursuit of flirting under difficulties was the chief cause of the merriment which I was forced to share. Laughing is infectious, as everybody knows; and one can't sit grim and gloomy in critical solemnity when every face about one is grinning like a gargoyle. *Playing with Fire* is full of obvious absurdities, and a good deal of the fun in it is overdone and forced; and growlers might object that five-act farces are not comedies, although it seems the fashion now to give them that fine name. But critics may

be lenient when an audience is pleased, provided always that no coarseness is used to win a laugh, and of this at the Princess's there is not the slightest trace. Of the acting MR. BROUGHAM has by far the greatest share; the other parts are fairly filled and demand no special comment, except that MR. JORDAN (from the New York Stage) is too ponderous and tragic, to my thinking, for the piece. One don't care to hear in comedy a man's voice in his boots; and they who undertake what's called the 'heavy business' should keep their ponderosity from being a dead weight.

"Since I last wrote, MR. WIGAN has reopened the St. James's, and with his wife is nightly pleasing people in the *Scrap of Paper*. How skilfully a French dramatist can make much of a little, and how carefully and neatly he will work up a slight story, and supply a fitting sequence of natural events, *Les Pattes de Mouche*—here, *Scrap of Paper*—gives abundant proof. Flimsy as they are, such pieces need good acting; which is relished the more highly as one sees by what slight incidents the interest is sustained, and what care is therefore needful to bring out every point. No one on our stage is so well skilled as MR. WIGAN in the smooth and polished style such plays as these require; and Londoners who can't spare time to run over to Paris, and couldn't comprehend the French plays if they did, may see at the St. James's somewhat of their beauties, and somewhat of the French care to the details of the scene.

"I was glad to find FRANK MATTHEWS and his wife before these footlights; but I was sorry that so small a scope was given for their acting as that trashiest of farces (to my thinking) *Done on Both Sides*. I don't ask for probability, so long as there be fun; but in this piece, as I fancy, there is neither one nor other, and it surprises me how people are persuaded into laughing at it, seeing that they mostly have some brains in their heads.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

PLAYING AT CARDS.

WE are told by *Le Sport*, which is a kind of French *Bell's Life*, *miscellany*, of course, the prize-fights, that a new sort of visiting-card has just been introduced by a sporting celebrity. Its distinguishing feature is the total absence of name and address—such information being considered vulgar, or out of place, on a visiting-card. However, these unnecessary details are replaced by a photograph of the owner's rural residence. Thus, a gentleman in France is known not by his standing in society, but by the seat he possesses in the country. This affectation may be very convenient for gentlemen who possess country seats, but we know several poor French noblemen, who are compelled by their impoverished incomes to live *au troisième*, and even *au quatrième*. What plan are these lofty illustrations of *la haute noblesse* to adopt? Are they to give a photograph of the storcy of the house in which they lodge? Or would a portrait of some ancestral old arm-chair, in which the nobleman's father and forefathers sat, be accepted as a competent substitute for a seat? It is difficult to say what in these cases—card-cases—would be looked upon as "the correct card."

Moreover, we strongly question the good taste of this new form of pasteboard politeness. We must say we should not care much about being upon visiting terms with a nobleman, who, at every visit, studiously made it a point of showing us the outside of his door.

Then again, the fashion is not so very new; for we have known sporting celebrities in this country even, who have found it extremely convenient at times to conceal both their name and address. In such instances, however, the view of the rural abode has generally been withheld from prudence, or, it may be, an excusable pride,—otherwise it might not improbably have revealed a striking resemblance to a large establishment known on the other side of the water as the Queen's Bench, the hospitality of which is such that visitors, who have gone there merely for a visit of a few days, have often been found, even against their own will, to stop much longer than ever they intended.

THE REVERSE OF RIGHT.

AT the Royal Banquet given by the KING and QUEEN OF PRUSSIA on the strength of their coronation, certain pages bedizened with scarlet and silver, waited behind the chairs of the principal guests handing them the dishes; and, towards the close of the entertainment, we are further informed:—

"They also placed on their hats, and handed over to those on whom they were in attendance gold medals of the most exquisite workmanship, having on the one side the heads of the King and Queen, and on the reverse the royal arms of Prussia, with the motto *Suum Cuique*."

The reverse of these medals was just the fit place for a maxim of which the principle, whereon the kingdom of Prussia has been constituted, is quite the contrary. *Alienum Cuique*, HOHENZOLLERN understood, is the Prussian legend rightly construed. That is what *Suum Cuique* means in a general sense, with particular reference to the annexation of Schleswig and Holstein.



MASTER AND MAN.—A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS!

Master (to Swell Groom). "OH, SNAFFLES, I WISH TO SHOW THE NEW HORSE TO THIS GENTLEMAN—AND WE SHALL RIDE IN THE AFTERNOON."

Swell Groom. "VERY SORRY, SIR, BUT THE OSSES ARE LOCKED UP FOR THE PRESENT, SIR! AND WHAT OSSES WAS YOU GOING TO RIDE THIS AFTERNOON? I SHOULDN'T LIKE TO 'AVE MINE OUT IN^{THE} DAMP!"

KING COTTON BOUND; OR, THE NEW PROMETHEUS.

FAR across Atlantic waters
Groans in chains a Giant King;
Like to him, whom Ocean's daughters
Wail around in mournful ring,
In the grand old Grecian strains
Of PROMETHEUS in his chains!

Needs but Fancy's pencil pliant
Both to paint till both agree;
For King Cotton is a giant,
As PROMETHEUS claimed to be.
Each gave blessings unto men,
Each dishonour reaped again.

From the gods to sons of clay
If PROMETHEUS brought the flame,
Who King Cotton can gainsay,
Should he equal honour claim?
Fire and life to millions giving,
That, without him, had no living.

And if they are one in blessing,
So in suffering they are one;
Both, their captive state confessing,
Freeze in frost and scorch in sun:
That, upon his mountain chain,
This, upon his parching plain.

Nor the wild bird's self is wanting—
Either giant's torment sore;
If PROMETHEUS writhed, while panting
Heart and lungs the vulture tore,

So Columbia's eagle fierce,
Doth King Cotton's vitals pierce.

On those wings so widely sweeping
In its poise the bird to keep,
See, if you can see for weeping,
"North" and "South" are branded deep—
On the beak all reeking red,
On the talons blood-bespread!

But 'tis not so much the anguish
Of the wound that rends his side,
Makes this fettered giant languish,
As the thought how once, in pride,
That great eagle took its stand,
Gently on his giant hand!

How to it the meat he'd carry
In its mew to feed secure;
How he'd fling it on the quarry,
How recall it to the lure,
Make it stoop, to his caresses,
Hooded neck and jingling jesses.

And another thought is pressing,
Like hot iron on his brain—
Millions that would fain be blessing,
Ban, e'en now, King Cotton's name.
Oh, that here those hands are bound,
Which should scatter wealth around!

"Not this Eagle's screaming smothers
That sad sound across the sea—

Wailing babes and weeping mothers,
Wailing, weeping, wanting me,
Hands that I would fain employ,
Hearts that I would fill with joy!

"I must writhe—a giant fettered,—
While those millions peak and pine;
By my wealth their lot unbettered,
And their suffering worse than mine.
For *they* know that I would fain
Help their need, were't not my chain!

"But I know not where to turn me
For relief from bonds and woe;
Frosts may pinch and suns may burn me,
But for rescue—none I know,
Save the millions I have fed,
Should they rise for lack of bread—

"Saying, 'We will brook no longer,
That King Cotton bound should be:
Be his gaolers strong, *we*'re stronger,
In our hunger over sea—
More for want, than love, uprisen,
We are come to break his prison!'

"Welcome even such releasing,
Fain my work I'd be about:
Soon would want and wail be ceasing,
Were King Cotton once let out—
Though all torn and faint and bleeding,
Millions still I've strength for feeding.



KING COTTON BOUND;

Or, The Modern Prometheus.

"Foolish Eagle—cease your rending—
 'Tis yourself you would undo;
 Know you not the strength you're spending,
 Still was put to use for you?
 'Twas King Cotton's cost and care,
 Fed you fat and sleeked you fair.

"Hold me longer bound, and wasting
 Life will leave my giant frame;
 Other Kings o'er sea are hasting,
 On my throne to make their claim;
 Once they take that seat—good bye—
 You have lost far more than I."

PAPAL PEEPSHOWS.



THE yearly exodus of Englishmen is very nearly over, but there are doubtless, still some few who have not had their holiday, and who may feel the usual glorious uncertainty as to where to go. If they have any fondness for seeing curiosities, perhaps the following will tempt them to go and pay a visit to the Church of Notre Dame in Aix-la-Chapelle:—

"The great relics, which are only shown every seven years, are the robe of the Virgin; the swaddling clothes of our Saviour; the linen, still marked with blood, in which John the Baptist, after being beheaded, was wrapped up; and the sheet which was used at the descent from the cross. The small

relics are shown every day in the year to strangers who may apply for that purpose. Among these objects are the leathern girdle worn by our Saviour, the two ends of which are joined together, and sealed with the seal of Constantine; a piece of the true cross; a part of the sacred winding-sheet; the linen waist-belt of the Holy Virgin; some of her hair; a link of the chain of St. Peter; the right arm and thread of CHARLEMAGNE; the bones of several saints; the marble throne on which CHARLEMAGNE was seated in his tomb, and which was used at the coronation of the Emperors."

We think these interesting relics might easily be made immensely more attractive, if the favoured priests who have the privilege of showing them would adopt the style of language of proprietors of peepshows, and magnify with most ingenious mendacity the marvels of the objects they would bring to public view. With a very little stretching of our elastic fancy, we can imagine a fat priest, puffing sadly from short wind, luring on a lot of sight-seers by some such speech as this:—

"Hoy! hoy! look here! look here! be in time! (*gasp*) be in time! Here you'll see the sacred shoes of Saint Barefootus, in which he made his famous pilgrimage to Jericho, walking all the way from Rome by way of the North Pole (*gasp*), where, as an act of penance, he stood upon the ice until his toes were frostbitten and his beard became snow-white. You perceive the shoes have scarce a scratch upon their soles (*gasp*), and really may be said to be almost as good as new. Some heretics have said (*quos confundere debemus*) that in verity the good saint never wore them in his life, and indeed that they were made expressly for this peepshow four centuries and fifty years after his decease. But the truth is, Saint Barefootus, being of a highly economic disposition, used, when he went a pilgrimage, to put his shoes into his pocket, and only wore them on his feet to keep the rats from nibbling them when he retired to rest (*gasp*). The next relic I shall show you is the tooth of Saint Tiodouloureux, who fell a martyr (to neuralgia) A.D. 1466. Observe the length of fang, and the magnitude of cavity, and think what fearful pangs the holy martyr must have suffered, when he underwent the torture of having his tooth out. Another interesting relic is the sacred woollen comforter which Saint Quinsius made use of when he had a bad sore throat (*gasp*). The genuineness of the article is evidenced by its condition, for it has not been washed since the decease of its good wearer, and any one who puts it with due reverence to his nose will perceive abundant proof that Saint Quinsius departed in the true odour of sanctity. Look a

lower down and rather to your right, and you will see the gig umbrella of the hermit Saint Earwigus. This holy man resided in a hole upon Mont Blanc, and subsisted for a century upon seaweed and raw shrimps (*gasp*). The knowledge of this fact, which is abundantly well proved by the diary he kept (I shall show you the blank fly-leaf and a fragment of the cover to corroborate my words), has caused a great sensation to the *savants* of geology; and many heretics deny, with impious audacity, that either shrimps or seaweed have ever been discoverable at so great a height above the level of the sea (*gasp*). On the left of this you see the holy cat-o'-nine-tails which was used by Saint Flagellant in his private acts of penance. Albeit it was nearly ninety years in daily use, you will observe the sainted instrument is none the worse for wear; whereas the knout that hangs beside it, which was kept by the good saint for the benefit of pilgrims, is reduced by constant exercise well nigh to a stump. From this difference of condition certain heretics have argued that the saint whipped those who went to him harder than himself; but shallow reasoning like this it is quite needless to refute, and so we will pass on to the next interesting relic (*gasp*). This is a small fragment of the cover to the waterbut wherein the holy Saint Keyholius for six weeks lay concealed, when pursued by the benighted heretics of England for committing sundry necessary acts of saintly cavescropping. According to the chronicles, he was fed in his retirement by a mouse that used to creep in through the bung-hole of the waterbut, and bring him every morning a slice of beefsteak pudding and half a pint of beer. Not having any exercise, the holy saint so fattened on this nutritious diet, that when the mouse informed him his pursuers were all gone, he had to burst the waterbut before he could get out." (*Gurgle, gasp, and graul; and here, the showman being breathless, another takes his place.*)

A FREE AND EASY FRAULEIN.

THE Königsberg correspondent of the *Times* relates an interesting circumstance which diversified the royal tomfoolery just enacted there. A lot of young ladies dressed in white (like the bridesmaids in *Der Freischütz*) had to receive the King and Queen at the Brandenburg Gate on the Monday previous to the coronation day. Two of them were to make short speeches of welcome to the King and Queen respectively; two others to present their Majesties with copies of verses, composed for the occasion. We might imagine that these appropriately-attired damsels danced up to the Royal pair, waving garlands and singing, "See, see, we bring fresh flowers of"—Autumn, to wit, dahlias, chrysanthemums, and China-asters, but on the contrary these girls appear to have acted the silly part which was assigned to them with real grace, and natural dignity; and no nonsense. We are informed that:—

"The damsel who addressed the Queen is the daughter of one of the burgomasters. She is reported to have executed her task (rather trying to provincial nerves) with much grace, and the Queen, when she concluded, held out her hand. Instead of kissing it, the fair Königsberger gave it a hearty shake. Her Majesty is said to have been much amused, and to have made the remark, that the good people of Königsberg seemed to be quite on a familiar footing with Royalty."

We hope that the report which ascribes so extremely vulgar a remark to the QUEEN OF PRUSSIA is unfounded. The observation which her Prussian Majesty is accused of making is just such a one as a foolish woman of low origin, whom a still more foolish king had stupidly married, would naturally have made. A burgomaster's daughter of ordinary breeding would have been a queen to a queen capable of so snobbish a saying. "Quite on a familiar footing with Royalty!" The exclamation is just that which would proceed from the lips of an Abigail or a scullion elevated to a throne. "Quite on a familiar footing with Royalty—Ahem!" It is obvious that "Ahem!" must necessarily have been added to the speech above alleged to have been uttered by the QUEEN OF PRUSSIA, but which probably proceeded from the mouth of one of her least ladylike servants.

No doubt the QUEEN OF PRUSSIA was only too happy in feeling the heartiness with which her hand was shaken by the burgomaster's brave daughter, and was not at all amazed, but very much gratified, to find Royalty, with the good people of Königsberg, on so popular a footing as that indicated by a hearty shake of the hand.

If we were assured that her Majesty really did say that "the good people of Königsberg seemed to be quite on a familiar footing with Royalty," we should take refuge in the supposition that she said so in joke, since by laying a due emphasis on *König* in Königsberg, and the same on *Royalty*, she might have made a sort of a pun.

The Bale Repale of the Union.

ONE of the favourite election cries with the present President's partisans was to call him, with true democratic familiarity, "a rail splitter." His admirers, especially those amongst the enlightened Hibernian class, may carry the familiarity still further now, if they like, for they have a precedent for it, and confer on him the proud title of "The rail splitter of the Union."



A PARADOX.

CLARA (newly married). "Now, Bob, if I run through the Gold, I gain double, don't I?"

INFALLIBILITY IN ERROR.

THE Holy Father, urged by ANTONELLI,
Condemned to death the guiltless LOCATELLI;
So he, beheaded by the POPE's behest,
Died for the crime CASTRUCCI has confessed.

How came Infallibility to make
So gross and melancholy a mistake?
Pretend to govern in St. Peter's stead!
Who was it that cut off the wrong man's head?

Oh! but, infallible in faith alone,
When speaking from his spiritual throne,
His Holiness may blunder as to fact,
And so decree a sanguinary act.

Then, such a Prince how needful to restrain
Within his metaphysical domain;
Unerring Judge of mysteries unseen,
But apt to misapply the guillotine!

Allow him still to exercise the keys,
And excommunicate his enemies!
But have no more command of axe and rope.
How long will France guard scaffolds for the POPE?

ABSURD ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

FOR several days past, there has been in the *Times* the following advertisement:—

WILL MISSING: ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, &c.

The association of ideas is sometimes very absurd. We know it is wrong, and highly ridiculous—so much so, that the people in the house must think we are mad—but each time we see the above advertisement, we cannot possibly refrain from launching vociferously into the song of "Oh, Willie, we have missed you." We do wish some one would make haste, and find both the Will and the way of claiming those Thousand Pounds.

AN "AREA" PENSÉE.—"I wonder what Cookey has got for supper?"—*A Policeman, who is the victim of a devouring passion.*

A BUNCH OF FRESH-GATHERED ADVERTISEMENTS.

We select the following out of a recent number of the *Daily Telegraph* as a very fair sample of one day's reading of advertisements:—

WANTED, the USE of a DEVIL, with rather fine teeth and rapid revolution.—Address, A.B., &c.

Is the above an advertisement from the corps known as the "Devil's Own?" As he is expected to go through "rapid revolutions," it would look like it. We are puzzled to know what the "rather fine teeth" are wanted for, unless it is to bite the cartridges. For ourselves, we would rather not be the dentist who was called in to examine the teeth of a "Devil." We might tremble, lest it should be our last bite in this world.

Amongst the current wants of the day, here is another one still more curious:—

WANTED, in a large town, thirty miles from London, a good CLICKER, accustomed to a first-class bespoke trade, and a good fitter. Apply at, &c.

What is "a good Clicker?" Is it a Town Clock? or, since it is required to be "a good fitter," is it a Tailor that is expected to give "tick?" Really, there should be a key published with these advertisements. Also, in the name of Fortune, and its wheel, what can "a good bespoke trade" mean?

Here is one, however, that is a little more intelligible:—

ELIZA COLE WANTS A HOUSEMAID'S PLACE. I prefer public to private. Address for ELIZA COLE, &c.

The bad grammar of the above makes the meaning beautifully simple, though the preference, expressed by ELIZA, is decidedly not to be admired. The prominence, too, that ELIZA COLE gives to her name is amusing, just as if she were a celebrated character of great notoriety, like those world-known acrobats, and orb-admired Athletes, who advertise every week for fresh engagements.

Talking of acrobats, here is a gentleman who has seemingly great powers of expansion:—

TO WHOLESALE GROCERS and Others.—A Commercial Traveller, covering the South and West of England every three months, can TAKE a COMMISSION. Address, &c.

This Commercial Traveller does not inform us how he professes to "cover" extensive parts of England. He must be a great flat, on a scale much larger than "flats" generally run, if he can do it, or if he expects us either to believe that he can do it. If Beds is one of the Counties, we suppose his means of covering it would be with a counterpane? We should like HERRING, or GRANT, or some sporting artist, to draw us a picture of a Commercial Traveller "going to cover."

Here is the last. The advertiser this time is not an india-rubber contortionist, but apparently an equestrian:—

GROOM, Single Handed; ride or drive a BROUGHAM. Single; age 26 years. Good character.

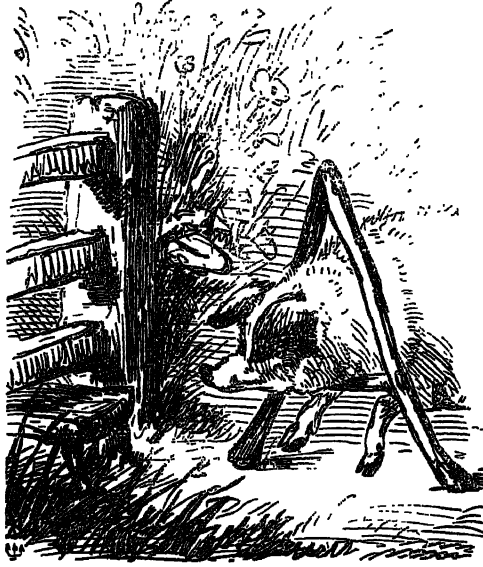
You see he professes to "ride" a Brougham. We thought it was witches alone who claimed this aerial monopoly. Not less than a hundred years ago this "single-handed" Groom would have been carried to the stake for making boldly this profane confession that he could "ride a Brougham," and offering himself thus publicly for any one to hire him. With his powers of witchcraft, he might have presumed to answer the advertisement of the gentleman above, who is in such painful want of a "Devil."

Next to a volume of DR. CUMMING'S, or a copy of the *Phonetic Nuss*, or the leaders of the *Morning Advertiser*, we do not know of anything so puzzling, so mysterious, or so amusing, for a couple of hours, as a good sheet of advertisements.

Poetic Yarns in Cottonopolis.

A MANCHESTER poet has commenced a new epic, which begins well. It opens with an invocation to the Muses, bursting forth with these words:—"Ye femi-muses."

COMFORT FOR CUMMING.



S the worthy Doctor prophesied that the world was coming to an end, we knew that we should live to see his words come true. Of course, when the prophetic Doctor alluded to the world, he meant the Globe in Leicester Square, which is doomed, if ever an ugly building deserved being doomed. The World and the Globe are precisely the same thing, and if DR. CUMMING has not received sufficient appreciation from the public on account

of the prediction—which, we are bound to state, is as truthful as most of his predictions—he can draw consolation from the reflection that no one is a prophet in his own country. Look at Old Moore!

A WORD TO THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY.

MY NOBLE YOUNG FRIEND,

In your wonderful vindication of the much injured DUKE OF MODENA, the ex-instrument of Austria in governing one of the separate states of a now united Italy, you contemptuously describe LORD PALMERSTON as “a pleasant old gentleman, who tries facetious frauds on foreign powers.” You should not ridicule anybody for being an old gentleman. You may be old yourself some day, as old as LORD PALMERSTON himself, and ridiculous in addition to being old; which LORD PALMERSTON is not. LORD PALMERSTON has not renounced his liberal principles in his old age, LORD PALMERSTON has not become the mouthpiece and the champion of the POPE and BOMBA, and the satraps of the Austrian Kaiser. Is LORD PALMERSTON “a pleasant old gentleman?” Suppose you are an unpleasant old gentleman?

If LORD PALMERSTON were placed upon a shelf in the Upper House alongside of your lordship, he would not, as a statesman, whose memory you must revere, said, “turn his back upon himself,” and, in his dotage, undertake the office, which, in another place, is discharged by SIR GEORGE BOWYER.

Respectfully recommending your juvenile lordship to put the foregoing considerations in your pipe and smoke them, I have the honour to remain, your lordship’s most obedient servant, and the confidential adviser of your lordship’s youth,

PALMERSTON “tries facetious frauds on foreign powers,” does he? That is better, however, than trying dull fictions on the House of Lords. Eh?

ENCOURAGE NATIVE TALENT.

WHEN COUVROISIER was hanged for murdering LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL, the execution of the assassin was celebrated in an affecting copy of verses, which wound up with an appeal to the nobility, recommending them to bestow their patronage exclusively on native valetry, and—

“No longer foreigners employ,
Which your own country might enjoy.”

A similar exhortation might be addressed to young ladies, who are prone, as in the terrible example of poor MISS JOHNSTONE, exhibited in the trial of SIGNOR COLLUCCI, to lavish their affections and their money on a leering foreign scoundrel, who despises the former, but entertains the greatest possible regard and respect for the latter.

Another Challenge to Blondin.

We are by (our own) authority enabled to announce that, after M. BLONDIN’S last performance at the Crystal Palace, Mr. Punch will cross the transept in mid-air, and, as he walks along, will ROLL UP THE ROPE AFTER HIM. (BLONDIN, beat that!)

ORIGINAL POEMS FOR GERMAN MINDS.

THERE was a large pond, and a deepish pond too,
And across it great Swans at their ease swam and flew:
Went backwards and forwards with splash and with sound,
Or in confident majesty sailed round and round.

One day a fat chicken that lived there about
Stood watching to see the Swans glide in and out,
Now still, and now waving their pinions of snow,
She thought, of all things, she should like to do so.

This silly fat chicken was German by birth,
And was meant to live quietly clucking on earth,
And her business with water was only a joke:
Just sometimes to wash when too grimy with smoke.

But the chick felt ambition distending her crop,
And she thought it as easy to swim as to hop,
Though the Swans gave her warning with friendliest shout,
“You silly fat chicken, mind what you’re about.”

“My feet, wings, and feathers, for aught I can see,
Are as good as the Swans’ are for swimming,” says she,
And though I’m fat and feeble, and they’re strong of limb,
Is that any reason why I should not swim?”

“Why should not I try then, as well as those birds.
It’s nothing but jealousy dictates their words,
And I know I shall do it with grace and with skill,
For a bird that can Think can do just what she will.”

Then in this poor ignorant animal flew,
But soon found her friends the Swans’ cautions were true;
She splashed, and she dashed, and she turned herself round,
And heartily wished herself safe on the ground.

But now ’twas too late to begin to repent,
The harder she struggled the deeper she went;
And at last when each effort did nothing but fail,
A good-natured Swan pulled her out by the tail.

Then the Swans I perceived began loudly to laugh,
Till the poor little German was mad at their chauff.
But its moral, my dears, we all understand;
And all fat little Germans will stick upon land.

A NEW SANITARY TAX.

A TAX on Crinolines! Not only would it be highly popular (amongst the gentlemen, at least), but it would also be immensely profitable. As every woman in the country now wears one of those ridiculous hen-coops, the proceeds to a vulgar fraction could easily be ascertained. We would not have children even exempted, since they have been admitted by their foolish parents into this vicious circle of fashion, much less servants. Should MR. GLADSTONE avail himself, with his usual good sense, of the clever fiscal and sanitary notion we hereby make him a present of, we shall be perfectly content to receive, and we are sure a grateful nation would only be too happy to award it, a *douceur* of not more than 5 per cent. commission on the gross amount levied. Our highest reward, however, will be in the proud conviction that Mr. Punch, in this, as in all other instances, will have proved himself the Ladies’ Best Friend, if he has done anything that is likely to induce them to return to their former graceful habits.

Policies that are Doubly Hazardous.

AMONGST the questions that are required to be answered in an insurance-paper, we believe the following is for the future to be inserted in those that have to be filled up by ladies insuring their lives, viz.:—“Do you wear a Crinoline?” In the event of the answer being in the affirmative, the highest rate of premium will be charged. This regulation has been rendered necessary in consequence of the numerous fatal accidents that have occurred in consequence of that dangerous fashion. In fact, it is stated that several of the safest offices have come to the resolution of not taking any such lives upon any terms whatever, and all policies are to be declared null and void when it can be proved that the death resulted from fire, or a broken leg, or a compound fracture, or any other form of accident resulting from the fact of wearing Crinoline.

THE ORLEANS FILLIBUSTERS.

A QUESTION very commonly asked is, What object have the DUKE OF CHARTRES and the COUNT OF PARIS in view, enlisting themselves on the side of the North against the South? Perhaps the conquest of New Orleans.



JEMIMER HANN'S LAST SWEET THING IN HEAD-DRESSES!

THE ORLEANS BOY.

THE Orleans Boy to the War is gone;
In the ruck of rout you'll find him:
A Southern foe him urging on,
With a bayonet-point behind him.
"Land of Snobs," cried the Warrior scarred
In the rear, "the world won't praise us:
We have had to deal with BEAUREGARD,
And this is how he pays us."

The Warrior fell; but he wasn't slain,
For he rose, and then knocked under,
And he vowed he never would fight again;
For he found he had made a blunder.
And said, "No longer sully me,
Thou cause of greedy knavery,
With blood that's shed lest Trade go free,
And not to abolish Slavery!"

The Pangs of Absence.

THE French say with great truth, "The Absent are always in the wrong;" and more especially are they, when they forget to send you a Money-Order to console one for their absence.—
A Poor FENELope of a wife, abandoned by her wretch of an ULYSSES at the Seaside.

ADVICE TO BACKBITERS.

THE Hunchback does not see his own hunch, but he sees clearly the hunch of another hunchback. Therefore, it is as well to know what there is at our own back, before we venture to laugh behind the backs of others.

AMENDS TO AMERICA.

MR. PUNCH is very anxious to conciliate his American friends, North and South. They have expressed some irritation at the language of a portion of our press in reference to certain rowdiness and ruffianism which prevail in the States, but of which we should never have known anything, let JONATHAN recollect, but for his own press. We, however, wish to make everything pleasant, and we take an opportunity of appeasing our Transatlantic cousins by making a sacrifice to their offended feelings. It is true that the sacrifice is of little value, but between friends it is the intention of a donor, and not the worth of the article, that stamps a present with a price. We have heard, and have been compelled to believe, that there are a great many writers in America who use their pens in an unworthy fashion, indulging in personal details and in vulgar vituperation. America must allow that this is so. But, on the other hand, such writers are not exclusively American. *Mr. Punch's* attention has just been called to an article in a paper called the *Liverpool Albion*. The article is from the pen of the London Correspondent of that journal, and is headed "Metropolitan Gossip." *Mr. Punch* will extract from the mess no more than is sufficient to make the single sentence which he proposes to append comprehensible by Americans, and by Englishmen also. He would apologise for so defiling three inches of his paper, but a foul kite's wings are pulled open when he is nailed over the poultry-house door.

The *Liverpool Albion's* London Correspondent has this to say touching a number of gentlemen, of whom it is impossible that he should know anything personally, unless he has been engaged as an extra waiter at some public dinner at which they may have attended.

"Returning to our Mayor, and such a mare's nest as the Mansion House now is might make a hippopotamus laugh; for he—not the hippopotamus, but the other gentleman—isn't the size of a Maax pigmy, though from the name, CURRIT, you might anticipate prodigious perpendicularity, à la Goliath. Perhaps he has it in laterality, and is stupendous sideways? No. Well, then in protuberantality, carrying a capon-lined corporation in advance of the head works—*en-cuirde*, in the engineering, not in the obsteric [*Sic*] significance of that technical term? No. As our usual luck would have it, whenever there is special reason for presenting a particularly imposing *personae* to the foreigner, we are sure to offer some preposterous burlesque on all the traditions of that British physique immemorably famed for grace of lineament, and symmetry of limb, and impressiveness of stature, and general corporeal attributes proper to the cross of the prize breeds of the human race, as our Normandic-Celtic-Saxonic-Anglofied mixture is. Yet what must they think of us at Vienna, from LORD JOHN, followed by LEVER and ROEBUCK? What at Pekin, from ELGIN; at Petersburg, from WOODHOUSE; at Paris, from COWLEY; at Constantinople, from HENRY BULWER; at Washington, from LYONS—the very spots of all others on this earth where our 'porcelain of the human clay,' 'glasses of fashion and moulds of form,' should be shown off to edify the stranger with admiration, instead of astonishing the natives with the reverse. CURRIT is a caricature on a Lord Mayor, for he looks as if he were always dining with HUMPHREY. The other HUMPHREY, not the Duke, but the Alderman, could, without much inconvenience, clap CURRIT in his pocket, or stow him away in his digester, where much

tougher pabulum frequently finds a place, and seemingly of not less bulk, to judge by certain abominable [*Sic*] indications about that capacious wharfinger. CURRIT is a Hop-o'-my-Thumb, with weazel eyes, pinky complexion, and enormous spectacles; and stared at indeed will he be by spectators from abroad during the forthcoming influx."

The single sentence which *Mr. Punch* begs to add, in humble humiliation, is this—he does not believe that America, with all her resources in the ribald department, can produce a more vulgar or more stupid blackguard than the London Correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion*.

Neighbours Getting over their Distance to one Another.

THE South-Eastern Railway Company have placed a new boat, the *Victoria*, on the Boulogne and Folkestone line, and which accomplishes the distance in an hour and twenty-seven minutes. We rejoice at this, as we do at any event that brings France and England nearer to one another. If steam succeeds in making the two countries closer friends, it will be classed as the greatest of the triumphs that have already been recorded in its favour. The kettle, in the vapour of which young WATT prophetically saw the first steamer, will thus turn out the most powerful pacificator the world has ever known. For this, and other considerations, the Peace Society could not do better than adopt the kettle as its crest—taking, at the same time, as its motto, "Its Empire is Peace"—for the song it is always singing (a "Song without Words" as tuneful as any that MENDELSSOHN ever wrote) is the peace that should take the precedence of every other—that of the domestic hearth.

A Little Disappointment.

UNDER the head of Law Intelligence it is reported that, on Thursday last week, the monthly County Court of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex was held according to appointment; when—

"MR. MOUNTAIN, the Crier of the Court, opened the proceedings with 'O yeo, O yeo,' and called upon all persons to appear. No appearance was made."

The Mountain appears to have brought forth a mouse.

CAUTION TO WOOLGATHERERS.

To those English steamers, who are attempting to run the blockade of South America, we beg to repeat the Spanish proverb:—Take care, in going in search of wool, that you do not return home fleeced.

GLORIOUS TITLE FOR A NEW HALFPENNY NEWSPAPER.—"A Harporth of all Sorts."



HUMILITY.

OLD FEMALE. "Want to paint me in a picture, Sir? Lark a mercy me, Sir! Well, Sir, you know best, Sir. Surely!"

PRECIOUS PROSELYTES.

THE subjoined passage occurs in certain "Correspondence respecting the Spiritual Condition of Convicts in the Hants County Prison, between the Visiting Justices and the REV. J. COLLINGRIDGE," quoted by the *Tablet*. MR. COLLINGRIDGE, it must be premised, has been complaining that the Common Prayer Book is left in the cells of Roman Catholic prisoners:—

"Why should a book which thus speaks of what Catholics deem most sacred, be thrust upon a Catholic? My poor prisoners are most of them Irishmen and soldiers, and as such are the most likely to feel deeply, and resent keenly the grievances complained of. As Irishmen they are fully aware that in any of the gaols of their own country, none of these hardships would be inflicted upon them."

"How very strange, if true, it is that MR. COLLINGRIDGE'S "poor prisoners" should be so "fully aware," as he describes them to be, of the nature of the spiritual arrangements existing in the gaols of Ireland. Experience alone could have rendered uneducated and ignorant men so intimately acquainted with the economy of prison interiors. At this rate, they must be very old and inveterate, if not incorrigible offenders. The religious influences which have heretofore been brought to bear upon them can have availed but little, and there may be reason to question whether it would not be almost desirable to try upon such very confirmed criminals the experiment, how great a hardship soever, of even putting the Prayer Book in their way. Popery having failed to reclaim these Roman Catholic rogues, is there not some excuse to be made for endeavouring to get them, uncompelled, to undergo a Protestant reformation?"

THE COMING MAN.—We read that "the old Palace at Avignon is being sumptuously renovated by order of the EMPEROR." This looks promising. It holds out the hope that the POPE has at last received notice to quit. Surrounded with papistical ruins, he would himself be the most interesting historical ruin of the lot.

THE PRINCE AT THE BAR.

In the Strand is a commotion,
There's a press at Temple Bar:
Where like crossing tides of Ocean,
Eastern, western, currents war:
Busses pause in mid-careering,
Cabbies sit in forced repose,
While from box and foot-board fleering
Chaff keeps gath'ring as it goes!

When I ask the cause of stoppage,
'Tis the PRINCE OF WALES I'm told,
Who to-day assumes the wrappage,
Of the legal toga's fold.
Utter Barrister they'll make him,
Then within the Bar invite,
Then upon the Bench they'll take him,—
All *per saltum*—as is right.

"There's no royal road to learning,"
'Tis a proverb false as stale:
Made by men, in envy spurning
At the ranks beyond their pale.
Lo, this gracious Prince to learning
On the royal road we see—
Ne'er was road so full of turning
As that road appears to be.

First, as we have seen, due Nor'rards,
It to Modern Athens tends:
Then, where subjects' roads lead for'rards,
Sudden due South it bends.
He must follow it to Cambridge,
Where he hopes repose to know,
After having crossed the same bridge,
O'er which subject asses go.

No—this royal road no mercy
Shows a prince in course of cram:
Round it whips him, *vices-versy*,
To the Isis from the Cam.
Ask him not if mathematic,
Or if classic be his choice,
By this royal road erratic
He must trudge, without a voice.

Off it whisks him to the Curragh,
Camp experience to gain:
Then to make confusion thorough,
Back to civil life again—
And as goal of civil study,
Fortress of Chicane and Jaw;
Lo, the Princely boots are muddy
On the royal road to Law!

Hapless Prince! An age of cramming
Owns its martyr-type in thee:
Never brain-pan had such ramming
Since first brain-pans rammed could be.
How it keeps its charge from spilling,
Bursting up, or running o'er,
Who shall say? Was horse so willing
Ever spurred so hard before?

Say not then, that unto learning
There is not a royal road:
Let us thank the stars discerning
If that path *we* have not trod.
Happy he, whate'er his calling,
Who of callings has but one:
And so 'scapes the verdict galling—
"Jack-of-all-trades, Lord of none!"

Specimen of Hebdomadal Bosh.

THE Welsh attorneys have got it into their heads that their Prince, being now a barrister, is bound to take their briefs, and scarcely a day passes but a lawyer from the Principality, with a new blue bag, is stopped by the sentinels at Windsor, in his insane attempt to find out H.R.H.'s clerk. The PRINCE is very good-natured, and has given orders that none of the poor fellows shall be harshly used, but that each shall be presented with a glass of *cwru*, and directed to the railway, but they get very noisy, and splutter uncouth remonstrances, to the immense amusement of the Maids of Honour.—*Court Journal*.

A WOMAN NEVER GROWS OLD.



RANTING the returns of Births and Deaths, &c., for the year 1859 that were published a few weeks ago to be correct, it seems that fifty-six women attained what DR. FARR calls (and what we cannot help considering rather a Farr-fetched opinion) "the natural lifetime of a hundred years." Taking 100 as the proper terminus of life, there are very few human beings we are afraid, who ever reach their journey's end. It would seem as though there were as many accidents on one's journey through life as there are unfortunately on a railway! Most travellers break down

halfway, or rarely arrive at the station they were anxious to reach. For instance, according to the Registrar's return, only twenty-five men attained a hundred years—twenty-five men against fifty-six women, who accomplished the same distance. There, you see the women beat the men in everything! They even beat us in living longer. Not only will they have the last word, but they insist, also, upon having the last minute! The wonder is that they allow themselves to be beaten by Death even. We can understand with a woman, who says resolutely "I WILL NOT DIE," how very difficult it must be for *Pallida Mors* to get the better of her obstinacy! Of course, not one of those fifty-six female centenarians were married; for if we are to believe the police reports that chronicle the doings of low life, it would seem that, where marriage is concerned, it is the husband who beats the wife. Therefore, when we said that woman beats man in everything, we intended one little exception, and that was wife-beating. But we are wrong, perhaps, in alluding to such contemptible creatures, who, far from ranking equal to Man, degrade themselves to a lower level even than that of the Brute.

The two oldest persons in the Registrar's returns for 1859 are women—one in Monmouthshire, and one in South Wales—each of whom reached the patriarchal age of 110. You see how the Welsh obstinacy asserted itself characteristically up to the very last. You may be sure that each good old soul had made up her mind not to die a day before she was five-score years and ten—no, not even if she perished in the attempt!

We wonder if the above ladies were in the habit of proudly confessing their ages, or as ladies sometimes will, resorted to the arithmetical practice of making a liberal subtraction from the sum total? In answer to the inquiries of curious strangers, did they truthfully say, "Well, next year, if it please Heaven I live long enough, I shall be exactly 111," or, did they evasively answer (supposing there is any evasion to such a question) "Well, Sir, I am getting old, and my memory, you see, begins to fail me a wee bit, but I am afraid that next birthday I shall be as much as forty-two—it may be, forty-three,—or, perhaps, only forty-one. At my time of life, Sir, what is the difference of *one* year?" We have not endeavoured to give the above answers in the choice Cambrian tongue, inasmuch as we happen to be rejoicingly ignorant of that pre-Adamite language; but supposing that woman's little weakness on the point of age strengthened instead of growing feebler the longer she grew (and old age has the reverse effect on a mental weakness than it has on a physical one), the answers, we fancy, would not fall very far short of the second form we have complaisantly conjectured above. We call forty-two a very fair confession for a lady who has been convicted by the Registrar-General to be not more than 110.

However, we have said more than enough to prove that, on the head of longevity, Woman is fairly the master of Man. If Old PARR had lived in these days, we should have witnessed the sorrowful sight of Old Mrs. PARR weeping over his premature grave.

Great Fall of Blacks.

FIVE *Othellos* are stabbing themselves regularly, just now, and there will soon be a sixth, MR. CHARLES KEAN having ordered the largest pot of blacking MESSRS. DAY AND MARTIN supply, and having announced that he is cubbing dext.

THE IMPERIAL THIMBLERIG;

OR, "UNDER WHICH HAT IS THE ROMAN PEA?"

THERE'S a thimblerrigger has his stand
In the stately Tulleries,
And never did rig, on a scale so big,
Draw such a company
As watch the twist of that nimble wrist,
As it works the Roman pea!

His board is a map of the fair estate
That MATILDA gave the POPE,
In days afar when the triple tiar
With crowns *en masse* could cope;
When St. Peter's boat had water to float,
And was taut in ribs and rope.

Cross-keys and a sword are the legs of the board,
And in place of the thimbles three,
'Neath which, in a vulgar rig, the flats
Look out for the little pea,—
There's a little cocked hat, and a Cardinal's hat,
And a Bersaglier's képi.

The little cocked hat it stands for France;
The Cardinal's hat for Rome;
The képi stands for Italy.
Who'd square home affairs at home:
But there's the French Cock on the Capitol's rock,
And who's to cut his Comb?

"Now noble sportsmen, make your game.
Look sharp, and the trick is done;
Now here, now there, all's on the square,
The odds are two to one.
One, two, and three—goes the little pea,—
Who'll bet to which hat it's run?"

"Hold hard! 'tis under the scarlet tile—"
Says a tunsured flat, "I'll swear!"
"Done, Sir, with you!" and the flat looks blue,
For never a pea is there!
"The Hat!" "the Képi!" lift either and see—
But, lo, the board is bare!

And so goes on the little game,
While the Roman pea doth spin,
From hat to hat, till what to be at,
The flats to doubt begin—
And 'tis pretty clear, of all that are here,
But one is meant to win.

Back which you choose, you're as safe to lose
As a duck to swim to land;
But there's *one* bet, which if you can get,
In with *you* I'd like to stand;
That wherever it be, the little pea
Is well in the rigger's hand!

POINTING A CANNON WITH A MORAL PURPOSE.

If Cannons must fire, we do not see why their shot should not be made to tell upon something. There can be no object in shooting so much money into the sea, when the same expenditure would demolish a nuisance that cries aloud for removal. We propose, therefore, that when the next experiments are tried with the Armstrong guns, they should be brought to bear upon that ugly block of buildings that stand as much in the way of moral as of human progress, and which act the part of a blockade in the most crowded part of the Strand. We allude to that vile haunt of impurity and infidelity known as Holywell Street. If SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG can succeed in removing that filthy impediment to the free circulation of fresh air and pure thought, we will be ready to declare against all his detractors that his guns are the very best guns that ever were invented.

The Retort Courteous.

AN Actor who remembers that "*Othello*" rhymes to "bellow," and behaves accordingly, is preaching lustily through that play at Drury Lane; and his manager, with an amiable sneer at a rival, announces that the Tragedy is given "*from* the text of SHAKESPEARE." A good way from the Text, no doubt, which may be the reason why the performance resembles a bad Sermon.

AN EXTENSIVE SEIZURE OF TOBACCO.

LAST week an extensive seizure of Tobacco took place in one of the most fashionable houses in Belgravia, under most peculiar circumstances. On Thursday, about half-past eleven o'clock, as LADY DEBRET (whilst the inquiry is pending, we have, of course, abstained from giving the real names) was about to retire to bed for the night, she fancied she could detect strong fumes, which, to her refined sense, appeared to be those of Tobacco! Though naturally alarmed, as any lady, under similar circumstances, would have been, she did not hesitate a moment, but courageously opened the door, when the strong smell, that pervaded the entire establishment, no longer left her in doubt as to the fearful nature of the fact. Nothing daunted, she threw over her shoulders the nearest *peignoir* at hand, and proceeded up-stairs in the dark, imagining, with a quickness of truthful discrimination, which is the highest proof of her great presence of mind, that a candle might probably give the offender timely notice of her approach. Feeling her way cautiously by the banisters, her ladyship trusted entirely to the instinct of her nasal organ, which was unquestionably the best guide she could have had to lead her in the midst of the surrounding darkness. As she gradually advanced the fumes became also gradually stronger and stronger, until, on reaching the second landing, there is but little doubt that her ladyship would have fainted, if she had not prudently leant against the wall for temporary support, during which brief period she only too fortunately succeeded in recovering her breath.

Her sinking energies, so perfectly unused to the severe trial to which they were being exposed, reminded her, however, that there was no time to be lost; so, darting forward again with as much caution as her growing terror would allow her to exercise, she stood opposite the door, from which she felt confident the suffocating vapour was nauseously escaping. It was a small, deal-painted door on the right-hand corner of the third landing before you arrive at the nurseries. In less time than it takes us to narrate this painful story, she had turned the brass handle of that door, and, resolving to allow the culprit no time or opportunity of escape, she rushed daringly into the middle of the room, and contemplated with what nerve she had left the awful spectacle before her!

The sight that met her maternal eyes almost made her ladyship repent her impetuous rashness. There was her youngest boy—a lad barely eight years of age—busily employed in bed, smoking a short pipe! The young monster's head was scarcely visible on the pillow, so closely was it surrounded by the thick clouds of smoke he had, with an energy worthy of a better cause, been criminally intent upon blowing. Her ladyship has since stated that the effect of that startling revelation upon her was such, that she thought she should *have sunk through the floor then and there with horror!*

To throw open the windows—to snatch the pipe out of the young culprit's mouth, and to fling it into the streets, heedless of the consequences, was only the work of an instant!

Without listening to her better feelings, her ladyship next proceeded to administer to her offending offspring a most tremendous box on the ears, that certainly had the effect of awakening him to a sense of his degrading position. In this she persevered with the best effect, until the boy evaded all further chastisement by disappearing under the bed-clothes, and, with an obstinacy hardly credible in one of his tender years, persisting in remaining there!

A rigorous search was then instituted in the room, and in the various drawers were found the following articles:—One packet of Bristol Bird's Eye, 6 screws (contents unknown), 4 ounces of Cavendish, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of Shag, 15 Manillas (one half-smoked), 2 Meerschaums (one as fresh as chalk—the other of a rich horse-chestnut colour), half a dozen Clay Pipes, of different lengths, but mostly small, and several handfulls of Cigarettes. In a handbox were found secreted inside an old hat, as many as 32 penny Cubas.

The whole of the above had evidently been smuggled into the establishment, and, being contraband articles, were immediately confiscated on the spot by her ladyship.

The confiscation has created a great excitement in the juvenile circles of Belgravia.

The boy, thus openly convicted of smuggling, remains under the custody of a governess and a nurse. He is under close confinement. All the servants have received strict orders to watch the street-door, as well as to keep an eye on the area-gate, in the event of an escape being attempted.

The young smuggler was asked if he had anything to say for himself, and, after being duly cautioned that what he did say would be brought up against him at the trial, he simply observed, "he didn't care."

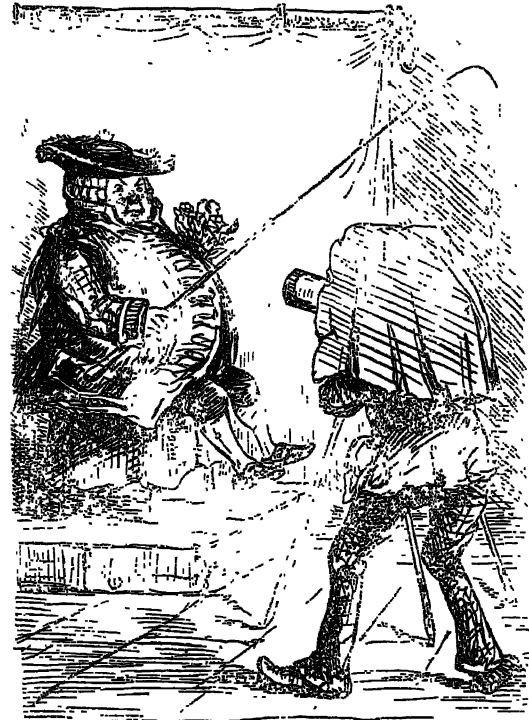
It is feared that the trial cannot be commenced for some time, as SIR ANTHONY HERCULES DEBRET is at present out of town. The penalties, it is surmised, will be extremely severe, as there are rumours, current amongst the prisoner's companions, that SIR ANTHONY has an invincible dislike for tobacco, is a Brutus in his household in seeing that no offender against the domestic laws escapes without punishment, and moreover is a staunch advocate for the salutary effects of corporeal punishment.

It is with no little pain we state that, ever since the above extensive seizure of Tobacco, LADY DEBRET has not been able to leave her room.

We would be sorry to prejudge this, or any, case; but we think it is high time that a terrible example were made to deter little babies of boys from the injurious practice of smoking.

EPISCOPAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

DR. THOMSON, the new Bishop of Gloucester, is stated to be an expert photographer. LORD SHAFTESBURY begs us to add that his last creation is also an ecclesiastic of the decided school, and in fact, that all his views are Positives.



AUSTRIAN JUSTICE.

ACCORDING to a letter from Vienna:—

"M. PROTOBEVERA has requested the EMPEROR to relieve him definitively from the functions of Minister of Justice, since, owing to the precarious state of his eyes, he has been advised by his physician to desist from all attention to business."

Of course the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA will accept M. PROTOBEVERA's resignation of the Ministry of Justice, tendered on a ground so insuperable as that of the precarious state of his eyes. What if M. PROTOBEVERA were to lose his sight? The eyes of Justice, as personified in painting and sculpture, are closed with a bandage, and in every land of liberty Justice is proverbially blind; but in other lands she has to look to her scales; and blind Justice is inadmissible in Austria.

Rich Humbug.

THERE is always such a fuss made about the "reserve" at the Bank. We wonder how the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street has the face to talk about her "reserve," when she knows she is perpetually "making advances," and even takes the greatest possible interest in so doing.

QUIZ EST HOMO.

THE POPE's Legate has addressed LOUIS NAPOLEON in a Latin speech. The speech begins with bad Latin. But is this a fault, or a subtle epigram? PIUS hates LOUIS, yet sends him a message of friendship. Could it be better expressed than in a False Concord?

PIRATING AN ADVERTISEMENT.—A certain Eminent Tragedian, of the "vigorous" school, adds a P.S. to his letters negotiating engagements: "N.B. No charge for Stamping."



MOST FLATTERING!

Miss Stout. "YOU SEE, DEAR, I THOUGHT YOUR SWISS DRESS SO PRETTY, THAT I HAVE MADE ONE EXACTLY LIKE IT. WHY WE SHALL BE TAKEN FOR SISTERS!"

A GERMAN LESSON.

THEIR Majesties, the KING and QUEEN of PRUSSIA, on a late auspicious occasion, gave a grand ball in the Picture Gallery and White Hall in the Royal Palace. We should not deem it necessary to transcribe this piece of not very momentous intelligence for its own sake. It is, however, coupled with a statement to the effect, that the ball began at nine o'clock, according to a custom which at the Prussian Court is punctually adhered to. This custom is one which deserves to be honoured in the observance, instead of being, as in this country, generally dishonoured in the breach. Herein the Majesty of Prussia sets an example, which if our aristocracy would imitate, they would confer a great boon on the middling classes, who, under an inevitable necessity of aping their superiors, are obliged to give evening parties which commence at unseasonable hours, and are not over until three and four o'clock in the morning; whereas a considerable portion of the guests have to be at their business by ten. Thus, instead of combining business with pleasure, they combine business with pain—headache, drowsiness, and lassitude—to the detriment of their affairs, whilst the same habits of dissipation which impair their intellectual faculties, ruin the complexions of their wives and daughters.

ALBUM PERSECUTORS. — MARTIN FARQUHAR CONGREVE ROCHEFOUCAULD ARCHIBALD TUPPER complains bitterly that the ladies are always pestering him for his "Authorgraph!"

AN APPEAL TO THE NORTH.

JONATHAN, my ciphering friend,
If your war its course must run,
Till it reach a distant end,
What will that be, when all's done?
At the best, Confederation
If you finally subdue,
Is the South, a conquered nation,
To be held and ruled by you?

Poles the Czar has got to ride,
Restiff Poles, and hard of mouth,
You'd be troubled with a wide
Poland, in the vanquished South,
FRANCIS-JOSEPH holds Venetia,
Daily waiting to rebel.
You, to keep down all "Secessia,"
Hardly will contrive as well.

Think what you are fighting for,
MORRILL Traffic to maintain?
That the object of your war?
If you get it, will you gain?
What you'll lose, though victory winning,
In the case of peace delayed,
Will be that, whose end's beginning,
All the Southern Cotton Trade.

If your lot should be defeat,
Which is no unlikely fate,
Then, the sooner you are beat,
All the better; conquered late,

For expense of troops and shipping,
All that you can look to get,
Will be an eventual whipping,
And an everlasting debt.

CRIMINAL CRYSTALLISATION.

MR. PUNCH is very glad, of course, that a Dublin jury convicted the rascal cab-man CURRAN for the assault on MISS JOLLY, and also that JUSTICE O'BRIEN gave him as heavy a sentence as the law allows. But *Mr. Punch* would like to ask the *Morning News*, a Dublin newspaper whence the following paragraph is taken, what was the exact character of the change wrought in the prisoner when his punishment was announced? The *News* says:—

"The prisoner during the passing of the sentence never moved a muscle, but as soon as the learned Judge announced the term of imprisonment, his face blanched, and he seemed to be rather hardened-stricken by the punishment awarded."

The phenomenon would seem to be a new one. We have heard of folks being struck all of a heap, and we can poetically conceive that when a Judge comes heavily down on a prisoner, he is reduced to a jelly, and the sentence in the CURRAN-JOLLY case might have made the man Currant-Jelly. But how he became rather hardened-stricken we cannot quite comprehend. He never moved a muscle, though the Judge told him that in other days he would have had a hoister; and altogether he seems to be a queer kind of scoundrel, and very well out of the way for a couple of years. When the *News* has nothing else to do, perhaps it will explain the hardened-stricken business, and we solemnly promise not to open the paper containing the explanation.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF CRINOLINE.—Hoops, when worn by ladies, have the effect of turning them into butts.



THE GENUINE OTHELLO.

OPERA. "KEEP UP YOUR BRIGHT SWORDS, FOR DE DEW WILL RUST DEM. * * * * BOTH YOU OB MY INCLINING, AND DE REST."

THE PRINCES IN THE TEMPLE.

Thursday Evening, 31st October, 1861. *The Ceremonial of Converting H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES into a Barrister and Benchet, and of inaugurating MR. ABRAHAM'S New Library, has been performed, the Church has been admired, and the Déjeuner has been eaten. The PRINCE OF WALES, with the slightest yaw, looks at PRINCE PUNCH, and the two Princes emerge from the Middle Temple Hall, and proceed towards the Fountain, which is sparkling in the coloured electric light.*

Policeman (henceforth immortal). This Garden is open to ladies only, gentlemen.

[At this moment the blue ribbon of one Prince and the red nose of the other flash upon the eyes of the speaker, and he faints into the arms of MR. ANDERSON, Q. C., the excellent Master Treasurer. The Princes enter the Fountain Garden, and all the world keeps its distance.

P. W. Well, how did you like my speech?

P. P. Capital, and I couldn't have spoken it better myself. The Governor's composition, I suppose?

P. W. With my assistance.

P. P. Ambulator! But it did credit to the writer and the speaker, and have you got a cigar?

P. W. Rather! I brought these over myself; but you know them—they are the same I sent you, old fellow.

[They fire up, and the electric light is no longer an object of interest to the spectators.

P. P. And now, my dear EDWARD, you are a barrister; and tell me, my dear EDWARD, do you mean to practise? Because if so, consider yourself generally and specially retained for me.

P. W. And I suppose, when I call in Fleet Street, you'll give me a "refresher?"

P. P. Good! I see you need not have said that you were imperfectly acquainted with the noble science pursued here.

P. W. I'll tell you one thing—these fellows are a great improvement upon the sort of folks that one generally has about one on occasions of this kind. BROUGHAM, WESTBURY, the BISHOP, CRESSWELL, COCKBURN, POLLOCK, and so on—powerful cast, as you theatrical parties say.

P. P. Yes, Sir.

P. W. Don't! I'm always being told not to do that at Windsor, for fear it should come out when somebody's there.

P. P. But when the Americans come, isn't it etiquette at Court to speak to guests in their own language?

P. W. I made that suggestion, but it was pronounced futile; so I keep the twang to make the ladies laugh when they shouldn't. By the way, BEATRICE is making you no end of a pen-wiper for your birthday; and I wasn't to tell you, but of course I do, that you may have time to prepare an impromptu acknowledgment.

P. P. Est-il bon, ce cher Edouard?

P. W. I wonder what they think we're talking about?

P. P. Oh, elegant. Of course I am saying to you that I am sure an occasion like that which has brought you hither to-day must be fraught with the most interesting associations—historical, social, and prospective; and that from an educated and highly cultivated mind, like your own, the impressions which have been produced will germinate—that's a good word, germinate—

P. W. Impressions can't germinate.

P. P. You know a good deal, my dear EDWARD, but you don't know that words can do anything in the hands of people who don't understand 'em.

P. W. Then I suppose I am replying in a becoming manner, that you are quite right, my dear *Punch*; and that beneath the festivities and hospitalities of this noble inn there rests a deep significance, which elevates the mere splendour of my reception into an illustration of the vitality of the mighty nation which—both these weeds! They are excellent, but the ash don't hold—and there it goes all over one's ribbon.

P. P. I will bring you some to-morrow which JEFF. DAVIS has sent me, with a polite request that I will recognise Slaveownia, and get PAM to break the blockade.

P. W. Will you, that's a brick.

P. P. Break the blockade?

P. W. (Laughing.) No, no, but bring the cigars.

P. P. Will a duck swim? Besides, I want to see your papa. I wish to impress upon him that the Brompton Road approach must be improved before the Show; and if he will take it up, I don't mean the road, but the plan, I think he and I might get it done.

P. W. Come and dine to-morrow. There's the Star of India installation in the afternoon, and LORD CLYDE would take it as a compliment. How well he looks—I was very glad they cheered him like that. Say you'll come, and I'll tell them.

P. P. Don't let there be any extra trouble on my account.

P. W. Don't you be an old humbug. Well, I suppose I should go in again now, and thank the big-wigs for their kindness.

P. P. Thank 'em for nothing. I have lived among 'em a good deal, and I know how precious glad they are of a good excuse for doing an out-and-out dinner like this. It was up to the mark, though, wasn't it?

P. W. You're an old epicure, that's what you are, and now you know all about it. Come in, one must be polite. To-morrow, at three, sharp.

P. P. Come on, my learned friend.

[The Princes throw away their cigars, and are again all smiles, bows, and elegant speeches.

CIVIL SERVICE NEWS.

MR. EUTROPIUS M. JONES has decided upon abandoning the use of paper collars, and upon reverting to linen all-rounders. MR. ERNEST BLOKE is slowly recovering the use of his gloves, his resignation of volunteer duty, and his approaching marriage much conducing to this relapse into tidiness. MR. ISSACHAR POTTS has settled accounts with his laundress, by going out of town. MR. WERNER WOMBAT has abandoned his short pipe, in accordance with the representations of his wife that he looks like a cat with it. MR. SAMUEL FLIPPER has explained to his family that he wrote to them regularly, but that all his letters were stolen by the convicted postman PULLEN, so all is forgiven. MR. SWEET SMYLER has gone into training under PROFESSOR A. REED, and makes no secret of his belief that there are as good men in England as MACE. MR. BARNABAS BLYTH is open to an offer from any of the young ladies at Bullion Villa, but will not give up the bull-terrier. MR. SALOMON P. WIGG has lost the stopping out of his wise tooth, and will be on the invalid list until it is replaced. MR. EBENEZER PERKS has definitely cut off his moustaches, as it is quite clear to his aunt that they will not come. MR. NABBY BLANDY BANDY has bought himself a pair of stunning leggings for the muddy months. MR. STICKLING GLEWPORT has bought himself a season-ticket for the Paradise Gardens, Battersea. MR. MINUS A. RAPP, from circumstances over which he has no control, will abstain from wearing a watch any longer. MR. OWLEY HOWLEY has had his second best trousers re-seated, and MR. MADAGASCAR BROWN has finally placed his black eye in the hands of his medical attendant.—*Civil Service Gazette.*

A NEW STAND-POINT OF GEOGRAPHY.

At the monthly meeting of the Town Council of Margate, we find reported in the *Thanet Advertiser* (a wonderful newspaper—price only three-halfpence) that—

"MR. CAVELER moved that a deputation should be appointed to wait on SIR GEORGE GRAY to represent to him in full how Margate stood."

They had better also take with them a bag of boiled shrimps, as a specimen of its produce. However, they may as well spare themselves the trouble and expense of the journey, for we should say it was highly probable that SIR GEORGE GRAY, by this time, did know where Margate stood. If he has any doubts, we refer him to the reports of the Town Council, and he will there be able to see that Margate stands a great deal of nonsense.

A NEW COMPLAINT.

A NOVEL complaint has been brought before the notice of a Police Magistrate. It is known by the name—and we are indebted to MR. HUMPHREYS for the information—of "kleptomania." Its symptoms are described as consisting "in a strange and inexplicable desire to take what does not belong to you." We fancy we have heard the same thing before called "thieving," but there is a great difference between the two offences. A low, vulgar person is a "thief;" a person in genteel circumstances is a "kleptomaniac." The first takes "not isn't his'n" for the purpose of helping himself; the second commits the like offence, it is true, but then it is because the poor creature cannot help himself. It is *malgré lui*. The fingers move convulsively, as though they were seized with an immoral itch to seize hold of the property of others. You must no more blame him than you would a patient, who was labouring under the effects of St. VIRUS' dance, for he is not responsible for his movements. Such an unhappy sufferer deserves pity rather than censure; he should be nursed and petted, and not be condemned, or put to any harsh punishment. He should be carried away in a doctor's carriage, and not in the prison van. It is sad to think how many persons in the olden time were hung for stealing, whilst they were merely labouring under a temporary attack of "kleptomania"! It is a question, indeed, whether all our thieves' prisons ought not to be changed into "hospitals for the reception of kleptomaniacs." We wonder what VIROOC the great thief-taker would have said to this new

fashionable complaint? How would he like to have been called a kleptomaniac-catcher? Russia, Prussia, and Austria did not steal Poland. That nation was divided by those powers whilst they were labouring under a violent convulsion of "kleptomania," which fully accounts for their "strange and inexplicable desire to take what did not belong to them." The same thing with Nice and Savoy. LOUIS NAPOLEON is only a poor pitiable kleptomaniac; and as much might consistently be said of JACK SHEPPARD, or any other historical appropriator of the property of others. All allusions to thieving and stealing must, henceforth, be adapted, so as to meet the exigencies of this new mental infirmity.



A DISTRESSING CASE OF "KLEPTOMANIA."

The unfortunate sufferer was promptly attended by Doctors X 1 and Z 2, and removed at once to the Hospital, and steps are now being taken for his recovery.

OUR SUPERIORS IN EVERYTHING.

THE growing popularity of the new teaspoon bonnet among our countrymen, supervening on that of crinoline, is additional homage to the exquisite taste of France. The French certainly do excel us in everything. We are never tired of seeing this unquestionable truth tacitly conceded, or of hearing it loudly proclaimed. In every respect we are inferior to the French, and so are all the other nations of Europe. Not only does France surpass England in street architecture, statuettes, fancy furniture, military organisation, millinery, cookery, and dancing. The French are our superiors in all the higher lines of thought, science, and philosophy. We have no great dramatist and universal genius, nor grand epic poet, to compare with their least eminent authors, no archphilosopher, no famous astronomer, no chemical investigator, no anatomical and physiological discoverer, no mechanician, that deserves to be named in the same breath with certain Frenchmen of the same description. It was a Frenchman that prescribed the laws of scientific inquiry, another that disclosed the principle of gravitation, another that demonstrated the circulation of the blood, another that invented the steam-engine, another that discovered the metallic bases of the alkalis. We owe locomotives and railways to France. The whole railway system is, in fact, a French idea.

As to music, painting, sculpture, and all the higher departments of art, not only do the French beat us all to nothing, but they also beat the Italians and Germans, to whose sublimest poetical geniuses, and profoundest writers, moreover, a great many of their own are immeasurably superior.

To say that the Army and Navy of France are, the latter as well as

THE CATCHPENNY PRESS.

GOOD Wine needs no bush, nor any kind of poster; still less does it, in order to sell, require fellows to go about the street, and shout "Yah-hah!" meaning cheap claret and champagne. What is true of wine is also true of the press, that is to say, the newspaper press, even the penny portion of it; for that, though selling dirt-cheap, is not all of it mere rubbish, which is expensive at a penny, and would not be cheap at any price. The respectable penny papers command a sale simply by the reputation they have acquired, and the legitimate help of bill-boards of their contents, exhibited at the doors of the news-shops. Their despicable contemporaries, however, offered at the same price, and worth less than nothing, except for their material, which, too thin to be of much use, is simply spoiled by the print and woodcuts impressed upon it, can only be forced into a small circulation, amongst the lowest readers, by being hawked about the streets like dogs' meat. The noise made by itinerant newsmongers in crying "Yah-hah!" and uttering similar yells indicative of their several commodities make morning noon and night hideous, and Sunday morning especially intolerable, in what used to be the quiet streets and squares of London. The shouts and shrieks that proclaim "Sprats!" and "Mackerel!" may be regarded as necessary nuisances. Mackerel and sprats are esculent, and spoil by keeping. There can be no necessity, however, for crying food for the mind which is good to eat, still less can there be any for splitting the ears of householders by crying what is utterly bad, namely, penny papers of the baser sort, albeit on the plea, which certainly cannot be denied, that, like sprats and mackerel, they are perishable commodities.

A GRAND DRESS REHEARSAL.

It is a pretty dress rehearsal, when a young lady takes a visitor up to her bed-room, and begins showing her all the beautiful new dresses she has lately been buying. She should try them all on, one after the other, before the looking-glass, and press her dear friend, in the most persuasive manner, to give her opinion upon each. The performance is all the more effective, when the visitor happens to be in an inferior position of society, so that the pieces, which are brought forward for her flattering notice, are so nicely arranged as to be above the reach of her pocket. However, the best time without comparison for a Grand Dress Rehearsal is when a young lady is going to a QUEEN'S Drawing Room. Too many young friends cannot be invited to witness the *éclat* of so delightful a performance, taking care of course to avoid any inconvenience from overcrowding, and even upon so rare an occasion servants have been known to be kindly admitted to witness the grand *finale*.

the former, incomparably greater, better disciplined, and more efficient, than our land and sea forces, is to concede far less than the truth. Their excellence is not only absolute, but relative, they are stronger and better than ours in proportion to their size; one Frenchman is a match for three Englishmen; and our conflicts with the French, both in the field and on the ocean, have been, on our part, an almost uniform series of reverses. We never were the victors in anything like a fair and equal fight.

Finally, it has been reserved for the French to do what we have never yet been able to accomplish; to "teach the nations how to live" under a constitutional government, and to enjoy personal liberty, and the freedom of the press and of speech, compatibly with order.

The foregoing acknowledgments are due to a glorious but modest nation, and will, it is hoped, afford those ignorant Britons who would like to know in what particulars the French so vastly excel us as they are alleged to do, the desired information.

One of the Worst Aspects of the American War.

SINCE the great scarcity of Cotton, the Parisian milliners have been charging fifty, and seventy, and as much as eighty-two per cent. extra for padding. If the scarcity should still continue, it will be frightful to contemplate upon the thousands and thousands of French beauties that will be pinched by the want of it during the coming winter.

LAST LINE FROM THE FRENCH KORAN.

THERE is but one NAPOLEON, and the *Moniteur* is his prophet.

A NOBLE DONKEY.



Great interest was excited, according to the Turin Correspondent of the *Times*, in his description of the Cattle Show that was attached to the Exhibition at Florence, by an ass. He says:—

“I stood long gazing on a stall on which were written the words *Anno, puro sanguis*. Oh, gentlemen, with your hats to this illustrious scion of an asinine aristocracy.”

We have but little doubt that this noble Donkey commanded the greatest admiration on account of his illustrious descent. Of course, he got the prize; or at least, he was rewarded, let us hope, with the Order of the Thistle? Crowds were unquestionably bending the knee in slavish homage to this *pur sang* animal, who had probably come down in a straight line from the Ark.

We have seen the like adoration paid in this country to donkeys, whose only recommendation was their pure blood and their long descent—donkeys, who prided themselves on the fact of their years stretching further back than any other donkey's.

PENNY EDITING.

THE excellent rule, “hear both sides,” has not hitherto been thought to extend to both sides of one newspaper. It is usually supposed that there is some sort of unanimity among the contributors to a journal. But it was reserved for our respected contemporary the *Morning Star and Dial* to illustrate the principles of Freedom in all their purity. In that free-trade paper no haughty editor has a veto, no smart leader-writer a pre-eminence, but the humble penny-a-liner is allowed to contradict, point blank, the utterances of his supposed chiefs. In the *Star* of Friday the 1st November, there is an article on the PRINCE OF WALES in the Temple, and there is also a vivid account of the ceremonials. These compositions face each other in the opening of the *Star*—they shall, in part, do so here, in testimony of Mr. Punch's admiration of the true theory of Editing.

ARTICLE.

“Of course it is incompatible with the dignity of grown men and women to amuse themselves with wooden horses and gaily-decked dolls. But as the longing which beset them in infancy still remains to be gratified, they take one of their fellow-creatures, and go through with him the merry antics which they were accustomed to perform with their childish toys. This prevailing tendency received yesterday a striking illustration. The scene was the Middle Temple, a fane dedicated to the worship, if not precisely of justice, at any rate of law—within whose walls the seats of highest dignity are only to be attained by common folks through years of anxious struggle and midnight toil. * * * We have too high an opinion of the mental faculties of His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES to believe that he was not fully conscious of the irrationality of the ceremony which made him a barrister without study, and a bencher without either merit or experience. * * * And the members of the Middle Temple sported to their heart's content with their pretty toy, and played out to the end a merry game which must have been a most acceptable relief from their serious avocations.”

REPORT.

“The day was altogether a memorable one in the history of the Temple. The admission of royalty among its members; the auspicious opening of its new library by one who will at some future, and it is to be hoped far distant, period be king of these realms; the crowd of beauty and nobility of blood and intellect which was gathered together to take part in the ceremony,—all will leave an impress upon the annals of the Society, which ages will not obliterate. In speaking of the event after it is over, it is difficult to decide which was of the most interest and importance, the opening of the library, or the investiture of the PRINCE OF WALES with the privileges and dignities of a bencher of the Temple. It is one of the most encouraging signs of the times that a member of our reigning Royal Family should be found coming forward to receive, not the honours which are given to warriors, but those more homely, and it may be, more dignified honours which attach to a profession that has done much to maintain the liberties of the people and their sovereign rights.”

The Secret of the American Blockade.

PRIDE—stiff, senseless, unbending, intolerable, ruinous Pride—is at the bottom of it. They'll not cotton to one another—and they'll see each other jolly well beggared first, before they'll allow either the one or the other to cotton to anybody else!

A LIKENESS TAKER.—A Prize-fighter.

STAGGERERS FROM THE STAGE.

THESE theatrical advertisements grow more and more perplexing to us. Every week we see announcements of actors being wanted “to open” at a stated time, as though they were like oysters, and never a week passes without somebody or other wanting some one else or other to “combine utility with the leading business,” which really seems like asking him to undertake the duties of a blindman's dog. As a sample of these puzzles, only look at this:—

YORK CIRCUIT.

WANTED, to join immediately, a FIRST WALKING GENTLEMAN, to Play also portion of the Light Comedy and Juveniles. Also, a GENTLEMAN for responsible business. HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE wanted for Christmas Pantomime.

“York Circuit”! So an actor goes on circuit like a barrister. Well, they have also this in common, namely, that they both wear wigs. But why are “walking” gentlemen so often in request? We never heard of walking matches done upon the stage, and where can be the need then of engaging walking people? Again, too, will this walking gentleman have to wear a pinafore, when he plays a juvenile? It is mysteriously said that he will have to play a “portion of light comedy and juveniles,” but how he can enact a portion of a juvenile it passes our conception even distantly to guess. Moreover if the juveniles are, like the comedy, to be light (and there is nothing in the sentence which forbids this supposition), the walking gentleman will have to put himself in training, to decrease his ponderosity to the weight of a light juvenile, whatever that may be.

As a contrast to this levity, we find in the same column of dramatic wants the following:—

THEATRE ROYAL, PRESTON.

WANTED, immediately, a good HEAVY MAN; one that understands Melodramatic Pieces. Also, a good OLD MAN.

We wonder how much does the management require this “heavy man” to weigh. Would sixteen stone suffice, or must he not be under twenty? And what age must the “old man” have attained to be held eligible? We presume that on emergency seventy would do, though doubtless a fit preference would be ceded to a hundred. But then what testimonials must he furnish of his goodness? Of course nobody would wish to hire a bad old man, but different minds put vastly different values on morality, and what is vice in one man's eye is almost virtue in another.

We really think more details should be furnished on these points, if only to prevent unnecessary writing: for the man who is the cause of a man's writing needless letters is a monster who deserves to be nearly drowned in ink, after being stabbed almost to death with magnum-bonums.

There is a Revolution Always of Some Kind in Paris.

PARIS is still essentially the City of Barricades. There is only this small difference: formerly the barricades were erected by men with the help of stones; nowadays they are erected by women in the shape of Crinolines. The EMPEROR has succeeded in putting down the former by calling in the aid of M'ADAM. Is there no M' EVE, whose crushing assistance he could invoke, to enable him to put down the latter? Perhaps there never was any revolution in the Fashions that was carried by means of so many barricades as that of the Crinoline—and the worst is, that though the revolution has been successfully accomplished, the barricades still continue, in all their force, and are felt to be dreadfully in the way of progress, as there are few persons, whose temper, or dress, is not materially ruffled in the awkward attempts they make to get over them.

Gladstone's Advice, and Punch's.

THE way for a sensible man to behave,
Aware of the savings' bank plan,
Is to take to the post-shop the fewest of letters,
And utmost of shillings he can.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE ST. STEPHEN OF LITERATURE.

So many stones and pebbles have been thrown at M. DU CHAILLU, on account of the trustworthiness of his book, that we think he cannot do better, to express the treatment he has received from the hands of his enemies, than change his name to M. DU CAILLON.

THE ROYAL GAME OF BRAG.

A COCKNEY classic says that the KING OF PRUSSIA, when he bragged at his Coronation about the Divine Right, was evidently filled with the *divinus inflatus*.



PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

Our Volunteers in Devon are not likely to continue carpet-knights, as the annexed extract from their published regulations will show.

"Every Volunteer must provide for his own personal comfort, subject to the conditions already specified as to baggage, and to such other Regulations as may be laid down for the good order of the camp. But the attention of Volunteers is directed to the following points—*a.* A complete change of woollen clothing, including two flannel shirts, woollen drawers, and socks, and a woollen cap. *b.* Two blankets, no sheets. *c.* A camp bedstead, or a bedtick, sacking, canvass bag, or wrapper to be stuffed with straw. The straw will be supplied gratis at the camp. *d.* Towel and soap. *e.* Needles and thread, strong pins, a piece of cord or a strap, *f.* A plate, mug, knife, fork, and spoon.

"In addition to the above articles for each individual, there should be for each tent or mess:—*g.* A tarpauling, winnowing sheet, or other waterproof cloth to spread under the bedding. *h.* A pail or bucket, to hold a supply of water; if the top will serve as a basin, all the better. *i.* One or two saucepans, with the long iron handle taken off, and a semicircular wire handle substituted. *j.* A baking tin or fryingpan (handle removable). *k.* A net to hold rations of meat or vegetables. *l.* A hatchet or bill-hook. *m.* A spade. *n.* A lantern. "N.B. The articles marked *h.*, *i.*, *j.*, should, if possible, be packed one inside another."

SAMUEL THE SAINT-SEER.

WE rejoice to see the BISHOP OF OXFORD on his legs again, for he has been laid up, and he is a famous orator. In a speech highly calculated to sustain his reputation for eloquence, made at York, on behalf of the county blind-school, occurs the very remarkable passage subjoined. "Let every man," said the Bishop, "think how to himself through the eye had come the sense of beauty"—and so forth:—

"Let him think what it was never once to have looked upon the innocent brightness of an infant's countenance; what it was never once to have seen the radiance and glory which mantled around the features of the Holy Saints."

The foregoing passage is very fine, but rather obscure. What it is "to have looked upon the innocent brightness of an infant's countenance," most people know. Brightness is a quality commonly ascribed to smiles. We all of us, who enjoy the use of our eyes, have seen many a baby with a clean shiny face, just washed, smiling with an expression of the purest innocence, the process of ablution being over; although, a few moments before, during that process, it had been crying frightfully, and making the most vicious faces. But how many of us have seen "the radiance and glory which mantle around the faces of the Holy Saints?" Pictures of the luminous appearance, which the Bishop thus alludes to are familiar enough to the generality of people; but the phenomenon itself is one that we never, heretofore, knew anybody who had witnessed, or thought that he had, or even said that he had. BISHOP WILBERFORCE, however, who mentions it as a matter of ordinary observation to all but the blind, is of course constantly in the habit of seeing it under favourable conditions himself, and thinks that it is seen as well by mankind at large. But he is evidently, by special faculty, a seer of

saints; and he seems to see so many as to make it appear that they are more numerous now-a-days than they are generally supposed. The phosphorescence with which the old painters usually represent the heads of holy prelates as surrounded, may be an emanation of what BARON REICHENBACH calls the Odic or Odylic light, perceptible only to certain persons, whom he terms "sensitives." Perhaps the BISHOP OF OXFORD is a sensitive, and thus accustomed to behold the radiance and glory mantling around the features of the Holy Saints; that is to say, when he sees them in the dark, for then only are the odylic rays visible. When, therefore, the Bishop, going to bed at night, puts his candle out, and is consequently, according to the solution of the popular riddle, where MOSES (the tailor) was, under the same circumstances, let us cherish the supposition that he beholds the reflection of a brilliant halo whenever he casts his eyes on the looking-glass.

Theatrical Intelligence.

OUR Irish Correspondent writes to say that PATTI has been performing *Martha* in Dublin. The opera, he informs us, has been a great success. The singer identified herself from beginning to end most closely with the character,—so much so, that her warm-hearted admirers declare that the name of the opera should for the future be altered from *Martha* to PATTI.

KICK HIM HARD, HE SHOULD HAVE NO FRIENDS.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know whether it be because the winter is approaching that BLONDIN for the time has given up his Summer-sets?



"A FRIEND IN NEED," ETC.

JONES (inebriated—good-hearted fellow, but will break out at times). "*Go in' ou'd'inner par'ny 'st tell's where 'tis, Oldfellar', sh' --- sh'rickesh me'sh high'pro'ble sh'want Bail b'fore morro'mor'in.*"

PLAN FOR RELIEVING THE BISHOPS.

THE real Archbishop and head of the English Church, DR. LUSHINGTON, has given his decision in the matter in which his subaltern, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, demanded his interference; a clergyman named HEATH being the delinquent. ARCHBISHOP PUNCH is, of course, not going to stamp on theological corns, and evades remark upon the case itself, beyond the observation that ARCHBISHOP LUSHINGTON seems to regard bustling BISHOP BURNER as the Fountain of Anglican Theology, a view which will much delight the Patristics and others. But a more practical consideration occurs to the Fleet Street Archbishop. His most reverend and right reverend Brethren in lawn complain that they are over-worked—or rather, for there is a slight distinction between the phrases—that there is too much which they ought to do. ARCHBISHOP PUNCH therefore proposes to save them a great deal of trouble. Why not remit candidates for orders at once to headquarters? Why not send them up direct to ARCHBISHOP LUSHINGTON? Let a parson do his worst, it is to the Lushington tribunal that he must come at last, his diocesan has little or no power over him. Send him to ARCHBISHOP LUSHINGTON, in the first instance, to be put through his theological paces, and duly trained for his race. Then, if he bolts out of the course, it will be ARCHBISHOP LUSHINGTON'S business to deal with his own pupil. ARCHBISHOP PUNCH respectfully invites Convocation to consider this proposition, which has come strongly upon his mind since his perusal of the HEATH case, and his discovery that the real head of the English Church is the excellent and venerable ARCHBISHOP LUSHINGTON.

QUITE A DIFFERENT ARTICLE.—The *New York Herald* says that the arms of one of the Bull's Run regiments "shone so brightly that you would fancy they were electroplated." Possibly. It would need a bolder imagination to fancy that the bearers were Britannia metal.

THE SONG OF THE YOUNGER SON.

I WOULD gladly marry,
Could I but chance to find
A girl of tastes and habit
Inexpensively inclined:
One who for more pin-money
Will not weekly press,
And will even love her husband
Better than her dress.

Who will share his fortune,
Nor complain of his close fist,
And without a pair of ponies
Will manage to exist.
Who in London after August
To be seen won't be afraid,
And can finish off her toilette
Without a lady's maid.

Who'll not think a mile of walking
A cause for fight or fuss,
And even on emergency
Will travel by a 'bus.
Who'll mend a shirt or stocking,
And a pic or pudding make,
And will not want a doctor
If her little finger ache.

A wife who'll not look sulky
If *carte blanche* she be denied
With her milliner and jeweller,
And fifty shops beside.
Who'll not lie in bed for breakfast,
Nor of cruelty complain
If she lunch without hot jelly,
And dine without champagne.

To fancy fairs and flower-shows
Who will not sigh to go,
Nor will deem a quiet evening
With her HENRY "dreadful slow."
Who can live without French novels,
And without an opera stall,
Nor will want three parties nightly,
And twice a-week a ball.

Who can go out on a visit
Nor want six new gowns a day,
And won't turn her lovely nose up
At a sixpenny bouquet.
Who'll walk out with her husband
If he can't afford a horse,
Nor will deem a year old bonnet
A fit ground for a divorce.

Who will be content with Margate,
When taken to the sea,
Nor will think her HENRY vulgar
If he order shrimps for tea.
Find me such a charmer,
With health and temper good,
And then ask me if I'd marry?
I should rather think I would!

Dumb Dog Tearem.

WHOSE dog is Tearem? That Tearem alone can tell; but he is silent. The Hungarian Constitution is abolished; Hungary is placed under something like martial law; but not a bark nor even a whine from Tearem. Can Tearem be muzzled? Is Tearem the dog of JOHN BULL, or FRANCIS-JOSEPH'S dog? Tearem represents himself as a house-dog; but what sort of a house-dog is he? Surely not a Hapsburg-House Dog?

MONSIEUR MONOPS.

La Presse considers that "France must continue to keep an eye on Dappes." If she is only to keep one eye on it, her motto had better be, from VIRGIL, *Expletus Dapibus Cyclops*.

SNORING.—The Voices of the Night.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



WING to MONSIEUR FECHTER, dear *Punch*, there is quite a shower of blacks just now upon the stage, enough really to remind one of the shower of Ethiopians wherewith our theatres were deluged some few years ago, and wherof some sprinklings are seen still in the streets. In the week wherein I write there are in London three *Othellos* engaged in blacking their faces to appear before the public; and although that fact may seem to savour of monotony, there is no lack of variety in the parts as they are played. For the benefit of playgoers of a dozen centuries hence, to

whom *Punch* will doubtless be the only journal extant of the present period, I may mention that the trio to whom I have referred are M. FECHTER at the Princess's, MR. BROOKE at Drury Lane, and MR. PHELPS at Sadler's Wells. Of these, the first and second are as opposite in style as two actors well can be; the one full of intellectual polish and refinement, while the other relies mainly upon physical exertion, and wins the good will of the gallery by his vehemence of voice. MR. PHELPS's careful reading is, I take it, pretty much the *juste milieu* between the two; and I suspect most English playgoers, who reverence the text, will on the whole acknowledge his reading to be the best. I should like in certain scenes to see him rather more impulsive, as befits the 'fiery' Moor; and at times he somewhat mumbles in his utterance, through an over-straining of emotional effect. But his conception on the whole is excellently rendered, and fully shows that he appreciates the poetry of SHAKESPEARE, and the grandeur of the part. Not being sentimental, his pathos is most touching in its natural simplicity; instance specially the farewell to his soldier's occupation, and the low voice and quivering lip with which he sobs the answer 'not a jot—not a jot;' and in the outbreaks of his jealousy he gives the fullest utterance to the passion of the text, without stooping to the vulgar rage and rant and roar, which the 'great actor' MR. BROOKE now vents in what the playbills call his 'grand impersonation.'

In fine, having last night seen him vastly to his disadvantage, (for MR. PHELPS, I am bound to say, is wretchedly supported—encumbered would indeed be a far more fitting word,) I think that his *Othello* is decidedly worth seeing: and they who rail so scornfully at much-abused 'tradition' may learn from MR. PHELPS that 'tradition' has its beauties, as well as its defects, and that to violate it needlessly is not a proof of taste.

I must just add, however, that the Sadler's Wells *Iago* is by no means to be cited as a sample of tradition, or to be commended for his boldness of departure from it. The actor rather seems to view it as a semi-comic character: and in this light pit and gallery most cheerfully accept it, and give him roars of laughter, and thunders of applause. Now, though tradition far too much insists on fendish scowls and sneers, and such a devilish deportment as no one could assume and yet be thought an 'honest' man, still the words *Iago* speaks, as set down in the text, could not in any truth to nature proceed from such a person as the Sadler's Wells *Iago* presumes himself to be. I lay stress on this fact, because in general MR. PHELPS is careful in his cast: and as he is the only good tragic actor left us (M. FECHTER is not British-born, and therefore does not count) one wishes, for our credit's sake, to see him well supported, and so put upon his mettle, and acting quite his best.

M. FECHTER still continues to cram the house in Oxford Street; and whatever be his failings (I shall write about them shortly, and shall have to write at greater length, I think, of his good points) it must at any rate be owned, that he has helped to bring down many a dusty SHAKESPEARE from its shelf, and has revived the taste for something better than burlesque. Besides the shower of *Othellos* to which I have referred, the play of *Richard III.* has been presented to the public, and actually the little theatre in the Haymarket has seen the tragic buskin on its BUCKSTONE-trodden boards. I saw *King Richard*

as *Richard III.* a night or two ago, and I own that I was not reminded of MACREBERRY, who was the last actor I saw playing the part. MR. BOOTH is young, and by study may improve: but folks will scarcely go to see him merely for the reason that they went to see his father.

"It is odd to see what shifts the managers are put to by the dearth of tragic actors, and the new-born taste for tragedy. At Drury Lane MR. ROXBURY has to do himself a violence and appear as *Roderigo*, while the walking gentlemen who take the other characters are very little better than a set of walking sticks. At the Haymarket, however, a whole company of comedians have on a sudden to assume the bearing of tragedians, and I need not say how ludicrous are the inevitable results. Merely from the bare association of ideas, the metamorphoses effected are enough to make one smile: for when little MR. CLARKE stalks on with tragic strut, one cannot well help thinking of him as a comic waiter, so strongly is that image of him stamped on your mind's eye. It must surprise your country readers to learn that tragedy is finding a home here in the Haymarket, where they have often given vent to such boisterous guffaws; and I fancy when the Cattle Show attracts them there next month they will look for MR. BUCKSTONE to play the part of *Hamlet*, while MR. COMPTON acts the *King*, and MR. ROGERS plays the *Ghost*—the libretto of the tragedy explaining that this 'shadow,' since his late retirement from the cares of kingly state, has had a very cosy comfortable life, and has thereby not unnaturally grown a little stout.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

CLERICAL DESTITUTION.

THERE are snug things in the Church. Only look at this:—

CHURCH PREFERMENT FOR EXCHANGE.—A RECTORY, considerably situated within sight of the Sea, in an exceedingly picturesque County; house, roomy and good; glebe, 23 acres of first-rate land. Income, well paid, over £400 a year. Population 215. No Meeting or Public House in the parish. Desired in EXCHANGE the NEXT PRESENTATION to a Rural Rectory, subject to a life of not less than seventy. Income must not be less, nor population greater. Age of applicant must not be less than forty. South or West of England preferred.

Variety is charming: *Avida novitatis est gens humana*, as the Eton Latin grammar classically phrases it. Else one well might wonder that a parson in possession of so snug a berth as this should feel any wish to change it for one that might prove less so. For in the "rural rectory" of which he is in search there might very likely be a pothouse or a meeting-house, while in his present sea-side paradise it seems that he has neither of these nuisances to harass him. Considering this, we are surprised that he will swop for the same income as that which he now has: for surely the relief to a well-constituted mind of knowing that no drinking or dissenting folk live near one is worth what in the law is called "consideration money," and should as much enhance the value of a clerical preferment as the absence of street-organs would the value of a house. Moreover the advertiser clearly loves an easy life, or he would not be so careful to guard himself against a larger population. Over four hundred a year to cure a couple of hundred souls, as things now go, we think, is pretty decent pay: and with a "good and roomy house" in extremely pretty country, one might manage one would fancy to live tolerably comfortable, even though one had to preach a sermon once a week, and once a month or so go through the labour of christening.

STATISTICS FOR THE NURSERY.

(From the *Moniteur Vinicole*.)

FAIR Brussels takes the lead in beer,

Proud Stockholm loves her brandy,

Madrid is great in chocolate,

Dear to each Spanish grandee.

Vile absinthe keeps gay Paris pert,

The Turk for coffee craves,

Strong wines fill up the Britons' cup,

Who never will be slaves.

But you look here, my little man,

Be wiser than the bunch:

Through all your life pursue one plan,

And always stick to

PUNCH.

Nothing Like Lather.

A FASHIONABLE Soap-monger incessantly exposes and advertises "Bar Soap." We dare say that it is very good; but whence the name? Has the Bar so many dirty hands that it must have a special soap invented for it? Or is it an invention to enable the Bar the better to soap over juries? Or is it for washing what *Lady Macbeth* calls a "filthy Witness"? We request an explanation, accompanied by a few hundred pounds of the article against Friday next, which happens to be our washing-day.

NURSLINGS OF THE WAVES.

ON Monday last week commenced the winter session of the University of Edinburgh, when an eloquent introductory address touching science in general was delivered by Principal SIR DAVID BREWSTER. Unfortunately the address of the learned Principal was, owing to the construction of the hall in disregard of acoustics, very imperfectly heard (the reporter tells us) by a large proportion of the audience. Yes, this was very unfortunate. One of the accomplished lecturer's sentences began thus:—"Considering the ocean but as the nursery of the whale and its congeners." These words having been very imperfectly heard by many of the listeners, were partially misapprehended, and some literal and stolid students present naturally understood SIR DAVID BREWSTER to state that the ocean had been considered the nursery of the whale and the conger eels.



BATHING FOR BEDLAMITES.

WE were surprised beyond measure on Wednesday morning last at finding in the *Times* the following intelligence:—

"The bathing season in Hyde Park has now terminated."

This startling information was conveyed in a short paragraph relating to the Royal Humane Society and setting forth, with other highly interesting details, that—

"The number of bathers in the Serpentine, from the commencement of the year to the 3rd instant, was 71,356 in the mornings, and 206,948 in the evenings * * * The number of attempted suicides was eight, of whom five were rescued, and the remainder were not discovered in time to be saved."

If we remember rightly, "the Serpentine was frozen over at the commencement of the year," and the temperature was somewhere in the neighbourhood of zero: while on the evening of the third instant there was a hard frost, and we should at either period about as soon have thought of blowing out our brains as of bathing in the Serpentine. Tastes differ, it is true, but if we ever were caught bathing when the glass was down to freezing point, we think whoever dragged us out would be quite justified in fancying we were attempting suicide. Clearly a Society which calls itself "Humane" should do all within its power to prevent half-witted persons from taking insane headers when the snow is on the ground, and thereby catching in all likelihood cold, ague, cramp, neuralgia, sore-throat, bronchitis, asthma, lumbago, cough, and rheumatism, and half-a-dozen other highly disagreeable ailments, proceeding from the chills which human flesh is heir to.

Implacable Jonathan.

It is impossible to please the Yankees. They are not satisfied with our leaving them to themselves, and they also complain that we will not stand a loan. No wonder that we do not cotton together, and it is not likely we shall, so long as they continue to keep us out of cotton.

A LAMENT FOR OLD GUY.

BY AN OLD HIGH AND DRY TRUE BLUE "CHURCH AND KING MAN."

OH, ancient Guy, the time's gone by,
When we rejoiced in thee;
With lantern dark in fingers stark,
And matches fair to see!
November boys, with squibs and noise,
And begging-box held high,
Still know the hour the streets to scour,
But where's mine ancient Guy?

A figure still parades the town,
Tied in an elbow-chair,
Still waves and wags its tawdry rags,
And dangling limbs in air.
Gunpowder treason still doth lend
A licence to the cry,
That fills the air in street and square,
But where's mine ancient Guy?

The dummy thus paraded round
Is not our ancient foe,
Who SPOONER still with hate doth ill,
And NEWDEGATE also.
'Tis now the POPE with tinsel cope,
And triple crown set high,
A BLONDIN e'en, just now I've seen—
But where's mine ancient Guy?

Is it that history has lost
Its teachings for the young,
That hatred hot of Papist plot
Hath overboard been flung?
That lukewarmness hath quenched the zeal
Which blazed in times gone by,
Till in mine ire I must inquire—
Where is mine ancient Guy?

Or is 't the ribaldry which jests
With all things, grave or not,
The sense doth dim of guilt in him
Who plann'd Gunpowder Plot?
Is it since *Punch* so oft hath blown
The Parliament sky high,
That FAWKES is fallen from his throne,
And gone mine ancient Guy?

Vile Innovation nothing spares
Of all my childhood knew:
The wisdom of our ancestors
In all things we undo:
E'en *Punch*, with alien characters,
Unknown in days gone by,
Behind his mask must blush to ask—
Where is mine ancient Guy?

But if November has to mourn
One desecrated day,
Degenerate boys, new-fangled Guys,
And old hates past away,
The *mirth* is there, with its Lord Mayor,
Who in his state goes by;
So long as he installed shall be,
We've still *one* ancient Guy.

While still in mangy mortar-cap
The sword-bearer shall ride,
While still in close-curl'd wings the groonies
March by the coach's side,
While still shall pass the man in brass,
Amidst the small boys' cries—
For all we've lost, we yet may boast,
We've *several* ancient Guys!

Unpleasant Symptoms.

WE are very unhappy about the Bishop-Maker. We are sadly afraid that the Noble Earl is going over to the Church of Rome. He has been making a speech about the *Essays and Reviews*, and has assured his working-class audience that the best way to be religious is to feel, and not to try to understand. This is sad, from the Protestant SHARPSBURY. What else does every Popish priest tell his dupes? Will none of the Earl's own hierarchs call upon the Bishop-Maker, and feel his theological pulse? We repeat—we are very uneasy.



FIRST DAY OF THE SEASON.

Aunt Sally (who is very particular). "WELL, DEAR, DID YOU HAVE A NICE RIDE?"

Diana (who is particular too, but jolly). "OH! DELICIOUS AUNT; AND DO YOU KNOW, WE FELL IN WITH THE HOUNDS—FOUND A FOX AT MERRY'S GORSE, RUN HIM WITHOUT A CHECK FOR TWENTY MINUTES UP TO FRIAR'S PLANTATION—BOTHERED US A LITTLE THERE, BUT WE HIT HIM OFF AGAIN, AND AWAY WE WENT AS HARD AS WE COULD SPLIT, OVER SIMMONS' ENCLOSURES—INTO BROADFIELD PARK—RIGHT THROUGH OLD LADY GOLLOP'S GARDEN—YOU NEVER SAW SUCH A SIGHT—DIDN'T STOP THERE, BUT STEAMED AWAY DOWN FRESHWATER VALE, AND KILLED HIM IN THE OPEN, CLOSE TO DOLLMAN'S HEATH—AN HOUR AND TEN MINUTES BY MY LITTLE WATCH, AND CHARLEY BANGOROFF SAYS I WENT LIKE A BIRD, AND I'VE ASKED HIM IN TO LUNCHE, AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BECOME OF POLES AND THE COACH HORSE!"

HOW WE 'LL BREAK THE BLOCKADE.

COUSIN JONATHAN, listen, and don't make a row,
Nor fancy you'll see the B. Lion afraid,
We beg to inform you we've taken a vow,
On the earliest occasion to Break your Blockade.

We'll do it, old hoss, we'll have cotton, yes, *Sir*,
Though your lying old *Herald* may splutter and rave,
If we don't, say the Lion aforesaid 's a cur,
And bid MRS. BRITANNIA stop ruling the wave.

Would you like to know how, *Sir*? Then don't be an ass,
Ground rifle, old hoss, leave that bowie alone:
A quarrel wants two, and in spite of your sarce
We won't be the Party to shy the first stone.

But we'll break your blockade, Cousin JONATHAN, yet,
Yes, darn our old stockings, C. J., but we will.
And the cotton we'll have, and to work we will set
Every Lancashire hand, every Manchester mill.

We're recruiting to do it—we'll make no mistakes;
There's a place they call India, just over the way;
There we're raising a force which, Jerusalem, snakes!
Will clean catawompus your cruisers, C. J.

And we won't have our eggs in one basket, dear boy,
There's a place called Brazil, which you know's real jam,
The order's gone out, and the word's to employ
All hands that can help us to wop Uncle Sam.

More power to our elbow, have ever you heard,
Of Venezuela?—come, answer us, du;
There, Cousin, we hear from a nice little bird,
That a nice little rod is in pickle for you.

Ex nihilo nihil, but that won't be said
Of a certain rich valley that nurses the Nile:
We're recruiting there, too, hoss, so hang down your head
As if you'd no end of a brick in your tile.

You immortal old goney! *you* reckon to lick
The web-footed Lion that swims every sea!
We rather imagine he knows of a trick
That will turn on your backs both yourself and Legree,

You needn't be nervous, no war flag shall flaunt,
Nor powder nor steel will we trouble for aid,
But we'll have all the cotton our mill-people want;
And so—and so only—we'll Break the Blockade. !!

He is the Government.

POLITICAL scribes whose education (as not unfrequently happens with the best public instructors) has been slightly neglected, often appear in doubt whether the word "Government" is singular or plural. Some of 'em dodge the difficulty by writing that "Government has resolved to put forth their energy," &c. so as to merge their dilemma in affectedly hasty writing. But whatever difficulty may occur in ordinary times, there can be none now. Nobody will say that LORD PALMERSTON is plural.

INDIAN COTTON DEPOT



OVER THE WAY.

MR. BULL. "OH! IF YOU TWO LIKE FIGHTING BETTER THAN BUSINESS, I SHALL DEAL AT THE OTHER SHOP."

A L'HOTEL DES TROIS EMPEREURS.

I WOULDN'T be an Emperor
As Emperors are now,
For all their sceptres in my hand,
Their crowns upon my brow;
On the sword awhile grim fate may smile,
And Force may keep down Law,
But swords of Kings, those two-edged things,
May pierce the hands that draw!

There's LOUIS of France he leads the dance,
Of Despotism and Death,
But underground I hear a sound—
The pent fire's surging breath;
From the Tuileries to Saint Antoine,
There's a broad street running through,
But the way you keep for the cannon's sweep,
May serve for the people too!

There's KAISER FRANZ can bid advance
Five hundred thousand men,
On Hungary or the Adrian Sea,
But will they come back again?
With a bankrupt purse, and two nations' curses,
To struggle against e'en now;
For twice five hundred thousand men,
I'd not be FRANZ, I trow!

There's RUSSIA'S CZAR his Eagle far
O'er steppe and swamp bids fly,
From the Baltic shore, to where Amoor
The Chinese wall goes by.
But with serfs and slaves and fools and knaves,
With his good and ill at war,
For his wide domain, and as much again,
I would not be the CZAR!

For everywhere I seem to hear
Beneath Imperial thrones,
The stir and strife of sudden life
Come back to the dry, dry bones,
With a force, whose heave, e'en thrones can cleave,
And rend, with sudden jar,
The iron bands, from out the hands;
Of EMP'ROB, KAISER, CZAR!

THE HEALTH OF IRELAND.

THE serious attention of the medical men who have under their care the body politic, is required by the questionable condition of Ireland. In consequence of the abominable and absurd American War, the tide of Irish emigration has ceased almost suddenly. Here, then, is a stoppage of customary depletion, and that in the case of an individual is well known to be very dangerous; likely to be followed by apoplexy, paralysis, and all manner of inflammations and eruptions. According to analogy, Ireland ought to have a violent attack of agitation; but very few parallels run quite on all-fours, and perhaps the political health of Ireland may fortunately suffer no disturbance from the arrest of that process by which such quantities of noxious materials were continually exported from her system.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

(From *Le Wisdom*.)

AN entirely new fashion has been introduced by ladies who are justly entitled to be looked up to as models. It has obtained the most unbounded approbation from gentlemen who have the happiness to be fathers or husbands. It consists of the dresses which were purchased last winter, and which, having been carefully put away, come out with all the advantages of novelty and economy. Some leaders of the fashion have gone so far as to place in the Savings' Bank the money which new dresses would have cost, but this habit is at present confined to ladies of the most exquisite taste and judgment. So graceful and well fitting a habit will, however, it is prognosticated, have many imitators.

Literary Intelligence.

GOVERNMENT is said to have decided that all the beasts shall be turned out of the British Museum. This is good news for the Reading-Room, which is still disturbed by persons who, in defiance of PANIZZI and politeness, continue to chatter together.

MATHEMATICS FOR PRACTICAL MEN.

THEOREM I.—*A Chord having been struck by inclination, a Charming Widow and an impressible Proctor will be united.*

LET $\Delta I P$ be an Impressible Proctor; $\Delta C W$, a Charming Widow; and $T W D$, the Will of the Departed. Let $\Delta T C$ be a Tender Chord passing through $\Delta I P$: then, if $\Delta C W$ be inclined to $\Delta I P$, the former will strike $\Delta T C$, and $\Delta I P$ and $\Delta C W$ will be united. This is assuming, by way of postulate, that the expectations of $\Delta I P$ coincide with the provisions of $T W D$,—the Will which is to be proved.

THEOREM II.—*The mental elevation of an Eminent Tragedian is equal to the difference between two lines, the base and the perpendicular.*

Let $O P$ be a Theatrical Manager, and $M E$ the Mental Elevation of $\Delta E T$, an Eminent Tragedian. Then from the managerial authority of $O P$ let a base-line be extended to $\Delta E T$; call it $S P$, the Sternly Parental or heavy line. Then let a lofty or perpendicular line come from $\Delta E T$ to $O P$; call it $E R$, or line of Epistolary Remonstrance, thus:—"Sir, I spurn your heavy Fathers, and aspire to Royalty—Henry the Sixth or Eighth, Claudius, or King Lear. Yours dis obediently, FITZ-ROY." The mental elevation of $\Delta E T$ may be obtained by measuring the lines $S P$ and $E R$, it being by construction equivalent to the difference between the base and the perpendicular.

THEOREM III.—*The miseries of a Circle from which a Beautiful Coquette flies off at a Tangent.*

Let $A R O F$ be a Rich Old Flatterer, and $A B C$ a Beautiful Coquette. Round $A B C$ describe a circle $P D W$, Poor Devoted Worshippers. Then, if a parallel be drawn by $A B C$ between $A R O F$ and $P D W$, it will be found that $A B C$ will cut $P D W$, and $A R O F$ and $A B C$ will be united. But if $A H Y O$ be a Handsome Young Officer, and a parallel be drawn between $A R O F$ and $A H Y O$, it will be seen that $A B C$ will fly off at a tangent from $A R O F$, and $P D W$ and $A R O F$ in one point—that of unmitigated misery—are equal.

THEOREM IV.—*A Melodious Policeman in the area of a Square, demonstrates the Charms of Music and the Force.*

Let $A M P$ be a Melodious Policeman, and $\Delta F S$ a Fashionable Square, on one side of which is $A S C$, a Soft Cook. Then if $\Delta M P$ be inclined to $A S C$, they will be found to meet in the area of the square.

THEOREM V.—*Solution of the Vexata Questio in reference to Bodies moving in Space.*

Let $P F$ be the Plain Figure of a Fine Lady at the Court of the Prince Regent, and $M B$ the circumference of a Modern Belle. Then from $A C$, the Acute Angle of the eye of a Candid Critic, let attention be drawn to $L B$, the Line of Beauty, and $L B$ will be found to reach considerably beyond $P F$, the Plain Figure, though undoubtedly within $M B$, the Circumference of the Belle.

Corollary.—For practical purposes the difference may be reckoned as equivalent to that between the hoops of two drums, viz., the fig-drum and the big drum.

A VERY FINE FRENZY.

"INDIGNATION makes verses," says the old proverb, but indignation must make better ones than those of a correspondent of *Mr. Punch's*. The poet is in such a rage with any person who does not assist, by subscription, MR. HALLIWELL'S most praiseworthy plan for preserving the Shakspeare Gardens to the nation, that he breaks out into savage verse which he wants us to print. He begins—

"The wretch who won't subscribe to Shakspeare's Garden
Is a vile toad who is not worth a farden:
May all his gardens be o'er-run with slugs,
His house with cousins, and his beds

[No, really, we cannot print any more. We share his indignation, but do not admire its expression. Nevertheless, we urge everybody to send his money to MR. HALLIWELL.]

No Popery!

(A Joke made on Guy Fawkes' Day.)

PAM says that it is to please the Roman Catholic population of Canada that he has sent out, as Governor-General, a MONCK. He adds that this bad excuse is better than *none*. Really, the joke's as objectionable as the appointment, and that is saying a good deal, as will be found out one of these days.



CABBY. "Hansom, Captain!"
CAPTAIN. "How, Yaas; fancy so, rath-ar!"

GARIBALDI'S HEADPIECE.

THE certainty that GARIBALDI has a head upon his shoulders is no doubt extremely vexatious to the Continental Absolutists, and perhaps even to some of their British friends, who would like to decapitate him. Anything by which they are forcibly reminded of that incontrovertible fact must exceedingly annoy them, and therefore we have much pleasure in drawing their attention to a statement contained in the *Monarchia Nazionale*, which not only evidences the existence of a head on the shoulders of GARIBALDI, but also proves that it has been put on the right way. The EX-KING OF NAPLES, the ex-Dukes of the Italian States, the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, the POPE, and the MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, will be enraged to hear that:—

"GENERAL TURR has announced to the Central Committee, in the name of GARIBALDI, that it is the firm intention of the latter not to provoke any movement in favour of Rome and Venice; and that his sole wish is that every means may be employed to promote the armament of the nation."

The Roman pear, according to our friend LOUIS NAPOLEON, is not ripe yet; when it shall have attained to maturity it will fall of itself. The soundness of this Napoleonic idea may be questioned, for that of the pear itself is disputable, appearances strongly indicating that the Roman pear is not only ripe but rotten. However, there hangs the pear, for the present, on the tree which enlightened France, by means of GENERAL GOYON and ten thousand bayonets, prevents its natural proprietors from shaking. But a day must come when the sleepy old pear will fall at last. In the meanwhile the fruit-bud that might produce a fresh pear is liable to be nipped, and at least has no claim to be permitted to expand. The *Sovereign Pontiff* pear, still pendent, hangs by prescription, but any future specimen of that fruit which the gardeners of the Sacred College may think of growing in its place, they will attempt to develop against the will of their masters the Italian people. They will be justly entitled to cultivate a pontifical pear for themselves, but they will have no right to impose a pear corresponding to a *King Pippin* on the nation of which they are not the representatives. Enlightened France is under no obligation to protect any future pear, and will of course immediately retire from the orchard, and leave the pear-tree in the rightful possession of Italy; if of an armed Italy, then of an Italy that will hold the tree

fast against all comers. By that time, the Venetian pear also will probably be ripe for plucking. This operation may require an amount of force which Italian men will be enabled to wield by taking, and only by taking, GARIBALDI'S judicious advice, keeping quiet, biding their time, and in the meanwhile employing every means "to promote the armament of the nation."

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

BY THE MUSE OF THE MUSEUM.

(Slightly altered from GRAY.)

OWEN'S praise demands my song,
OWEN wise and OWEN strong,
But in spite of OWEN stout,
All the beasts must toddle out.

Out with weazles, ferrets, skunks,
Elephants, come, pack your trunks;
You no longer dwell with us,
Yawning hippopotamus.

Dusty, straddling, split giraffe,
You have stayed too long by half,
Go and take some nice fresh air
With that grim-eyed Polar bear.

"Fish, fish, fish," your Duty calls
Somewhere else than in these walds,
Flounders, you must go, that's flat,
With the salmon and the sprat.

Cloud of birds, ascend and fly,
Migrate to some kinder sky:
Perky, shiny, glittering things,
Leave the wing that holds your wings.

Fossil Man, you too must pack,
Take your slab, Sir, on your back,
Or, if you'd prefer a ride,
Mount the Mammoth by your side.

Eggs, be blowed, if you'd not break,
You your eggsit now must make;
Yes, your yolk must turn to legs,
Yes, as sure as eggs is eggs.

All those myriad butterflies,
Pins and all, must please to rise,
We can use in other ways
Miles of camphor-scented trays.

Diamonds black, and diamonds bright,
Henceforth charm suburban sight,
Follow beasts and birds and bones,
All you tons of labelled stones.

From that yellowish liquor take
Every coil, you spotted snake,
"Bonny beetles in a row,"
Stir your stumps, for you must go.

Mother Nature, beat retreat,
Out, M'm, from Great Russell Street!
Here, in future, folks shall scan
Nothing but the works of Man.

Yet look glad, for OWEN stands
Moulding GLADSTONE to his hands;
Soon you'll have a Palace new,
Worthy OWEN, us, and you.

Spite Carried to its Utmost Malignity.

AN ingenious friend of ours says he has discovered the secret of Nessus' Shirt. He says it was a shirt with all the buttons off. It was sent to Hercules purposely to annoy him, and the effect was, that every time he put it on, the absence of the buttons used to put Hercules into such a burning rage, that ultimately it was the death of him!

WAR-SONG FOR THE WITLERS.



SUGGESTED by the tremendous proceedings at their recent dinner, when Mr. GLADSTONE'S impending tyranny was denounced in language which must have stirred the very brandy-and-water of every listener:—

O, froth your beer in your bubbly can,
My blatant, blathering Publican.
No time to lose, For your vested goose
Stern GLADDY will cook, as he doubtly can.

Yes, froth your beer in your bubbly can,
My ungrammatical Publican,
For GLADSTONE'S prayed
To open the Trade,
And tax the Traffic, my Publican.

So, froth your beer in your bubbly can,
My frothy, wrathful Publican,
For the tyrant stands
With menacing hands,
Like a fierce Timour, or a Kublai Khan.
So froth your beer in your bubbly can, &c.

ARMY PREPARATION.

THE assertion has been made that British officers are sometimes sadly ignorant of English, and can hardly write six words without bad grammar or bad spelling in them. Whether this be their own fault, or the fault of their schoolmasters, it would be no easy matter to determine; but that their teachers are occasionally careless in their language, a glance at the *Times* newspaper will very often show. Here for instance is a sample which we extract at random from a score of such advertisements, which daily are addressed to future Wellingtons and Napiers, whose education for the army is at present incomplete:—

PREPARATION for the Army, Woolwich, and Sandhurst.—A married officer, late of Her Majesty's Royal Artillery, whose pupils have invariably passed their examinations with very great credit, RECEIVES, as members of his family, FOUR YOUNG GENTLEMEN, to prepare for their respective destinations, and, by a scientific course of instruction, render them efficient officers and eligible to hold staff appointments. References of the highest respectability and most satisfactory testimonials are offered. Address R. A., &c

If "R. A." has a dictionary, and will take the trouble to refer to it, he will discover that "prepare" has the letters "v. a." put with it, implying (he knows doubtless) that it is an active verb. Being such, it requires an accusative case after it, and therefore the word "them" ought to be supplied. Whether among his testimonials "R. A." have one to testify his knowledge of good English, is a matter for the parents of his pupils to inquire; but if grammar be embraced in his "scientific course," we really think the less they learn of it from him, the more eligible will his young gentlemen be for staff appointments; albeit such appointments may not require such perfect mastery of English as is required of men appointed on *Mr. Punch's* staff.

From the same day's *Times* we take another sample of bad language, in which these military teachers far too frequently indulge:—

ARMED EXAMINATIONS.—A Clergyman, M.A., RECEIVES and PREPARES CANDIDATES for direct appointments in Her Majesty's Service. Lately he has passed many at first trial; several after a few weeks' preparation. He takes only a few, and teaches all the subjects himself, thus insuring their passing. Late beginners and those backward in study rapidly and efficiently advanced. References to noblemen, officers, &c.

From his clumsy style of writing one might fancy that this clergyman not merely prepared pupils but himself examined them; for he states that he has lately "passed many at first trial," whereas really he has done no more than help them to be passed. His next sentence is even

still more awkwardly constructed; for when he tells us that he "teaches all the subjects himself, thus insuring their passing," by all the rules of grammar we are bound to understand that it is the "subjects" whose passing he insures, and this is very obviously by no means his intent.

No doubt it will be urged that no one cares a jot how an advertisement be written, so long as what is meant be comprehensible and plain. But it is just as easy for an educated man to use good English when he writes as it is to scribble bad; and when we see such careless slipslop as that which we have quoted, we are tempted to the inference either that the writer is ignorant of grammar, or that he is too lazy to write out his advertisements, and so lets them be concocted by his shoe-boy or his cook.

CHANGE FOR PETER'S PENCE.

HIS Holiness the POPE, notwithstanding the quantities of bitterness which he has continually to swallow, and the lacerations which his paternal heart is always undergoing, enjoys, nevertheless, no small consolation in the shape of Peter's Pence, and the state which those eleemosynary coppers enable him to maintain. For example, his Holiness, the other day, according to intelligence received from Rome, went to dine with the Benedictine monks at the monastery of St. Paul, *extra muros*, where military honours were rendered by four companies of Papal Zouaves and half a battery of artillery, and:—

"Eight cardinals, three French generals, numbers of ministers, prelates, monks, colonels of gendarmes and Zouaves, and other ecclesiastical and lay guests, had the honour of dining with his Holiness, and of listening after the repast, to a hymn in the Pontiff's honour, sung by 200 youths, to each of whom the POPE subsequently gave a silver medal, with his own portrait on one side, and that of the VIRGIN MARY on the other."

The honour which his Holiness did himself in issuing a medal thus stamped indicates a feature which pictures of Roman Pontiffs represent most of them as largely endowed with—cheek. He can afford some ostentation by means of Peter's pence changed into silver. He is not then so badly off. Come, the POPE he does lead a happy life after all. Far from not knowing where to lay his head or to find a meal, his Holiness seems to enjoy himself pretty much after the fashion of the LORD MAYOR of London, with the occasional addition of having a hymn sung in his honour by two hundred choristers, wherein *Pro Noxo* has the advantage of CUBITT.

It may here be remarked that there exists a certain analogy between the Civic Monarch and the Sovereign Pontiff. Both are elective sovereigns: but the LORD MAYOR is elected by the Livery, who represent the City of London, whereas the POPE is chosen by the Cardinals, who represent only the Romish Priesthood. Moreover the POPE not only rules Rome, but claims to rule the adjoining states now part of the kingdom of Italy. The LORD MAYOR, however, confines his ambition within the limits of the City, and does not also pretend to reign over the metropolitan counties.

Undoubtedly the resemblance between the POPE and the LORD MAYOR is infinitely closer than another which has been suggested. CARDINAL BERNINI, Archbishop of Viterbo and Toscauella, recently invested with red wideawake and stockings, in a pastoral letter addressed to his diocesans on the institution amongst them of a Pious Confraternity of the *obolus* of St. Peter, or society for the circumvection of the Triple Hat, after highly commending the devotion which loads the hat with the *obolus*, proceeds to institute that other comparison. In the words of our informant:—

"His Eminence goes on to compare these gifts to the offerings of the wise men of the East to our Redeemer, whose example is so well followed by his Viceroy on earth, and winds up by inviting his flock to follow likewise the faithful star, which, represented by the pious association, invites them like the Magi, to place their tribute at the feet of the persecuted Man-God (*ai piedi del perseguitato Uomo-Dio*.)"

The banquet which the Holy Father enjoyed at the monastery of St. Paul certainly appears rather to find a parallel in the festival of the Ninth of November than that of any other memorable day. The likeness between the Magi or wise men of the east and the subscribers of Peter's pence, alleged by CARDINAL BERNINI, is also very questionable; for the latter may be truly said to differ as well from wise men as from Magi in the essential particular of being no conjurors, inasmuch as they must necessarily belong to a class of persons who are proverbially said to be expeditious in parting with their money.

Sarcasm.

In the *Cornhill Magazine* is an article called *A Week's Imprisonment in Sark*. A Scotch friend writes to us to say that he can sympathize with the writer, for his own laundress has stolen all his night-gowns.

HINT TO A PEACE-LOVING NEIGHBOUR.—France's financier may be FOULD, but England will not.



AN ORDER WE HOPE TO SEE ISSUED FROM SCOTLAND YARD.

"THE POLICE HAVE STRICT ORDERS TO BONNET, PUT IN A SACK, AND LOCK UP ALL URGHINS WHO DISTURB THE PEACE OF THE METROPOLIS BY SCREAMING OUT 'DINIES' LAND.'"

OUR FEMALE IRONSIDES.

CRINOLINE is now assuming proportions which can only be correctly described as Cyclopean. It has taken a position as an article of hardware on a gigantic scale. What it has come to will be terrifically obvious from the subjoined advertisement, cut out of the *Sheffield Independent*:-

WANTED, a Cold CRINOLINE ROLLER, to work six pairs of Rolls. None but first-rate Workmen and steady men will be engaged. Apply to W. H. BROWN & Co., Albion Iron and Steel Works.

Sheffield is the only place where the manufacture of Crinoline is possible, now that the forges of Etna have ceased working. When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove, he little dreamt of being called upon to forge the petticoats of Venus. As the husband of that goddess, he would have objected to her wearing steel petticoats, and in his capacity of blacksmith would at least have declined to make them. Wanted, at an Iron and Steel Works, "a Cold Crinoline Roller." What monstrous engine is that which the Cold Crinoline Roller has to manage; of how many horse-power to work six pairs of Rolls? One, evidently, whose tremendous powers can only be trusted in the hands of a first-rate workman and a steady man. Fancy the iron clang attendant on the obstinate resistance offered by the cold hard Crinoline to the forcible operation of rolling. In its previous hot stage, glowing red on the stithy, Crinoline must present a sight of appalling splendour. Ho! ho! how the sparks must flash and fly from the ruddy ribs of steel under the thumps of the contemporary TUBAL-CAIN, or more probably, the strokes of the NASMYTH steam-hammer!

We have now both steel clad men of war and steel-clad women, and the same powerful machinery as that required for plating a vessel seems necessary to case the female sex in mail. Our steam rams walk the waters, or ought to do so by this time; and perhaps we shall soon have steam ewes, so to speak, walking the thoroughfares in armour, and running the unfortunate passengers down. The maidens of England will be so strongly fortified that they will be susceptible of no impres-

MINIMISED MUSIC.

Nor in any way connected with LORD BACON'S *Novum Organon*, a new organ has been patented bearing the new title of the "Minima Organ." Among other good qualities, it is said to have "great compass," notwithstanding its small size, and such "power of expression" and "sweetness of tone," as must subdue and mollify the sourest of the critics. Moreover, it is very "delicately voiced," and although intended chiefly, of course, to please the ear, it is not devoid of ocular attractions; for like a gent in a police-court, it has an "elegant exterior," and nobody who makes its acquaintance can deny that there certainly is something of the Swell about it. Its chief excellence, however, is its marked economy of space as well as cost, and the saving it effects will doubtless highly recommend it to people with small parlours and purses made to match.

This much we have learnt from a description of the organ which the *Times* and *Morning Post*, and several other organs of opinion, have supplied. All that we would add is, that if what is said be true, we trust that the street organists will soon be furnished with these organs, instead of the old cracked-voiced squeaking instruments of torture where-with they have been hitherto permitted to torment us. To victims like ourselves, who unhappily are gifted with a good ear for good music (and therefore suffer aural martyrdom, of course, when hearing bad), it would be a great relief were street organs invested with a "sweetness of tone," in lieu of the shrill harshness wherewith they now afflict us; and if they were made more "delicately voiced," we should be less apt to consider them a nuisance. We wish then that some affluent and charitable people would get up a society to furnish these new organs to the grinders in the streets, and give them some instruction so to play upon the "Minima," that they may extract a minimum of noise from it. Of street organs we may say that the less they're heard the better: and, for such purpose the "Minima" seems evidently fit, as of all organs its name implies that it must be the least. We are ever willing to encourage good inventions; and as these small organs must be suited for small parties, we grant hereby our gracious permission to their maker to forward us a dozen as a present to our little ones, who, not being like the Minimas, at all "delicately voiced," would doubtless shriek and shout their shrillest at the sight of such nice playthings, *i.e.*, things wherewith to play.

sion from any force under that of an ARMSTRONG gun. They are already coming it a good deal too strong in their steel casings, and carrying more metal than what a reasonable man would willingly take in tow. The rolls of cold Crinoline with which they encircle themselves are an eyesore and an inconvenience against which it is much to be wished that an application to the MASTER OF THE ROLLS could procure an injunction.

WILL YOU BUY ME THEN AS NOW?

(*The Indian Cotton Question.*)

You have told me that you want me, and of course the truth you speak,
For your looms half time are working, and your cotton you've to seek,
No "American" obtaining, under that severe blockade
By the Northern States established, which suspends the Southern trade.
But if North and South should happen ever to conclude their row,
Ere the ruin of their commerce, will you buy me then as now?

Somewhat lower price that other article may then combine
With a quality superior in a small degree to mine.
Money having been invested in the labour and the land
Needful for my cultivation, with a view to your demand,
Can I trust that you'll continue faithful to your present vow?
Better market once more open, will you buy me then as now?

Logical and Theological.

THE MORMONS, through MR. BRIGHAM YOUNG, have sent in their adhesion to the North. Of course. The leading doctrine of Mormonism is Union without Affection.

ST. DISRAELI TO THE RESCUE.



O the accomplished Author of the *Infernal Marriage*, *Ixion in Heaven*, and other theological works (need we name, MR. DISRAELI), has been delivering, before the BISHOP OF OXFORD, and all sorts of Archdeacon, a speech on Church Matters. It was an extremely clever and effective performance, and the lay orator walked into the *Essays and Reviews* with a far more smashing criticism than *Mr. Punch* has seen put forth by any of the clerical assailants of the book, the Bishop-maker included. This part of the speech is so good that *Mr. Punch* (who, from circumstances over which he has no control, is infrequently permitted the satisfaction of applauding MR. DISRAELI) inclines to immortalise a few of his sentences. After declaring his belief that the principal Authors of the *Essays* had en-

gagements with Society inconsistent with what was recommended in the book (a delicate way of saying, that people who took the Church's honours and pay had no right to discredit her doctrines), MR. DISRAELI gave a little sketch of German theology. This, formerly Mysticism, became, he said, Critical, and was maintained by the Rationalists:—

"But where is Rationalism, and where are Rationalists now? They have ceased to exist; they have been erased from the intellectual tablets of living opinion. Another school of philosophical theologians arose in Germany, and with profound learning and inexorable logic they proved that rationalism was irrational—(laughter)—and they substituted for the rational

scheme of the interpretation of the Scriptures a new scheme called the Mythical system. But if it be true, which undoubtedly it is, that the mythical theologians triumphantly demonstrated that rationalism was irrational, equally true is it that by this time the mythical system has itself become a myth. (Cheers and laughter.) The most eminent and most distinguished votaries of that school have enlisted their energies and devoted their powers to a new and all-triumphant development of German theology, which is now raging in that country, and which, in deference to the spirit of progress, which is the characteristic, as we are told, of the nineteenth century, and which generally ends in a recurrence to ancient ideas—(cheers and laughter)—this new system consists in a most able revival of pagan pantheism. (Cheers.) Now, that is a literally true sketch of the various phases through which the most intellectual opinion of Germany during the last century has passed. (Hear, hear.) I ask you, is the Church to be alarmed by such overreaching and capricious speculations as these? (Hear)—and is society to be disturbed by a volume which is after all but a secondhand medley of these discordant, inconsistent, and self-destroying theories? No religious creed was ever destroyed by a philosophical theory. Philosophies destroy themselves. EPICURUS was at least as great a man, I apprehend, as HEGEL, yet it was not EPICURUS that subverted the Olympian religion."

So far, *Mr. Punch* has nothing but praise for his friend MR. DISRAELI. He speaks like a scholar and an orator. But on the other points on which it pleased the author of *Coningsby* to champion the Church, *Mr. Punch* is by no means so sure that the respected Lady will do well to follow MR. DISRAELI's advice. He certainly recommended Unity, which is a very good thing in its way, but his counsel to the clergy to stand shoulder to shoulder, and take theological matters out of the hands of laymen, may not be quite so prudent, in days when it is really only a question of "worth while" whether LORD PALMERSTON shall *scraper* the Parsons' Parliament, Convocation, or not. And upon the Church Rate Question, *Mr. Punch* submits that if the Church should take the ground recommended by the author of *Tancred*, and go in for the Rate in all its integrity and accept no compromise, ARCHBISHOP PUNCH foresees great trouble in his archiepiscopate. In fact the counsel of MR. DISRAELI will exactly do what he said the Societies he was addressing did—it will "Form one great whole"—in which hole the Church will find itself. However, we will talk over this matter with him when we meet at Philippi; meantime we compliment him on his brilliant speech, and fear he has too much brains to fight decorously the battle of Bosh.

THE REAL RULER OF FRANCE.—By an Extraordinary Gazette published in the *Moniteur* of November 14th, "M. FOULD has been nominated Minister of Finance, in place of NAPOLEON THE THIRD resigned."

SABBATARIAN ESPIONAGE.

ON Monday last week, according to a police report at Hammersmith,

"MRS. SARAH STARBUCK, the landlady of the Cannon public-house, Queen Street, Hammersmith, was summoned before MR. DAYMAN to answer the complaint of the Police, for having her house open on Sunday morning, the 3rd inst., before one o'clock."

This charge was supported by the solitary evidence of a spy:—

"The only witness in this case was Police Constable WOODBRIDGE of the J Division, a plain clothes officer of Notting Hill. On the Sunday in question he was employed especially in the district of Hammersmith to watch the public-houses."

Police-Constable WOODBRIDGE swore that—

"He saw thirteen men in the parlour or tap-room and ten men at the bar. This was about half-past twelve o'clock. The door opened in consequence of a knock from the outside, and he attempted to pass in, but was prevented. Though he stated that he was a constable and showed his card, he was pushed out. He swore that he succeeded in getting one leg and his head inside the door, and that in the struggle he was able to count the men in the parlour and at the bar. He also saw a man drinking from a pot full of beer."

All these allegations Police-Constable WOODBRIDGE deposed; and on his solemn oath—

"He further stated that he remained outside until one o'clock, and that he saw some of the same men come out of a private house in Ship Lane, a thoroughfare running on the side of the public-house."

Police-Constable WOODBRIDGE having made the above statements under the obligation acknowledged by kissing the Book, was then cross-examined by MR. MARTIN, and—

"Admitted that MR. ARNOLD, on the ground that he did not believe the evidence, dismissed a similar complaint against another licensed victualler in Hammersmith on Saturday."

In contradiction of every word which the spy, Police-Constable WOODBRIDGE had sworn, three witnesses were called.

"They swore that there were only three persons in the house at the time referred to, namely, MRS. STARBUCK, the potman, who was placing his cans in the bar, and a man who had returned a ladder he had borrowed. They also proved that there was

no outlet at the back, as the yard was surrounded by the walls of adjoining houses, and that there were no windows or doors through which any man could leave. It was denied that the constable showed his card."

Moreover—

"Inspector HARR said that he visited the house, accompanied by a constable, a quarter of an hour before, and that he found no men there."

Under these circumstances it was evident that Police-Constable WOODBRIDGE had sworn to things which he had either dreamt or invented, and—

"MR. DAYMAN said it was an extraordinary case, and dismissed the summons."

Of course the summons was dismissed—and perhaps an inquiry is now pending to ascertain whether Police-Constable and spy WOODBRIDGE is a dreamer of dreams, or a deponent of things which are not. Under favour of the Magistrate, this was not altogether a very extraordinary case. By WOODBRIDGE's own showing a similar case had occurred on Saturday. Policemen in plain clothes appear to be not uncommonly employed to watch public-houses on Sundays. It is not unusual for them to inform against publicans for keeping open house at unlawful hours. Nor does it not occasionally happen that an intelligent stipendiary Magistrate like MR. DAYMAN as contradistinguished from an unpaid old Sabbatarian blockhead of a Country Justice, dismisses the information, doubting the informant's evidence.

By many a County *quorum* of 'squires and parsons, and by many a theocracy of municipal *Mauworms* on a borough bench, every word that a police spy and informer had the audacity to swear against a publican accused of a breach of the Sunday laws, would be believed in the face of any number of witnesses. MRS. STARBUCK, our heroines of the Cannon, may rejoice in hanging out that warlike sign under the reign of constitutional legality in free Hammersmith.

It cannot be under orders from the Home Office that policemen disguised in plain clothes sneak about as spies commissioned to catch out publicans in infringing a sectarian Act of Parliament, and for that purpose themselves tempt them to infringe it by opening their doors. Will the Government a moment longer encourage the fellows to bear false witness against their neighbours on trumped-up charges of profaning the so-called Sabbath day?



THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC LOOKING-GLASS.

"Ain't it a jolly sell, Mr. O'TOOLE! but don't tell Ma when she comes down, 'cause she said I wasn't to show it YOU on any account!"

(N. B. Anybody failing to see the point, is referred to the now widely-circulated "Portrait of the Gorilla," to be obtained at the nearest Photographers.)

MIRACULOUS MUSIC.

"LORD SHAFTESBURY, while speaking at a meeting, at Birmingham, the other night, became so indisposed that he was obliged to resume his seat. A few verses of a hymn having been sung, the noble chairman sufficiently recovered to be able to proceed with his address."

It is very uncharitable, that is to say, very like the *Record*, not to have told us what the hymn was that was instantly efficient in restoring the health of a British Nobleman. It might be beneficial to others besides the excellent LORD SHAFTESBURY (who will be the last person to be offended at Mr. *Punch's* asking him to join in a laugh at the *Record*), and the words and music should be made known. That is to say, they should, unless the remedy were like that composed by *Don Quixote* in the tin bottle, and which did the knight good, but made the squire *Sancho* so awfully ill, that he became convinced that aristocratic medicines did not suit plebeians. If the *Record* did not think this the case, we decidedly ought to have been told all about the magic hymn. We have heard beautiful music at Birmingham, but never anything to equal this.

Concise, if Not Correct.

AN Englishman, who thought he knew everything, as many Englishmen do, was endeavouring to prove that the French language was capable of expressing a great deal more in a few words than the English could in several, and as a convincing example he brought forward the following instance:—"You see, if I wanted to state that I had lost my war-horse in battle, all I should have to say would be simply, '*Mon cheval est horse-de-combat.*'"

A BILL ACCEPTOR.—A Dead Wall.

TALES OF MY GRANDMOTHER.



ARAH, my dear, I know of a chimney (though stopping at present in a lodging-house, it is one of very high ascent), that is so extremely well brought up that, though it has been an inveterate, and, we may say, an incurable smoker all its life, yet no sooner does it see a lady enter the room, than it says in a voice as sweet as a tea-kettle's, 'I hope my smoke isn't disagreeable to you, Ma'm?' And, if the lady says 'as how it is,' and begins coughing to prove it so—then the chimney, without waiting to be blown up, or hauled over the coals, or put out, as all smokers in the presence of ladies certainly deserve being done unto, does not give another blessed puff, but goes out instantly of its own accord! There, you wouldn't believe it, but I tell you it's a fact."

Observation (made by SARAH, an Elderly Lady). "Yes, my dear, and there's many a young gentleman of the present day, who might follow the example of that excellent chimney with the very best advantage!"

[Left Speaking.]

ANOTHER SECESSIONIST.—Should the POPE at last resolve upon yielding up his temporal power, it will obviously be an act of Papal Sec-ession.

THE SPENDTHRIFT BROUGHT TO HIS SENSES.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, Emperor of the French,
So now your Majesty must needs retrench.
I said that you were going on too fast,
And such extravagance could never last.

If sovereigns would achieve grand works of peace,
Their armaments of war they ought to cease;
Great cities to rebuild it will not do,
If you keep up great fleets and armies too.

Big vessels, cased in adamant mail,
And armed with rifle-cannon, cost entail.
So do fine streets, which may, from end to end,
Be swept with cannon, my Imperial friend.

You've let your cask at tap and bunghole run;
Of those two outlets you must now stop one.
You've burnt your candle, wasting too much fat,
At either end—must blow out this or that.

And then you've put me to a vast expense,
Obliging me to arm in self-defence;
Gladly would I some building, too, have done;
But I could not afford it, so did none.

This penal Income-Tax, whose pinch I rue,
I pay my Government, but owe to you,
Whilst your own folks endure still greater woes,
In every manner paying through the nose.

Come, now, your threatening preparations stop;
Take stock; let either of us mind his shop;
Try, not which most can spend, but which can get:
Adopting thrift, we may be happy yet.

THE LARGEST COTTON MILL IN THE WORLD.—The fight at present going on between North and South in America.



CHEERFUL SUGGESTION.

YOUNG HOPELESS (who is always putting his foot in it). "By the bye, Aunt, dear, I suppose you'll take an Accidental Death Ticket. Make it for a £1,000, and give it to me, as I do so want some ready Money!"

SPARTAN DISCIPLINE AT WOOLWICH.

THE following remarks on the pending investigation respecting the discipline and management of the Military Academy at Woolwich, were delivered at the Pigtail Club, by old MR. SOWERBY, on his legs wide apart, with his back to the fire, and his coat-tails brought forward, hanging over his wrists:—"I wish somebody would interfere and put a stop to this, eh? this unnecessary—unnecessary and ridiculous—Woolwich Inquiry. A set of meddlesome, officious, mischievous, contemptible milksops! I mean the blockheads, the—the—boobies—the numskulls, who originated the subject. A hubbub, a fuss, an agitation, a controversy—a much ado about nothing! What the devil—the devil!—what do they complain of; what would they have? There is a deuce of a draught from that window; I feel it as I am standing here.

"I say, what is it that those idle, talkative, inquisitive, humanitarian humbugs want? To ruin the Army, Sir. At least, that is what they would do if they had their way. What? They would like a Military College, to be conducted on the system of a—what?—a Seminary for Young Ladies; the Cadets to dine principally on chicken, and breakfast upon *chocolat-au-lait*, and thin bread-and-butter. Those are the arrangements which, I imagine, they propose to introduce at Woolwich. Curtains to the Cadets' beds, Sir—eh?—and what?—the beds warmed for the Young Gentlemen on frosty nights. Ahem! Ugh-ugh! Can't get rid of this confounded cough, Sir.

"Eh?—what?—by Jove, Sir, when I was a young man there was none of this nonsense. Lads at School or College had to rough it. Ate their meals off wooden trenchers, bread and scrape and skyblue for breakfast, rank beef and fat mutton for dinner, or scrap pie and stick-jaw—would have made no mouths at cat's-meat—a schoolboy, especially a young fellow going into the Army, ought to have the stomach of a horse. That curry—how it keeps rising!

"No time to—what?—devote to personal cleanliness? In my opinion there's a great deal too much nicety about washing now-a-days—nothing

but soap and water—soap, soap, soap and water. A soldier ought to accustom himself to dirt and discomfort. Can't clean their teeth of a morning? And why should they? No soldier ought ever to carry a tooth-brush. No need to clean their teeth at all. Want tooth-powder next, I suppose—tooth-powder! Use tooth-powder enough in biting a cartridge. Hair, cropped close, requires little brushing. What with washing hands and face—and paring nails—and cutting corns—and all that sort of thing—a cadet in these times is likely to be bred up a perfect—Sybarite. Eh?—a twitch of rheumatism in the hand!—that rascal of mine forgot to air the newspaper.

"No, Sir—the proper school—the proper sort of school—for all young men—especially military men—is one of which I once met with a description, quoted, somewhere, from one of the works for the day—most of which are only fit for—what shall I say?—to—light the fire. It was an account of a school at a place in Yorkshire—a school kept I think—if I recollect rightly—but my memory is so treacherous—kept by a MR. THACK or WHACK—what? THACKFORD or WHACKFORD SQUEERS. Now that, I say Sir, that is the proper school for boys—or young men—and that school was conducted on the same principles of Spartan discipline, Sir—Spartan discipline—as those which till now have always been—eh?—what?—maintained at Woolwich. Spartan discipline, Sir; that's my maxim in education—I say, always,—Spartan discipline!"

The Pope's Keeper.

A REGULAR back-boned JOHN BULL, who objects to French occupations generally, and particularly to those of the French Army, says he wishes the name of the commanding General at Rome were GOING, or GO(X)-ON, and that there were a speedy chance of the name being carried out literally by his leaving the POPE by himself to fight his own battles. In fact, the above wish might, we fancy, be improved upon by quietly and emphatically saying to the illustrious Papal protector—"General, Go-ron-der!" pointing significantly in the direction of France.

CURIOUS PERSONS TO MEET.



SOME of the ornaments that were distributed about the Guildhall on the occasion of the Lord Mayor's dinner, struck us as being somewhat out of good taste. We might have expected them at an Egyptian feast, which was generally presided over by a grim skeleton, but we must say they were a little *de trop* at a festivity, where everything was supposed to have the holiday look of good nature and good cheer. For instance, there were assembled together a statue of *Melancholy*, as well as a bust of the *Mournful Girl*; and as though that was not enough, there was also liberally thrown in (for the purpose, we suppose, of keeping them in countenance; or it may have been the effect produced by their depressing society) a bust of the *Weeping Girl*! This was a

little too much of the lachrymose order. Whilst they were about it, why didn't they have a couple of mutes at the door? It was a sombre compliment to the principal guest of the evening. It must have been about the first time that PALMERSTON and *Melancholy* ever met together under the same roof, though as for that his Lordship must have been equally surprised to have found in his presence a *Mournful Girl*, much less one (*proh pudor!*) who was *Weeping*! Of course, such was the effect of his *riant* society, that *Melancholy* was found, long before the evening was over, to have been turned into mirth of the most uproarious description; whilst of the two sorrow-stricken girls, the one, who had been mourning, was unquestionably discovered with the broadest of broad grins, and the other, who had lately been left weeping, was with as little doubt detected in the act of crying her eyes out—with pleasure. Such is the charm of a popular manner!

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

"DEAR PUNCE,

"I AM sure the British Playgoer, grumbler though he be, can't complain that there are wanting endeavours to amuse him. With the exception of HER MAJESTY'S, every theatre we have in London is now open: the little one in Dean Street being added to the number, under the direction of—whatever be the Servian for 'Miss'—ALBINA DI RHONA. This sprightly piquant dancer has succeeded to the throne where once MISS KELLY held her court, and the boards long-trodden only by aspiring amateurs now throb beneath the buskins of the regular professionals. *Atar Gull*, her opening piece, has no great nominal attraction; and, to judge by what one hears, the plot is not much more attractive than the title. So I shall let the Gull fly off before I pay my visit: and then I hope to see Miss RHONA'S sparkling eyes, and lissome twinkling legs, without having to sit through a prelude of bad melo-drama, for which she would be wise to substitute good farce.

"These two last words remind me to notice Mr. ROBSON'S return to the Olympic: improved, I hope sincerely for a permanence, in health. Absurdly farcical and funny, *A Legal Impediment* just fits him with one of those quaint bits of low-life character, of which his *Wandering Minstrel* was his first, and best example. In these parts MR. ROBSON is utterly unrivalled, indeed in other hands they would quite fail of their effect. Men with bilious minds may call his acting mere buffoonery, but I'll defy them to help laughing at his ever-varying oddities; and with all his aped vulgarity, he is never coarse. It really puzzles one to fancy how he keeps his countenance while 'making up' his face: and yet one feels convinced he must have practised with a looking-glass, in studying those stolid, blank and puzzled looks, those gleams of sly, dry humour, and those wondrous cunning winks. A good laugh, we all know, is a good thing for the digestion: and any one who has a spare hour after dinner, and wants to exercise the muscles that are used in cackination, had better go and join the mightily roar at Mr. ROBSON, which is now excited by his character of *Sl-hush*.

"The PRINCE and HARRISON régime has recommenced at Covent Garden, and deserves to be supported if only for the reason that We

play-goers of England here can take our seat at ease. Without ever being bullied by a box-keeper for fees. A great comfort this, and one that should be general: but Managers are highly conservative of nuisances, and common sense as yet is confined in the above point to this house and the Adelphi. MISS PYNNE'S clear charming voice is an additional attraction, and I hope she will not weaken it by her over-work. *Ruy Blas* six nights a week was enough to kill a GRASS. I can't say it surprised me when this opera was withdrawn. Although well mounted and well sung there was great heaviness about it, partly owing to the sombre nature of the plot. I doubt if making operas out of plays be a wise course, at any rate for English composers to adopt. Our actors as a rule act better than our singers: and when one has seen M. FECHTER in a part, one can't help somewhat missing his pregnant point and polish, however well the character be played by his successor.

"Stage Managers have had enough to do the last few days: for, including Sadler's Wells and the 'New Royalty' in Dean Street, at no less than six theatres have new pieces been produced, and when the *Octoroon* is out a seventh may be counted. The power of ubiquity is not one of my possessions: and, as I never speak except from personal inspection, I must confine myself at present to one of the half dozen. In the shape of a queer piece called *Our American Cousin*, I am glad to say that Comedy has come back to her old home, and one can once again enjoy a hearty laugh at the Haymarket. In the place of MR. BOOTH, who has taken his *Sir Giles* for an airing in the country (why stage slang says 'the provinces,' I never yet could learn), MR. BUCKSTONE has engaged another actor from America, who is a vastly more original and more amusing personage. The play which introduces him is put together hastily, and needs no special comment: but they who wish to see a new type of a Swell, quite different from any that the stage before has showed them, should go and have a laugh at MR. SOTHERN'S *Lord Dundreary*. A double-eyeglassed dandy, with dyed whiskers, which he paws and throws over his shoulder, who does not draw his words, but speaks them somewhat through his nose, and with a stutter and a lisp, may not seem a very novel or attractive sort of character, but, as MR. SOTHERN plays it, really it is both. For quaint and quiet humour, nothing can excel his vacuous solemnity, and the empty-headed stare wherewith he ponders on what puzzles him: while his misery when interrupted in a sneeze, although a bit of 'gag,' is really very droll. Of course nobody in life has ever seen a *Lord Dundreary*, thinking every one a lunatic except his brainless self; yet his attitudes are natural, and his humour new and fresh: while, despite of all his funny and fantastic caricaturing, there is a something true to nature in his almost every touch. *Our American Cousin* has but little else attractive in it: but playgoers I fancy will flock to *Lord Dundreary*, if but to hear him read the letter from his 'lunatic brother' SAM, which the evening I attended was given with such grave humour that the pitites cried 'Encore!'

"ONE WHO PAYS."

FASHION FOR THE FIRESIDE.

TO MRS. J.

I GIVE thee this fireproof dress, my love.

Wearing all that attire,

It gives me the greatest distress, my love,

To see thee go near the fire.

Shouldst thou tread upon a match, and were thy drapery to catch,

Thou 'dst be burnt alive;

And the loss of such a wife, whom I love better than my life,

I could ne'er survive.

That muslin expanse is untrustable,

Anywhere near a light;

But this one is incombustible,

So that it won't ignite.

And thy Crinoline may swell beyond the biggest Minster-bell;

Yet secure thou 'lt be,

In a dress that can't inflame, from a death that I may name,

Premature Suttee.

JONES.

Another Yankee Drink—"American Bounce."

THIS is so tremendously strong, that we never knew any one yet who could stop in the same room with it. Let him resist as he will, it is sure eventually to drive him away in disgust from the place. This drink is so nauseous and sickly that it has been found to disagree with all foreigners, but Englishmen especially. In fact, it is so revolting that it is our belief the present rebellion is in a strong measure owing to its mischievous tendencies. None but a Yankee can possibly stand it for a minute. All American liquorings invariably wind up with "Bounce."



THE WILFUL BOY.

JONATHAN. "I WILL FIGHT—I WILL HAVE A NATIONAL DEBT LIKE OTHER PEOPLE!"



THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT IN PARIS—RETRENCHMENT.

STEWART (TO GENTLEMAN IN DIFFICULTIES). "I SHOULD RECOMMEND GETTING RID OF SOME OF THE GUNS, SIR,
AND LETTING BRICKS AND MORTAR ALONE FOR THE PRESENT!"

ADVERTISING SCAMPS.



If we credit the old madrigal, a certain Swan when dying informed the world in general that—

“More geese than swans
do live, more fools than
wise.”

and the truth of this assertion the reports in our police-courts seem daily to confirm. Hardly a *Times* passes without recording how some flat has been quite cleaned out by some sharpers; and it is curious to note that in nine cases out of ten the same stale dodge has been pursued. The Flat being accosted by a Stranger in the street, who asks him what the time is, or which the way to Woolwich, and then suddenly reflecting that he feels somewhat at first, proposes to the Flat to have a drop of beer, and

Flat consenting, off they walk to a public Stranger knows, where a brace of other Strangers immediately drop in and challenge Stranger No. 1 to a friendly game of skittles, asking Flat to act as umpire and hold the stakes. If Flat agrees, of course he soon gets tempted into play, and equally of course he is immediately cleaned out, and not seldom is persuaded to pawn his watch and chain, or to go home to his lodgings for a fresh supply of cash, one of the Strangers very kindly volunteering to go with him. But if the Flat fights shy, having haply heard of skittles and the perils that attend them, then Stranger No. 2 bets Strangers 1 and 3 that he can lift a heavier weight, or show a smarter snuff-box than either of those gentlemen, and Flat gets tempted to a wager that he can beat the winner, which of course he does, and equally of course this leads on to more betting as well as to more beer, and Flat gets fuddled and confused, and thinks the drink must have been drugged; for when he “comes to,” it is evening, and the Strangers are all gone, and so, he finds, is everything of value he had with him. Such sharpening tricks as these are as stale as last month’s muffins, and one wonders how such donkeys can be found as are still duped by them. Indeed, we really can scarce pump up any pity for these asses; for if they read the newspaper (and who now-a-days does not?) they must know what is coming when they get into such company, and it is their own fault if they are fools enough to stay in it.

But another kind of sharpening is now pretty largely practised, to which police attention has not so much been drawn, and we may therefore do some service by helping to expose it. Headed in big type “How to GET A GENTLEEL LIVING,” or “A FORTUNE FOR FIVE SHILLINGS,” or “DO YOU WANT TO REALISE A THOUSAND POUNDS A YEAR?” advertisements are constantly inserted in the papers, benevolently offering these boons to any “party” who applies (by letter only, with six stamps for a reply) at an under-named address. Occupation being promised to persons of both sexes, it is not surprising that poor ladies are entrapped into sending the six stamps; in return for which they sometimes are favoured with a letter, stating that the advertiser requires ten shillings more, either as a fee for entering their names, or as a “security for the first employment sent.” This latter phrase appeared in a letter which was read the other day in a police-court, in which the “lucrative engagement” that was offered by the advertiser was revealed to be three hours of needlework per day for a “large commercial house” (no name given) in Berlin. By this genteel occupation the advertiser stated that upwards of a hundred ladies in his employ realised as much as forty shillings in a week, a prospect surely quite sufficient to induce a genteel needlewoman to send off the ten shillings “by stamps or post-office order,” and await the “articles” which were to be sent. After waiting, say, a week or so, and hearing nothing further, she might think it worth her while to call at the address to which her stamps had been directed, and then the chances are that she will make some such discovery as was made in the police case to which we have referred:—

“The applicant said that he had been to the address given and found it to be a small tobacconist’s shop. All the person who keeps the shop could tell of Mr. GRAHAM was, that he called at her shop some days ago, purchased half an ounce of tobacco, and requested her to take in some letters for him addressed there. She agreed to do so, but they came in such quantities that she became alarmed and refused to receive any more. Mr. GRAHAM she described as a shabby-looking young man, who smoked a short pipe, and walked about in the neighbourhood of her shop, awaiting such letters as came, and then took possession of them. The applicant thought the whole affair a gross attempt to swindle, and his object in coming before the Court was that it might be exposed in such a way as to prevent industrious and deserving persons from being imposed on by a worthless impostor. The press had done much to protect the public in such cases, and if its representatives present would kindly notice the matter, he had no doubt it would have the desired effect.”

To expose a sneaking humbug, and to smash a swindling scamp, is a duty to society that *Punch* will never shrink from: and if “MR. GRAHAM” will oblige

him with his photograph, it shall be copied in these pages as the portrait of a scoundrel who lives by telling lies, and cheating honest people who are in want of work. The fact that “MR. GRAHAM,” and rascals of his breed, aim mainly to impose upon poor weak and struggling women, who would eke out a small income by their own honest handwork, adds a number of degrees to the hot wrath of *Mr. Punch*; and as he is at times of an irritable temperament, the chances are, that if he catches any “shabby looking” gent coming out of a tobacconist’s with a short pipe and lots of letters, he will pounce upon the “party” as an advertising swindler, and will kick him all the way to the most distant of police-courts, and there leave him to be dealt with as the law directs.

FORTY MILLIONS OF DEFICIT!!!

Forty Millions of Deficit!
En Imperator quod efficit!
Are you struck dumb, France, or deaf is it?
FORTY MILLIONS OF DEFICIT!

Of glory you’ve *quantum sufficit*,
But that is not quite enough, is it?
To balance a fact so tough, is it
As FORTY MILLIONS OF DEFICIT?

In a real Turk’s Paradise (*Kef*, is it?)
Quod intus Præcordia reficit,
By the gulf, with heart never heavy sit,
And sing FORTY MILLIONS OF DEFICIT!

At Compiègne crown’d kings in bevy sit:
France is there to pay tax: who levies it?
Gulf, indeed! this trumpety grovice, it
Is but FORTY MILLIONS OF DEFICIT!

For my Uncle a fig! let his nevy sit:
Light soldier will keep down heavy cit—
And let’s see if FOULD can’t give us it—
This FORTY MILLIONS OF DEFICIT!

Let France, with her Bourse bladders *crève* sit,
While her Emperor dances and levées it,
O’erbuides, o’erarnys, o’ernavys it,
To FORTY MILLIONS OF DEFICIT!

A PIECE OF ADVICE.

At the last theatrical representation given before the EMPEROR at Compiègne, we notice that the title of one of the pieces was *L’Argent fait Peur*. If the *argent* is wanting, of course, it does frighten one, and a deficit of 100,000,000 francs, which is as much as France for the moment acknowledges to, is more than enough to make the boldest quake with fear. This may be the kind of *peur* that has caused the present French financial crisis, and necessitated the appointment of M. FOULD as Minister of the Finances. If the above vaudeville was accidentally selected, it was at all events a piece of advice very opportunely given. Let us hope that M. FOULD’s success, as the French Chancellor of the Exchequer, empty as the latter at present may be, may soon have the happy effect of one species of fear being promptly succeeded by another of a more cheerful character, viz.—the one elicited in MADAME DE GIRARDIN’S beautiful little piece of *La Joie fait Peur*. That joy, when it does come, may make France more careful for the future as to the way in which she spends her money. Where is the fun, or profit, of building fine houses (and Paris will soon be a capital of nearly all fine houses) if there is nothing but empty cupboards in them?

Debilitas in Profundis.

A “CITY article” says,
“Vague rumours have been in circulation the last two days of another difficulty in connection with the tallow market.”

A dreadful idiot writes to us that these are wicked rumours, and have simply arisen from the remark of an eminent City man at Brighton last week, that BRILL’S bath is so thronged that there is no getting a dip. We are really ashamed to print such rubbish.



SCENE—COMMERCIAL ROOM.

INCIDENT COMMERCIAL TO CRUSTY OLD TRAVELLER. "You're always in the Fashion, I see. Last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, Mauve was the prevailing Colour, and your Nose was Mauve. Now Magenta is all the go, and it's changed to Magenta."

MANIACS AND THEIR MONEY.

THERE are people in the world who have either so much money that they don't know what to do with it, or else are so silly that they fool away large sums without doing good to anybody, not even to themselves. One of either of these sorts appears to be the person whose initials are subjoined, his modesty preventing the insertion of his name:—

THE Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt ACKNOWLEDGE the RECEIPT, from A. P. O., of BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES for £200, to be applied in reduction of the National Debt.

Of course the Nation ought to feel enormously obliged to any one who helps it in paying off its debts; but what appreciable good to any single human being the payment of these notes for £200 will do, is a problem that would pose the calculation of a COCKER; and bewilder even a BABBAGA in endeavouring to solve. Had A. P. O. selected some deserving person (say, for instance, *Mr. Punch*), and sent him the £200, some good would have been done, and *Mr. Punch* would have been proud to hand down to posterity the Christian names and Surname for which those initials stand. Let this delicate hint be taken in cases of this sort; and, when people are distressed with a pecuniary plethora, let them send the surplus which afflicts them to the *Punch* Office, and so earn the lasting gratitude of at least one individual, instead of benefitting nobody, and being laughed at more than thanked.

The same course might be followed with quite obvious advantage by persons who send Conscience-money into the Exchequer; and who, if they would only forward it to Fleet Street, would not, as they now do, bring the nation to disgrace. As it is, the CHANCELLOR must publicly acknowledge the receipt of what they send; and as the term "Conscience-money" implies a previous course of cheating for which it may atone, these acknowledgments are proofs of what great rogues there are among us, whereas that fact might be kept secret if their "Conscience" sums went privately to *Mr. Punch's* purse.

Mr. Punch of course is much too pure a patriot to dream of benefiting himself at the expense of his loved country; and he would have split his gold pen sooner than suggest what he has done, if he fancied the Nation would in any whit be injured by it. But the few hundreds a-year which are flung into the Exchequer by these conscience-smitten reprobates do no good to the country that is worthy to be named; whereas *Mr. Punch* would find them vastly handy, if only to defray

the cost of his cigars, and it is difficult to say how much the Nation would be gainer if his thought-giving tobacco were of limitless expense.

ARITHMETIC AMONGST THE ADVERTISEMENTS.

WE see a book is advertised under the title of *The Valley of a Hundred Fires*. We think it is ridiculous to give the British Public such unnecessary information. Since every advertisement reader knows that it is possible, at the nearest tallow-chandler's, or grocer's, to procure "FOUR FIRES FOR ONE PENNY," any one, we imagine (even one of LORD MALMESBURY's much calumniated clerks) would be able to tell us off-hand, without the use of pen, pencil, chalk, or slate-pencil, what was the "Valley" of a hundred Fires? We grant that the English are not in the habit of "calculating" so much as the Yankees, still we maintain that there is not a single Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer who could not readily go through the above simple sum. Have MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT gone into the coal-trade that they think it requisite to test the knowledge of house-holders on the price of Wall's-ends in the above problematical manner?

Quite a New Character.

FOR the future LOUIS NAPOLEON is determined that the sword shall be used for no other purpose than that of cutting down the finances. The appointment of M. FOULD is one proof of this determination, and a still stronger one is, that he has kindly consented to be the President of the Liverpool Financial Reform Association. In that capacity, his first move will be a proposition for the total disarmament of the British Army and Navy.

A MOST DIFFICULT OPERATION.

(And an exceedingly problematical one.)

GIVEN:—MR. ROEBUCK's Temper.

REQUIRED:—To make "a Perfect Cure" of it.

GREAT THINGS COMPARED WITH SMALL.—Why is the great French Nation like a little London street-boy who has been chased by a policeman, and succeeded in making his escape. The reason is obvious—France has outrun the constable.

MEN AND BEES.

WORKING Bees, in Summer's heat,
Making honey, stock their hives,
So that they have food to eat
When the wintry cold arrives.
By their toil the store was got,
Of it they partake their due;
Out of work with them is not,
Therefore, out of victuals too.

Working Men, employed, can earn
Little more than bread and cheese;
In a hoard they've no concern,
Like the happier Working Bees.
All that they produce, beside
What their present hunger craves,
Goes for others to provide;
None, except the Master saves.

Now the winter is at hand,
Bees and men may work no more,
Bees can sustenance command;
Men can only help implore.
Masters, you will live at ease
On the fruits of labour then;
They are shared by Working Bees;
Give a share to Working Men.

"The Line of Beauty."

THE Line that can boast of the fewest accidents, the lowest fares, and the largest dividends; and which, moreover, has a carriage where smoking is allowed as well as one in which ladies can go, if they choose. Such a Line, we beg leave to say, is, *par excellence*, the "Line of Beauty;" only look as we will over the railway map of England, where are we to find it?



Enter MARY the Housemaid with the Morning Letters.

OLD LADY (who has seen the 'delivery' through the blinds). "But there was a book or a paper, Mary, I thought I saw——"

MARY. "Only this 'ere Munn, which it's for me, Mum, the 'Lustrated Penny Weekly Bell Assembly,' Mum, as I takes in myself reg'lar."

THE POLICEMAN'S PROGRESS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the contempt which is likely to be incurred by the quotation of a trite maxim, we will venture to observe that the proper study of mankind is man. We will further remark, that if the study of man is one which is proper for mankind in general, there are certain particular classes of men by whom it is, or may be, cultivated with an especial propriety. Among these are all the divisions of the Police; for man is a subject that in the discharge of their duty they have continual occasion for taking up. Therefore we recognise a peculiar fitness of things in the attention which, at Chatham, according to the ensuing extract from a report of Naval and Military Intelligence, a number of those protectors of the public have been lately devoting to a knowledge of that organisation which they are so often called upon to collar:—

"A series of very interesting and exceedingly able lectures have been delivered to the members of the Metropolitan Police Force doing duty in Chatham Dock-yard. The concluding lecture of the series was 'On the Physiology of Man,' and was illustrated by numerous sketches and diagrams, and the whole of them have been delivered by Mr. LUTCHFIELD at the reading-room which is provided in the yard for the accommodation of the force."

From what follows we are led to infer that the learned lecturer is no professed anatomist, but an uncommonly intelligent officer of the corps which formed his audience, who has acquired a knowledge of anatomy and various other sciences to the end of instructing his comrades in blue:—

"In the physiology of man the lecturer appeared to have made himself thoroughly conversant with his subject, and in a very clear manner described the beautiful framework of bones, muscles, and tendons, which are the organs of locomotion; the brain and nervous system, the lungs, the heart, bloodvessels, and absorbents for the circulation of the vital fluids through the body, and the teeth, the stomach, and digestive organs; he also described the continual waste and renewal of every portion of the frame."

The knowledge of all the particulars above enumerated will afford the policeman, whilst upon his beat, abundant food for contemplation, a perpetual repast which he will be enabled to enjoy without any descent into areas, and breach of discipline. In pacing to and fro on the pave-

ment, he will be enabled to reflect on that portion of the beautiful framework of bones, muscles, and tendons wherein are comprised the particular organs of that locomotion which he is engaged in practising. Catching a pickpocket in the act of theft, his view will not be limited to the spectacle of a little ragamuffin twitching the corner of a passenger's protruding handkerchief; his mind's eye will discern the mechanism of the arm, wrist, palm, fingers; the bones, and the flexors and extensors, and little delicate fiducial muscles, working by means of finely ramified nerves deriving their influence from a brain wonderfully organised, but perhaps too protuberant in the regions assigned by phrenology to secretiveness and acquisitiveness. He will take the offender into custody also with an intelligent consciousness of the organic machinery which, in so doing, he puts in force together with the law. Should the delinquent give him a run, he will, when the chase is over, have an opportunity, as he fetches breath, of pondering the action of the lungs, heart, and blood vessels; and when off duty, and employing his teeth on the plateful provided for him by the hand of affection, he will be in a position to meditate on the functions of the stomach and the rest of the digestive organs. We rejoice to learn that—

"The educational movement is well supported by the members of the force, and is earnestly promoted by the superintendent, Mr. RICHARDSON."

Hitherto the Policeman has confined his attention to the arrest of evil-doers, but he has now begun to apprehend the facts of science. No longer content with clutching rioters and rogues, and members of the swell mob, he is endeavouring to grasp ideas: he not only commands progress in the thoroughfares, but exemplifies it in the walks of intellect; and his motto as well as his injunction is, "Move On!"

Pat on Butter.

"An Irish paper draws attention to the remarkable fact, that American butter is beginning to reach Liverpool, Manchester, &c., in such large quantities as to imperil the Irish trade in that commodity."

ALL we can say is, that the article in question does not come wrapped in American newspapers.

"THE FLOWER-BESPANGLED TURF."



TURF-MEN with bouquets. French turf men. What do they do with bouquets? We read in the French papers that at the late races at Marseilles, MADemoiselle ISABELLE, bouquetière to the Jockey Club, netted fifteen hundred francs. What were the flowers for? Do the betting men wear 'em? Many of our own members of that fraternity are in uncommonly bad odour, but we never heard of their trying to counteract it by sticking bunches of roses and violets in their bosoms. Or do the French gentlemen pitch bouquets to the winning horse, or his jockey? That is an elegant and quite Olympic idea, but we fancy that FORDHAM or GRIMSHAW would grin in a very remarkable manner if the swells on the Grand Stand

began to shy flowers at either, when the number of the Derby winner had gone up. The only reference to the goddess of flowers that we ever heard at Epsom was, when it was said that some unlucky betting party had had a regular Floorer, and we own that we have heard this far more seldom than the equivalent remark, that such a party had come down no end of a cropper. We are in no sense ridiculing the elegant practices of the patrons of *Le Sport*, on the contrary, we should be pleased to see LORD DERBY, MR. MERRY, and SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY, walking down the course, arm in arm, with three great bouquets for shirt-pins, and we commend the subject to the attention of the Floral Hall.

AN OLD FABLE NEWLY APPLIED.

(Dedicated to the Bench of Bishops, and the RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI, M.P.)

ONCE on a time, when, Æsop has shown clearly,
All beasts could talk, that now go dumbly stalking,
(And not the monkeys, owls, and asses merely,
Who still enjoy the privilege of talking)
The Man, who somehow even then contrived
To do his quadruped acquaintance brown,
Footsore from a long baking tramp arrived
At a green lawn, to which a wood ran down.
Quoth he, "Pedestrian exercise, they say,
Is mighty wholesome, but on *such* a day,
O'er a hard road, and in tight shoes, beside,
Shanks' nag is the worst beast a man can ride.
If I could only make a shift,
Somehow, to get a lift,
I shouldn't be at all particular
About the points of what I had below me;
So that it could preserve its perpendicular,
And bear my weight, I'd mount ought you could show me!"
As thus he pondered, bounding from the wood,
At gaze a Stag there stood—
Eying the Man, ev'n as the Man eyed *him*.
"No—you won't do," quoth he, "you've legs too slim,
A haunch more fit for roasting than for riding;
Besides those horns of his are vile inventions,
And e'en if I could *ride*, I couldn't *catch* him."
The while he pondered, still the Stag did watch him
With his large eye—I know not if confiding
In his own fleetness, or the Man's intentions—
When sudden, with a shake of his wide horn,
And stamp, half rage, half scorn,
He flung his antlered head up in disdain—
As who'd say, "Hang it—there's that bore again!"
The Man turned round, and saw, pawing and prancing—
But rather more retreating than advancing—
An unbroke Colt, well up to fourteen stone,
To whom, with half a glance 'twas just as clear,
Bridle and saddle were things all unknown,
As that he had no liking for red deer.
The Man approached, and with a well-bred how
Proffered the Colt "good-day."

Adding aside, "Just *my* weight, I should say"—

Assured him, he with safety might draw near,
The Colt, retreating, answered with a *neigh*.

"I see," observed the Man, "the Stag annoys you;
'Tis an annoying brute. What with his airs,

Those long thin legs—like a four-footed stork—
Those horns, on which, if angry, he can poise you

As bumpkins poise a truss upon a fork."

The Colt took up the tale—"Yes, and his smell,—
His droppings,—I can't come near where he feeds,

Poisoning pasture-grounds and poaching meads,
Insulting us, and injuring, as well.

Could I but catch him, I'd pay off his scorns;

I *have* the speed, but, then, those horrid horns!"

"That for his horns," quoth Homo, "horns, indeed!

I'd soon cut *them*, if I had but the speed.

I'll tell you what, we both abhor the brute,

Suppose we both combine in his pursuit?

You have the speed of limb I lack,

So just let me get up upon your back;

Your speed, my skill together, soon will do 't.

How say you?" The confiding Steed

Straight to the joint-stock partnership agreed:

"Get up at once." "But softly," quoth the Man,

"I don't see how I can,

Without a something to climb up and hold by:

I think that something's laid here in the fold by."

So from a stall near, while the groom was napping,

He stole a set of trapping.

"How fine I *shall* look?" quoth Sir Colt, and sidled

With pride, as he was saddled, girthed, and bridled.

'Twas done, the Man was mounted in a crack,

His heels well down, his body well thrown back,

A light, firm hand upon the Pelham bit—

The Colt might do his worst—the Man could *sit*.

They dashed towards the Stag with view-haloo,

The Stag turned tail, and fled as Stags will do.

The Colt triumphant neighed, and whinnied loud,

"Look at the sneak!—for all his horns, he's cowd.

We've put to flight, now let us catch and slay."

"No," quoth the Man, "*my* road lies 'tother way."

"*Your* road?" exclaimed the sore astonished Colt,

"Yes," quoth the Man, "'twixt horse and rider, know

The *rider* settles what's the road to go.

Woe to the horse, if he try buck or bolt."

"Get off!" cried Colt, "If you would not be thrown.

I let you on my back, to catch the Deer!"

"That was, when you'd a will, Colt, of your own;

Now girthed and bitted, know *your* will is *here*!"

Sharply he drove the spur into his side,

With iron hand the Pelham bit applied,

The Colt discovered, all too late, alas,

He had been taken in—but *not* to grass!

And loath to own how simply he'd been hummed,

Whinnied, winced, kicked,—was punished and succumbed.

MORAL.

My Brother overseers,—for what is Bishop

But Overseer, and who o'crsees like *Punch*?—

My fable for your eating as I dish up,

For your dessert the nut of it I'll crunch.

When to old Mother Church's stout upholders,

A statesman sly points out some foe tremendous,

And asks Dame Church to take him on her shoulders,

That he may deal the foe a stroke stupendous,

Think of the Horse who let the Man bestride him,

To hunt the Stag *he thought*, but *found* it was to ride him.

The Truth is sure to Come out at Last.

WE read that two of the American States alone can muster not less than 4,000,000 pigs. This lets us into the secret at once of where the Yankees get their tremendous quantity of *gammon*. They seem to possess inexhaustible supplies—more than sufficient to supply the whole world with, and yet leave a handsome balance for home consumption.

THE "VOL À L'AMÉRICAINNE."

THERE is a clever trick, known amongst French police-officers, under the above name. The only "*Vol à l'Américaine*" that we know of is ANNEXATION, and, we must say, the French have taken to it with such quick-fingered cleverness that they are well qualified to give the Yankees themselves a lesson or two in the Kleptomaniac art of "appropriating that which does not properly belong to you."



HISTORY—THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

Emily (reads). "IN THE SUMMER THEY WERE NAKED, AND INSTEAD OF CLOTHES THEY PUT PAINT UPON THEIR BODIES. THEY WERE FOND OF A FINE BLUE COLOUR, WHICH THEY MADE OF A PLANT CALLED WOAD, WHICH THEY FOUND IN THEIR WOODS. THEY SQUEEZED OUT THE JUICE OF THE WOAD, AND THEN STAINED THEMSELVES ALL OVER WITH IT, SO THAT IN SUMMER THEY LOOKED AS IF THEY WERE DRESSED IN TIGHT BLUE CLOTHES."

Arthur. "AND DID THEY WALK IN THE PARK AND GO TO CHURCH SO?"

THE PLAINT OF THE CLUB-MEN.

"DEAR PUNCH,

Saturday.

"THAT WAS A VERY SENSIBLE ARTICLE IN THE *Globe* UPON THE HARDSHIPS WHICH THIS NEW BANKRUPTCY ACT (I THOUGHT IT WAS MY LORD WESTBURY'S, BUT I SEE BY THE AMERICAN PAPERS THAT IT WAS PASSED BY MR. EDWIN JAMES) WILL INFLICT UPON SWELLS AND DECENT FELLOWS, IF SOME STRINGENT STEPS ARE NOT TAKEN FOR THEIR PROTECTION.

"TAKE THE SUBJECT UP, OLD FELLOW.

"WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES IS HERE. OF COURSE EVERY DECENT FELLOW IS A MEMBER OF SOME CLUB, THE GORILLAS THAT AIN'T MAY TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.

"BY THE RULES OF CLUBS, ANY FELLOW WHO BECOMES A BANKRUPT OR AN INSOLVENT, THEREBY CEASES TO BE A MEMBER. NOW, IT'S A MONSTROUS INJUSTICE, AND INDEED I MAY SAY NO END OF A BORE TO BE SHUT OUT OF YOUR SET MERELY BECAUSE SOME EXTORTIONATE BEGGAR OF A MONEY-LENDER, OR COVE IN TRADE INSISTS ON PUTTING THE SCREW ON AT A TIME WHEN IT'S HIGHLY INCONVENIENT.

"UNDER THIS ACT OF LORD WESTBURY'S, OR EDWIN JAMES'S, I AM GIVEN TO UNDERSTAND THAT INSOLVENTS ARE DONE AWAY WITH, BUT THAT ANY FELLOW MAY BE MADE A BANKRUPT IN THE TWINKLING OF AN AFFIDAVIT. IF HE FORGETS TO ATTEND TO THE ATTORNEYS, OR IS A LITTLE MOPS AND BROOMS WHEN HE GETS THE WRIT AND LIGHTS HIS CIGAR WITH IT, AND THINKS NO MORE ABOUT IT, OR IF A THIEF OF A CREDITOR WILL NOT SEE THINGS IN A RIGHT POINT OF VIEW, OR IF ONE CUTS AWAY TO NORWAY OR NAPLES, YOU MAY BE STUCK INTO THE COURT, AND THE NEW THING THAT'S JUST STARTED—THE *Gazette of Bankruptcy*—WILL INFORM YOUR FRIENDS THAT YOU CAN'T COME TO THE CLUB ANY MORE.

"NOW THIS SORT OF THING WON'T DO, OLD BOY, AND IT'S A CASE OF DEFENCE, NOT DEFIANCE, TO SEE HOW WE CAN FLOOR OUR OPPRESSORS. AS TO BEING A BANKRUPT, THAT'S RATHER A CREDIT AND RENOWN IN THE CITY, I AM TOLD, AND

PACEM, PEAGRIM, PRECAMUR.

OH DEAR, YOU INOPPORTUNE PEAGRIM,
IT'S ENOUGH TO GIVE ANY ONE MEAGRIM,
TO THINK OF THE ROW YOU MAY GET US IN NOW,
BY YOUR CONDUCT, INOPPORTUNE PEAGRIM!

THE SHIP *Harvey Birch* ON THE SEA GRIM
YOU MIGHT BOARD AND MIGHT BURN, CAPTAIN PEAGRIM,
AND WE ONLY SHOULD SAY, IN A CASUAL WAY,
'T WAS UNLUCKY SHE MET CAPTAIN PEAGRIM!

BUT WHEN IN SOUTHAMPTON YOU FREE, GRIM,
THE PRISONERS YOU'VE CAUGHT, CAPTAIN PEAGRIM,
WE ARE PLACED IN A FIX, TO PRONOUNCE IF YOUR TRICKS
ARE A HERO'S, OR PIRATE'S, OH PEAGRIM!

IF A PIRATE WE HOLD CAPTAIN PEAGRIM,
THE CONFEDERATE STATES THEY WILL BE GRIM;
AND AGAIN, IF WE DON'T, THE UNITED STATES WON'T
BE DISPOSED TO TAKE OUR VIEW OF PEAGRIM.

THUS PLACED BETWIXT TWO FIRES BY PEAGRIM,
Mr. Punch IS AFFLICTED WITH MEAGRIM:
HE WOULD FAIR BE IMPARTIAL IN ANY COURT-MARTIAL
THAT'S HOLD ON THE STATUS OF PEAGRIM.

A LIEUTENANT'S COMMISSION HOLDS PEAGRIM,
BUT THAT WON'T ON THE WALL STICK THE FLEA, GRIM.
THOUGH LIEUTENANT HE BE, THAT'S NO WARRANT AT SEA
GIVING POWERS OF CAPTURE TO PEAGRIM.

YET AS PIRATE WE CAN'T GIVE UP PEAGRIM,
AT THE YARD-ARM STRAIGHT RUN UP TO BE, GRIM:
WHICH ADAMS, I FEAR, WILL DECLARE 'TIS QUITE CLEAR,
IS THE RIGHT SORT OF TREATMENT FOR PEAGRIM.

YET TO MAKE *casus belli* OF PEAGRIM—
LOOSE THE WAR-DOGS, BY LAND AND BY SEA, GRIM;
FOR A MAN WITH THAT NAME! ON THE ANNALS OF FAME
TO INSCRIBE, NOT BRITANNIA, BUT PEAGRIM!

THEN LET'S ALL PRAY FOR PEACE SPITE OF PEAGRIM:
MAY WAR-FEARS PASS OFF LIKE A MEAGRIM;
AND BY HOOK OR BY CROOK MAY WE LIVE TO REBUKE
THOSE WHO FEEL APPREHENSIONS FROM PEAGRIM!

A Well-Wisher.

THERE IS A MAN IN PENNSYLVANIA WHO HAS THE POWER OF DIVINING THE EXISTENCE OF AN OIL-SPRING MERELY BY THE SMELL. HE IS SAID TO POSSESS THIS PENETRATING FACULTY FROM HAVING A VERY STRONGLY-DEVELOPED *oil-factory* NERVE.

I SHOULD CARE NO MORE FOR BEING CALLED A BANKRUPT THAN I SHOULD CARE FOR BEING CALLED A BLOATER. BUT I HAVE NO IDEA OF BEING TYRANNICALLY WIPED OUT OF MY CLUBS.

"YOU MUST GIVE YOUR MIND TO THE PROTECTION OF US SWELLS, WHO ARE UNCOMMON GOOD FRIENDS TO YOU, AND BESIDES SITTING AND STANDING AS YOUR MODELS, ARE VERY AFFABLE ABOUT YOU, AND OFTEN SAY, QUITE LOUD, THAT SUCH AND SUCH A THING IN *Punch* AIN'T HALF BAD.

"I SHOULD PROPOSE THAT THE CLUBS SIMPLY RESIND—RESHINNED—HOW DO YOU SPELL IT?—I MEAN REPEAL THE RULE, AND THEN NO HARM WILL BE DONE. IF A FELLOW HAS REALLY PUT HIS FOOT IN IT IN AN UNGENTLEMANLY MANNER, THE COMMITTEE CAN HINT TO HIM TO BE SCARCE, BUT IF IT'S ONLY A QUESTION OF MONEY-LENDERS AND TRADESMEN, IT WILL THEN MAKE NO DIFFERENCE.

"THAT IS SIMPLY A MEASURE OF SELF-DEFENCE, BUT I SHOULD GO A STEP FURTHER, AND LET THE CLUBS PASS A LAW TO THE EFFECT THAT IF ANY CREDITOR WHATSOEVER TAKES THE OUTRAGEOUS LIBERTY OF BANKRUPTING A FELLOW WITHOUT GIVING HIM SAY A CLEAR YEAR'S NOTICE, OR MORE IF YOU LIKE, THE CLUB PLEDGES ITSELF TO PUNISH THAT MALIGNANT OPPRESSOR BY BORROWING NO MORE MONEY OF HIM, IF HE'S A USURER, OR, IF HE'S A TRADESMAN, BY NEVER DEALING AGAIN AT HIS SHOP, AND GIVING NOTICE TO ALL THE OTHER CLUBS OF HIS OFFENSIVE AND COWARDLY CONDUCT.

"BUT YOU WILL SUGGEST, I DARE SAY, MANY BETTER WAYS FOR PROTECTING US AGAINST TYRANNY, AND WE'LL LEAVE OUR CASE IN YOUR HANDS, OLD COCK. STAND BY YOUR ORDER, FOR YOU ARE NO END OF A SWELL YOURSELF, AND WOULD BE GOOD-LOOKING IF YOU WASN'T SO UNCOMMON UGLY.

"Ever yours faithfully,

"*The Albany.*"

"LIONEL RATTLECASH."

THE FORCE OF CONTRADICTION CAN NO FURTHER GO.—TO MAKE A *Will* IS THE *Wont* OF EVERY PRUDENT MAN.



GENTLEMAN. "Oh! Conductor, I am afraid I have made a mistake: can you change me into a 'Post Office' at Highbury?"

CONDUCTOR. "Lor bless you, yes, Sir, we'll change you into a 'Post Office,' or we'll change you into a 'Hangel' if you wishes it."

GALLANT CHARGE UPON THE ENEMY'S VAN.

A MERITORIOUS attempt was made, the other day, by MR. DEPUTY LOTT, to deal with the Van nuisance. He justly remarked that the Juggernaut Vans which thunder about the towns, not only block up legitimate traffic, but often cause and always threaten peril to life and limb. The civic council listened to him favourably, but, as usual, a Nuisance found its defenders. Two wise men rose up in behalf of the Van ruffians, and declared that the Vans testified to the increase of business, and that everybody in business ought to have all facilities for carrying it on. The flagrant absurdity of such a defence was so clear that the Council laughed out at the apologists. Admit the proposition that everybody in business ought to have every facility for exercising it. How many hundred thousand people of business are daily hindered by the Vans employed by a few persons. It may fairly be assumed that everybody who is in the City is there on business, for nobody would think of going into the City for pleasure. Are all these myriads to be stopped, incensed, impeded, insulted, frightened, run over, and generally outraged, in order that a small minority who employ the Vans may profit? "It is not meet the Council hear a riot," says the excellent Evans, in the *Merry Wives*, but the Council will hear a riot, and a pretty loud one, led by *Punch* the Liberator, if something be not speedily done to exorcise the Van Demons.

DIFFICULTIES FOR DR. CUMMING.

THE eye of many a reader will have been caught by the subjoined advertisement, which is appearing in almost all the papers:—

THINGS HARD TO BE UNDERSTOOD. New Work. By DR. CUMMING. Publishing monthly.

Things hard to be understood. What are they, according to DR. CUMMING? Does the reverend Doctor—whose accuracy of quotation is not unimpeachable—mean, by things hard to be understood, Latin and Greek?

PRIZE WANTS.

THE Society of Arts has been distributing its prizes and medals for certain discoveries and inventions. We wish it would not consider it beneath its high consideration to offer prizes, or some specific inducements, for the following improvements, or creations, inasmuch as they are sadly needed by the public at large:—

A gold medal for any architect who would build walls of sufficient thickness to prevent one hearing the Caudle Lectures, or jarring music, of one's neighbours.

A bronze medal for a detonating or noise-making envelope that would loudly give the alarm the moment an inquisitive, Paul-prying postman ventured to pursue his investigations inside in order to test whether the contents were valuable or not.

A prize of £15 to any stage-manager who would devise an uniform system of waits between the acts at all the theatres.

A Silver Medal for a superior self-acting door-mat, that would, either by flying up in the offender's face, or knocking his shins, or tripping him up, force all boys, strangers, begging-letter impostors, Polish counts in distress, broken-down tradesmen in paper caps with boxes of pens and sealing-wax, tax-gatherers, and rate collectors, and visitors in general, whether troublesome, unwelcome, or otherwise, to wipe their muddy boots immediately before they advanced as much as two feet even up the passage.

A Gold Medal for an improved harmonic latch-key, such as every time the husband used it would not give the sleeping wife in bed a violent turn.

A Turn the Wrong Way.

WE read that the turnstiles, or *tourniquets*, that did duty in excluding the profane vulgar from desecrating the sanctity of the *parquet* at the Bourse, are to be abolished. We thought that LOUIS NAPOLEON wanted every centime of taxation to enable him to-tide over the deficit. It strikes us that, instead of taking the *tourniquet* off, he ought rather to have put the screw on.

A TICKLISH EXPENSE.—Of all extravagances, perhaps the habit of snuff-taking is the worst, as one cannot help paying for it through the nose.

A STARRY CHAIN OF MAGIC.

THE Stars and the Stripes are rather in a muddle in the Untied States, but the Stars themselves seem to be in high repute, if *Mr. Punch* may accept the fact on the evidence of a whole string of advertisements which he cuts from the latest number of the *New York Herald, and Unmitigated Liar*. It would appear that the vaunted education of the States, where MR. BRIGHT declares people to be far more advanced in the intellectual race than the benighted English, does not prevent ladies and gentlemen from very assiduous cultivation of a science which in England we have long branded by the rude name of Imposture, and have abandoned to idiotic servant-girls and the like. The *Herald* heads the list, in a business-like manner, with the word "ASTROLOGY," just as if the announcements were as legitimate as those of "Books," or "Want Places," and thus starts off:—

A BONA FIDE ASTROLOGIST.—MADAME WILSON tells the object of your visit, gives magic charms and good luck for life free of charge; tells all the events of life, present and future. Consultations on business, marriages and courtships, travelling, &c. This is the most wonderful astrologist of the age. Give her a call, you will not regret it. No. 139, Allen Street, near Stanton, over the bakery. Please pull the bell and walk right up-stairs. Charge, for ladies and gentlemen, 50 cents.

It will be observed that MADAME WILSON invites both gentlemen and ladies, and charges the same price for each class of patients. The next Madame will have nothing to do with masculine inquiries, but then she lets off the ladies at half price:—

ASTONISHING.—MADAME MORROW, Seventh Daughter, has a gift of foresight; tells how soon and often you will marry, and all you wish to know, even your very thoughts, or no pay: lucky charms free; her equal is not to be found; her magic image is now in full operation. 184, Ludlow Street, below Houston. Price 25 cents. Gentlemen not admitted.

What her "magic image" may be one cannot say, but at a guess one may be permitted to recal the hideous contrivances which the lowest class of so-called dentists hang at their doors, and by which a pair of well-furnished jaws slowly opens and shuts all day, to the diver-

sion and hindrance of butcher-boys. Doubtless the image is very awful, and we hope that MADAME MORROW will behave better to her assistant who winds it up than the Yankee who exhibited the Perpetual Motion, and then ran away without paying the man who turned the crank in the cellar. But here is another:—

A CLAIRVOYANT WHO HAS NO EQUAL.—Ladies who are sick, in trouble, or unfortunate, can consult her with the strictest confidence. She warrants to cure the most aggravated cases of rheumatism in a few days. If you wish to obtain correct information on all events, call and see Mrs. MILTON, No. 184, Waverley Place, corner West Tenth Street, from 9 o'clock, A.M. until 8 P.M.

We do not see any reference to the unfortunate Stars in this case, but the bringing clairvoyance to the cure of rheumatism is a practical process worthy young America. Perhaps Mrs. MILTON also cuts corns Mesmerically, and hair Astrologically, when Berenice's Hair is in Trine occult opposition and projection with the "streaming locks so lovely pale" of the current Comet. The next lady, Mrs. SEYMOUR, is simply business-like:—

CLAIRVOYANCE.—Mrs. SEYMOUR's Medical Rooms are removed to 101, West Fifteenth Street, corner of Sixth Avenue, entrance on Fifteenth Street. Consultations on Sickness, business, absent friends, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed or no pay.

Consultations on absent friends are usually of a kind which absent friends, who have, like Sir PETER, left their characters behind them, would not be very anxious to hear. Medical rooms are a new invention, of which one would like to know more, but as we perceived in a recent commercial paragraph from New York that "Houses are a drug," we must conclude that HIPPOCRATES and VITRUVIUS have entered into some inexplicable partnership. But now comes:—

CORA A. SEMAN, INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT.—Medical and business consultations, day and evening; the science she unfolds so satisfactorily to all it is unnecessary to give illustrations of the astounding results. She continues at 289, Division Street.

The fair and off-hand CORA is not only independent of all other clairvoyants, but of an American gentleman called LINDLEY MURRAY, and we fear her spirits are not of an educated order. Perhaps it was one of them who personated the very individual we have named, and being asked whether he really was LINDLEY MURRAY, replied, "Guess I air." The next magician admits both ladies and gentlemen, but perhaps finds that the stars are more reluctant to talk of male than of female business, at all events the men are charged extra:—

MADAME RAY, 260, Seventh Avenue, near Twenty-seventh Street surprises all who visit her. The sick, troubled and unlucky should test her powers. She tells your very thoughts, lucky numbers, losses. Ladies 25 cents, gentlemen 50 cents.

"One that hath had losses, go to," says *Dogberry*, in proof that he is not an ass, but a most respectable man. Still, in spite of his authority, we cannot help thinking that a man who will give half a dollar to be told of his losses is what *Dogberry* was called. But that is matter of taste, some people feel pleased to recount their illnesses and troubles, and MADAME RAY's clients are quite a Cave of Adullam lot, the sick, troubled, and unlucky. We don't care about MADAME RAY.

MR. COLCHESTER, Business, Medical, and Test Medium, can be consulted at his rooms, 371, Fourth Street. Hours from 9 A.M. till 6 P.M.

What is a Test Medium? Before the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed in England, a Test Medium was the profane medium through which an exciseman or a tide-waiter had to pass into office, by conforming to the most solemn rite of the Church. We have now no meaning for the phrase in this country, and cannot understand what this Colchester is. Pass on to a much more flourishing *affiche*:—

DEAD THIS.—A Phrenologist and Astrologist that beats the world, and \$5,000 reward for any one who can equal Miss WELLINGTON, who is acknowledged to be the only lady in this city who truthfully gives information concerning losses, lawsuits, journeys, absent friends, love, courtship, marriage, health, wealth, and who will reclaim drunken and unfaithful husbands. Miss W. is the only person in this city who has the genuine Roman and Arabian talismans for love, good luck, and all business affairs, and are guarantees for life. Delay not to consult this naturally gifted and beautiful young lady. Lucky numbers given. Highly respectable city references can be seen at her residence, 101, Sixth Avenue.

That is something like. Conquest sits upon her plume-crowned helm, and her very name is a guarantee for victory—Miss WELLINGTON, a naturally gifted and beautiful young lady. She reclaims drunken and unfaithful husbands. Are there such monsters in Mr. BRIGHT's patent America? Surely they must be English travellers, Irish immigrants, or German colonists. Never mind, she can deal with every nation, has she not both Roman and Arabian talismans and city references? No wonder she beats the world, and defies it to lay down £1,000 and show her equal. We should hereby invite her to send over our lucky number, if we did not already know that it is No. 1064, and will next week be No. 1065. But greater is behind. The world is beaten by WELLINGTON, but BYRON is its greatest wonder; and here is the last and most glorious name on the list:—

THE GREATEST WONDER IN THE WORLD is the young and accomplished MADAME BYRON, from Paris, who can be consulted with the strictest confidence on all affairs of life, embracing love, courtship, business, and

sickness; restores drunken and unfaithful husbands; has a secret to make you beloved by your heart's ideal, and brings together those long separated. Ladies 25 cents, gentlemen 50 cents. Residence, No. 90, Third Avenue, above Twentieth Street.

Madame is young, accomplished, and from Paris, can do as much as MADAME WELLINGTON (who would hardly say *she* came from Paris) and one thing more. She will make you beloved, mind, not necessarily by the party whose business it is to love you, but by your heart's ideal, who may probably have neither right or desire to take such a liberty. This is a very Parisian astrologist, and we are sorry to see that Mr. LINCOLN, who is a family man, permits such incorrect magic to be practised. The lady may well be called BYRON, for her *morale* is decidedly of the Byronic tinge. She is not only the greatest wonder in the world, but also the greatest wonder in the States, a much prouder distinction, as every American will agree, and as the force of Magic can no further go, we now commend this chain of evidence of education to the attention of our respected friend, JOHN BRIGHT.



PROTECTION AGAINST LADIES.

Is nothing to be done for the protection of the Judges? Are the real silk gowns to be permitted to worry the bench *ad libitum*? Mr. *Punch's* sympathies were painfully roused by reading the law reports the other morning, when it appeared that on the same day no fewer than three ladies appeared in person in one of our Superior Courts, and successively opened upon the unfortunate Judge who was sitting. One lady didn't exactly know what she wanted, another wanted something which the Judge thought she might have, if he only knew exactly what it was, while the third, the eternal Mrs. COBBERT, knew perfectly well what she wanted, and also that she could not have it, and being informed of the latter fact, retired, "loading the Court and jury with abuse." Now the Judges can hold their own, tolerably well, against the licence of the Bar, but the licence of crinoline is a new feature in judicial life, and one against which the Justices should be provided. The ermine has no chance against the domestic cat. We think that at all events all Female Barristers should be sent to fight it out with Mr. JUSTICE CRESSWELL, who understands the playful ways of the ladies better than the other Judges are bound to do.

A Sporting Offer.

Will anybody bet a red cent that when we receive the indignation of the North about the burning of the *Harvey Birch* by the Southern steamer the *Nashville*, the Yankees will not be found to have discovered consolation in the fact that the vanquished captain bore the name of NELSON—now eternally disgraced—yes, Sir?



THE CARTE DE VISITE.

Gent (in Photographic Studio). "A—LOOK 'ERE, YOU KNOW, MISTER, I DON'T WANT MY CART PUBLISHED, YOU KNOW, BUT IF ANY NICE GAL, OR LADY OF RANK SHOULD WANT A COPY, WHY YOU CAN SELL IT HER, YOU KNOW!"

LOUIS NAPOLEON DOES PENANCE IN A BALANCE-SHEET.

In balance-sheet thus penitential,—
Culpa mea!
 I recant my fibs financial—
Culpa mea!
 In each hand a lighted taper,
 That the world may read the paper
 Wherein FOULD explodes in vapour
 All my budgets circumstantial—
Culpa mea!
 Deep I've dipped in France's pockets—
Culpa mea!
 Flown my kites, as high as rockets—
Culpa mea!
 With my outlay unrequiting
 Frighting Europe, if not fighting,
 At both ends my candles lighting,
 Till they flicker in their sockets—
Culpa mea!
 Not a market, but I've rigged it—
Culpa mea!
 Cayenned those who told or twigged it—
Culpa mea!
 Heaped on sharpers pay and pensions,
 Forged to favour my intentions
 Taradiddle, and inventions—
 'Cause I liked Savoy I prigged it,
Culpa mea!
 Fleets and armies I've been raising—
Culpa mea!
 At the cost FOULD's now appraising—
Culpa mea!
 Fired French thirst for *gloire* and plunder,
 Tastes that can't be kept asunder,

Sowed the whirlwind and the thunder,
 Europe's embers stirred to blazing—
Culpa mea!
 I've bid Nature's laws defiance,
Culpa mea!
 On my star in blind reliance;
Culpa mea!
 Sovereigns and their subjects fretting,
 Faith in treaties clean upsetting,
 Till none knew which worse was getting,
 My attack, or my alliance—
Culpa mea!
 In finance I've been relying—
Culpa mea!
 On Bourse bubbles and kite-flying—
Culpa mea!
 I have mocked free institutions,
 Nursed each germ of revolutions,
 Rivalled Papal allocutions
 In the grossness of my lying—
Culpa mea!
 Each cause on the back I've patted—
Culpa mea!
 From each cause in turn I've ratted—
Culpa mea!
 Italy I've helped—and thwarted;
 BOMBALINO snubbed—and courted;
 Tripped the POPE and then supported,
 Tricking e'en the triple-hatted!
Culpa mea!
 Calling KAISER FRANZ my brother,
Culpa mea!

Groans of Venice I've helped smother,
Culpa mea!
 Poles to mischief then exciting,
 Setting Franz and Magyar fighting,
 I have kissed one cheek, while smiting
 With a treacherous hand the other—
Culpa mea!
 Now that I've made this confession—
Culpa mea!
 I surrender at discretion—
Culpa mea!
 I'll ne'er ope another credit,
 Ne'er another pamphlet edit;
 There! in Europe's face I've said it,
 Let me hope 'twill make impression—
Culpa mea!
 That her purse-strings she'll be loosing—
Culpa mea!
 For our needs a loan producing—
Culpa mea!
 Power of Purse, in frank surrender,
 To my Parliament I'll tender,
 They 'twixt me will serve as fender
 And the rogues that I'm reducing—
Culpa mea!
 And if still my word there's doubt of—
Culpa mea!
 I'll retrenchment try a bout of—
Culpa mea!
 Give the Eagle's claws a clipping,
 Dock my soldiers and my shipping—
 Think no more the world of whipping,
 Till this horrid mess I'm out of—
Culpa mea!



PENANCE IN A BALANCE-SHEET!

THE BALLAD OF MARY NEWELL.

See Police Reports.

ow, list ye, fair ladies, 'a tale
I will tell,

'Tis about a maid servant, one
MARY NEW-ELL,
Who contri-ved her Master to
rob and to sell:
Was not this a 'cute cunning
minx MARY NEW-ELL?

Her master he lived near the
Vauxhall Bridge Road,
In the Gardens 'deft Bess-
borough lay his abode.
His name it was BARKER, the
truth I do tell,
And the name of his servant
was MARY NEW-ELL.

Now one morning her Missus
unto her did say,
"MARY NEWELL, we're
going this night to the
Play,
So be sure you keep in-doors,
and see that all's well"—
"Oh, yes, I'll be sure, Mum,"
says MARY NEW-ELL.

The evening it came, and the evening it passed,
For alas! pleasant evenings for ever won't last:
Home to supper they went, and they rang the door-bell,
And they knocked at the knocker for MARY NEW-ELL.

They rang and they knocked, and they knocked and they rang,
Till the streets they re-echoed with thump and with clang,
At length MR. BARKER, exhausted, said, "Well,
Something surely has happened to MARY NEW-ELL."

MR. ALLEN, his neighbour, disturbed by the din,
Cried, "A back window's open, I'll try and get in:—"
So he entered, alack! and what language can tell,
The sight that he saw there, O MARY NEW-ELL!

In the passage a pail full of liquid there stood,
The liquid was red, and it look-ed like BLOOD!
And a poker lay broken, with hair on 't, to tell
How some one had MURDERED POOF MARY NEW-ELL!

The house had been ransacked—rooms turned inside-out—
Drawers open—plate packed up—clothes scattered about:—
But 'twas strange that no trace could be found of the el-
-egant form of the murdered one, MARY NEW-ELL.

The police being called, an inspector there came,
His division was B, and eke HUMPHREYS his name:
He just sniffed up and down stairs, then said he, "I smell
A rat in this business, MISS MARY NEW-ELL."

Information receiving, to Yarmouth he goes,
A place famed for bloaters, with hard and soft roes,
There in boots, coat, and breeches he sees a young Swell—
Now who would have dreamed 'twas MISS MARY NEW-ELL?

This young Swell, whom he managed so neatly to nah,
Lots of luggage to Shoreditch had brought in a cab;
There had smoked a cigar, hoping so to dispel
All idea of her being fair MARY NEW-ELL.

She had cut her hair short, she had cropped every curl,
She had dressed in man's clothes, had this artful young girl:
She had dined, smoked, and chatted like any young Swell—
Was not this a bold brazen minx, MARY NEW-ELL?

Back to London at once by the rail she was brought,
And appeared 'fore the Beak at the Westminster Court,
To him MR. BARKER his story did tell;
Ah! she hung her head down then, did MARY NEW-ELL.

The charge being heard, says the Beak, "I shall send
This here case to a jury, my tricky young friend:—"
So off in the Van to a snug little cell
In the House of Detention went MARY NEW-ELL.

Now you servants be warned, and at home mind you stay
Whenever your missuses go to the play:
Or you haply may share the sad fate that befell
That "eccentric" young person, MISS MARY NEW-ELL.

AMERICAN NOTIONS ON ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS.

From the New York Herald and Liberator.

The Times. The organ of the fashionable world, edited by a committee of aristocrats in Belgrave Square, and pledged to the demolition of the Union.

The Daily News. The avowed organ of Toryism, but under the control of LORD SHAFTESBURY and the canting pietists of Exeter Hall.

The Post. A public-house paper, advocating rowdyism of all kinds, but with some gleams of right views as to the beauty of American democracy, which, however, it advocates only from the vilest motives.

The Herald. Frantically radical in words, but secretly sold to SPURGEON AND Co.

The Chronicle. A high-priced paper, which exists by fawning upon the antiquated dowagers of Mayfair.

The Advertiser. A cheap organ, supported solely by the aristocracy and the Clubs, for the dissemination of Toryism. Edited by SIR HOPE GRANT, son of LORD GLENELG, a fierce and truculent aristocrat.

The Star. MR. DISRAELI's private property, and used by him to attack freedom generally and Americans in particular.

The Telegraph. The canting malignant organ of aristocratic Dissent and Puritanism.

Bell's Life. As its name imports, a paper that would call everybody to Church as the only duty or pleasure in the world.

The Press. Read only by the lower classes, and a violent but hypocritical advocate of the ballot.

The Dispatch. Another aristocratic organ, which publishes lying maps, in which every attempt is made to show the United States as an insignificant territory.

Punch. A publication so foul and degraded that it is never admitted into the few respectable households that still exist in the rotten old island.

MILITARY MURDER AND SUICIDE.

In order to put a stop to the shooting of officers by private soldiers it has been recommended, in every case of such murder, to hold a drum-head court-martial, and hang the murderer on the spot. An excellent plan if it would answer; but perhaps it would be found only to increase the crime which it was intended to put a stop to. The life of common soldiers appears very generally to be rendered so miserable as to make them tired of it; and the prospect of being hanged at once for shooting their officers would perhaps be only an additional temptation to them to shoot their officers.

There may be some reason in the policy of making soldiers tired of life with a view to encourage them to risk it on occasion with alacrity; but this policy is pushed too far when it urges men not only to expose themselves to being shot, but also to incur the certainty of being hanged. Officers fight bravely enough without the inducement of misery to impel them to court death and commit virtual suicide; but then, to be sure, officers are generally actuated by a faith and inspired with a hope of which a private can have no idea, and regard death as merely the entrance to a higher life.

However before the drum-head court-martial, and the summary gallows are resorted to, it may be advisable to try the better treatment of the men in the ranks, whom it will be difficult to render, by the greatest kindness, too comfortable to be willing to fight and fall. If the more humane expedient should fail, then perhaps it may be advisable to try the less.

A ROYAL ENGRAVING BY DOO.

THE EX-KING OF NAPLES in answer to a deputation who went through the solemn mockery of presenting him with a sword, which is about as useful to him as a razor-strop would be to a baby, said with most facetious gravity:—

"The QUEEN and I shall preserve eternally engraved on our hearts the names of you all."

How they are to be engraved, we cannot tell, unless it is by the process of lithography.

NIIFICATION EXTRAORDINARY.—A Very curious fact, illustrative as it is of the partial severity of the season, is the discovery which has recently been made, of a Martinet's nest at Woolwich.

THE LAST INSULT TO AMERICA.—EDWIN JAMES becomes an American Citizen.



A DOOCID ARISTOCRAT.

THE NICE-LOOKING YOUNG MAN WITH HIS BACK TO THE FIRE-PLACE. "It's all very well to talk of a Man's Manners, or his 'Art, or his Education! What I say is: show me his 'Anus and Feet—and I'll precious soon tell you whether he's a Gentleman or not."

A BRIGHT VIEW OF REFORM.

THE advice given by MR. BRIGHT to the Trades' Unions to combine with the view of forcing on the Legislature a reform consisting in the reduction of the qualification to vote for Members of Parliament, is as reasonable as it is judicious. Mills are working half-time, and unemployed operatives have leisure to consider the question of parliamentary reform with dispassionate thought. The relations of workmen in the building trade to their masters are precisely such as to render the rest of the community particularly anxious just now that they should acquire preponderating political power.

What will be the good of Reform? is a question that may be asked by many working men who are entitled to a vote because they have been industrious and frugal enough to afford to be ten-pound householders? The answer is, that a Reform which will lower the elective franchise to such a degree as to cause the House of Commons to be elected by the numerical majority, will constitute a Legislature and a Government representing the intelligence, and knowledge, and justice of the country. Taxation will then be adjusted on a sound basis; all duties on tobacco, and other articles of popular consumption will be repealed, and the national revenue will be raised by taxes impartially distributed between landholders and fundholders, and other persons possessed of any description of capital, or deriving an income from any other source than the labour of their hands. The rate of wages will also be fixed by law; and no workman will be allowed to take an unfair advantage of his comrades by exerting his superior abilities so as to earn more than they can, and elevate himself above their condition of life into that of a bloated aristocrat.

A Sensible Exchange.

"WHY, my dear MRS. SMITH, what ever have you done with your Piano?"

"Oh! MR. SMITH insisted upon my disposing of it, and buying instead a Sewing Machine for each of the girls. He says they would be much more useful, and would make much less noise."

A CORRECTION OF THE PRESS.—The *Moniteur* has been so full of financial matters lately that its title of the *Moniteur* should be altered to the *Money-tew*.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

"DEAR PUNCE,

"IT may be that I own a sad depravity of taste, but there are few things on the stage I more enjoy than a good melodrama. But then it must be one of the old blood-and-thunder sort, with lots of death-struggles, and mysteries, and murders to slow music in it. Your modern French abominations I detest and scorn, and shall rejoice to see them exorcised from our stage. The refinement of slow poison may be in accordance with the spirit of the age, and there doubtless is some interest to the scientific mind in watching the performer through the working of the drug, and noticing the symptoms of his gradual decay. But to me such scenes as these are most unpleasantly revolting, and as I'm not a doctor they serve only to disgust me. When A wishes to kill B, whether for vengeance or for gold, I very much prefer to see A beat or blow B's brains out, than slay him by half inches with homœopathic doses, which produce the most distressing facial effects, whereof the ghastliness increases until the curtain drops. A bullet through the body, or a bludgeon-stroke behind-back, are quite manly ways of murdering compared with poisoned puddings, and doctored doctor's stuff. There is action in the one case, and perhaps a good grim death-grapple; while in the other there is nothing but contortions, that make you think of the pangs which you may suffer when having your next tooth out.

"With these thoughts in my mind (I can quote '*hec voluens animo*,' if you wish me to be classical) I made the other night a trans-Thamesian expedition to see a 'great sensation drama' at the Surrey Theatre; where, according to the play-bills, 'thousands nightly throng to witness' the powerful situations and stupendous stage effects. The evening I attended was the drama's sixty-first, and that its run is not yet over was attested pretty clearly by the crammed state of the pit; whose eight hundred upturned faces, swaying to and fro with varying emotion, were to my mind quite worth journeying across the Thames to see. The piece is by its author called the *Idiot of the Mountain*,

which they who love alliteration will agree with me in altering to the *Idiot of the 'Ill*. There are only three men killed, and although there is a thunderstorm there's no terrific combat: so the incidents of interest are comparatively mild. But, in accordance with the fashion, there's a great 'Sensation Scene,' which is very clearly the chief magnet of attraction, and is very much too complicated for me briefly to describe. It is called 'The Smuggler's Nest Overhanging the Abyss,' the nest being a small hut perched six feet from the stage, and built with three walls only, that the audience may see into it. A plank, lifted by a pulley, bridges over the abyss, on the other bank of which there grows an over-hanging fir-tree, whose boughs reach very nearly to the window of the hut. To these ingredients, in the background add a moon with fitting clouds, a flash or two of lightning, some slow music, and a thunderbolt, which shatters the old fir-tree as the heroine is crossing it, and crash! she tumbles headlong into the abyss. Vicious Villain and Bold Smuggler, whom she wished to overhear, leave the hut by torchlight, and then with her back hair down, up she climbs unhurt—not a speck on her gay petticoat—and creeps into the hut. Re-enters the Bold Smuggler, and proposes instant marriage—she spurrns him—s shrieks out 'Help!' and (of course) 'Unhand me, Villain!'—enters *Idiot*—takes a header slap down into the abyss—climbs up other side, and dashes into hut—knocks down the Bold Smuggler—rescues heroine—*Tableau*.

"Here, it will be seen, is thrilling action and excitement, enough to make the heads wave in the agitated pit; and when in the last scene the Vicious Villain is discovered in the costume of a blacksmith (from his previous attire I had quite fancied him a Count), and, being desperate, endeavours to sledge-hammer the Bold Smuggler, and then to silence the Brave Heroine with a knife drawn from his back, and, foiled in both these efforts, and being accused of murder, robbery, and half-a-score of crimes, including that of stealing somebody whom he has passed off as his son,—when, as a climax, Vicious Villain stabs the *Idiot* in the ribs, and then is shot stone-dead by him while trying to escape, the Pit waved

more and more in its intense enjoyment, and the whistling of the Gallery betrayed a like delight.

"On lesser points of interest I have little space to dwell, such for instance as the working of the Vicious Villain's eyes, whose whites made ghastly contrast to his copper-coloured cheeks. But the piece is no less interesting than it is instructive; for it throws a flood of light upon the social life of France (where, judging by the names merely, the scene seems to be laid), and reveals some highly curious customs of that country, which no tourist I have met with has ever yet described. Before my visit to the Surrey I was not at all aware that the foreman of a jury, sitting on a case of murder, was allowed to take a walk while the trial was proceeding, and so gain time to strike a bargain with the daughter of the prisoner to bring her father in 'Not Guilty,' on condition of her promising to marry the said juryman, who is the real murderer, and whom (of course) she deeply hates. Neither was I conscious that in France a master blacksmith went about on working days in full evening costume (dress coat, waistcoat, and black trousers, clean shirt and white choker, a camellia in his button-hole and patent leather boots), and that, being so attired, he might enter a lady's drawing-room an uninvited guest, and carry on dark plots with peasant girls and pedlars, who have the privilege of making the same lady's house their own, and of coming in and out by the front way or the back, and holding assignations there precisely as they please.

"Partly on account of these queer continental customs, one finds the intricacies of the plot grow terribly perplexing as the play proceeds. Indeed I have to thank the 'spirited lessees' not alone for their good acting and good mounting of the piece, but for giving me a brain-bewildering entertainment which affords a theme for exercise of the deepest thought. Whenever I want practice for my powers of conjecture, I shall turn my mind to the *Idiot of the Mountain*, and make an effort to unravel its impenetrable plot. Who the *Idiot* is himself, I can only feebly guess; and why the Vicious Villain stabs him, (except to make a *Tableau*) I have not the least idea. But mysteries of course are essential to a melodrama, and to me it's the more interesting where they are only half cleared up. The author thereby leaves the audience a theme for meditation; and in pieces where an idiot forms the central figure, it seems quite proper that one's mind should be left somewhat in a maze.

"Next week I shall have to speak about the *Peep o' Day*.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

DEBT TO THE DEPARTED BRAVE.



HOPE told a flattering tale when the flattery of that tale turned out, like most other flattery, to be flim.

The tale of which Hope is the hearer only is too often likewise as fallacious as it is flattering. Let us hope, against hope, that the news announced in the subjoined paragraph taken from the *Army and Navy Gazette* is not too good to be true in the sense wherein our gallant contemporary understands the announcement:—

"INDIAN PRIZE MONEY.—The spirits of the expectants of Indian Prize Money will be somewhat raised by an official notification that no applications for Delhi, Lucknow, or Pegu prize money will be received after the 1st proximo. We trust, therefore, that the discreditable delay which has so long prevailed with reference to the distribution of those funds may terminate."

There cannot be the slightest difficulty in believing that no applications for the Indian prize-money, now so long due, which may be made after the first of next month, will be received. The question is whether any such applications, albeit made on or before that day, will ever be complied with, or meet with the least attention? This is a very doubtful question indeed, and experience suggests the prediction, that, after those applications shall have been duly made and received, some fresh excuse will be found for prolonging that delay in the distribution of the funds claimed to the persons who are entitled to them, which the *Army and Navy Gazette* justly terms discreditable.

That the spirits of many, if not most of the expectants of Indian

prize-money, will be raised by the official notification above alluded to is very credible to believers in apparitions of the departed. Probably the majority of those ill-requited heroes are now in their graves, whither their journey was accelerated by the heart-sickness of hope deferred. The intimation, how equivocal soever, that some idea of settling their claims is entertained by Government, may be considered quite enough to wake the dead in these days of easy communication with that once undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller used to return, but whence many come back again for a short trip, now that table-ways are established between this world and the other. The Spiritualists already talk of one War-Office Ghost, whose apparition was the means of rectifying an official mistake. Let the War Office, between the present date and the second of December, look out for raps on tables, and desks, and pigeon-hole chests of drawers, from the spirits of deceased Indian officers, kept out of their prize-money. What medium can make spirits rap if the circulating medium cannot? There is, at any rate, a spirit in the Press, which, until the shamefully wronged claimants of Indian prize-money get their due, will never cease to give the defaulters an occasional series of the severest raps on the knuckles.

COPIES FOR PHYSICIANS.

A LETTER in the *Times*, from a general practitioner's assistant, which appeared the other day, complains of the badness of the handwriting in which physicians are generally accustomed to compose their prescriptions. Now as the difference between 5 and 5 in point of dose would in many cases be the difference between a remedy and a poison, because a blot, or aberration of the pen might easily cause the former figure, a drachm, to be mistaken for the latter, an ounce, it is obvious that there is much reason in the Assistant's complaint. Physicians, therefore, are recommended to return to those studies of penmanship which they used to cultivate in early youth; and here are some copy-book texts which they might employ themselves in writing out, so to speak, for practice:—

- Avoid Empiricism.*
- Bleed as seldom as possible.*
- Cupping is rarely practised.*
- Drugs are deleterious.*
- Examine the tongue.*
- Feel the pulse.*
- Gout is hereditary.*
- Humbug is unprofessional.*
- Idiosyncrasy is wonderful.*
- James's powder is a febrifuge.*
- Leave well enough alone.*
- Medicine removes obstacles.*
- Nature alone cures.*

By carefully copying out the foregoing maxims, and others of a similar nature, physicians will anyhow improve their handwriting, and thus at least avoid killing anybody by making a clerical error in a medical prescription.

THE OPPRESSED AT HOME.

MR. YANCEY, one of the two Southern Commissioners acting in England, at the late dinner of the Fishmongers' Company, in answer to a complimentary toast, made a speech in which there was a good deal to admire; amongst other things the subjoined quotation, applied to the American Republic:—

"The land of the free,
And the home of the oppressed."

The Confederate Republic, MR. YANCEY'S Republic, as well as the Yankees' Republic, may be, or at all events once more become, the land of the free. The former is also peculiarly the home of the oppressed. The free, in the Southern States, are the white population, and the oppressed are the blacks; whose home is on their master's plantation, and whom fugitive slave-laws have prevented from finding one anywhere else.



AMBITIOUS PARENT, "Well, yes Sir, I want to insure him for a Thousand Pound against Accidental Death, Sir—'tis I'm thinking of 'Prenticing him to Blondin!"—(Need we add, the "proposal" is declined.)

ULTRAMONTANE ART TREASURES.

AMONG the various branches of industry to be represented at the Great Exhibition of 1862, a very prominent position will be occupied by the interesting, but, in this land of insular prejudice, too long and too generally despised and derided art of Priestcraft. So, at least, there appears good reason to conclude from the subjoined paragraph, which has gone the round of the papers:—

"THE POPE AND THE EXHIBITION OF 1862.—His Holiness the POPE has condescended to order his Government to take part in the London Exposition of 1862. For this purpose a commission will assist the Minister of Commerce and the Minister of Public Works in selecting the objects destined for the Exposition; and further, a pontifical commissioner will be sent to London, for the special purpose of taking charge of the said objects. The expense of carriage and of insurance will be defrayed by the Pontifical Government. Three thousand feet of space have been set apart by the English commissioners for the exhibitors."

It is expected that the objects selected by the Papal Ministers, assisted by a commission composed of Princes of the Church, Monsignori, and other ecclesiastics, will comprise the following specimens of sacerdotal ingenuity:—The Winking Image of Rimini, The Holy Coat of Trèves. The Heads of the Three Kings and the Bones of the 11,000 Virgins of Cologne, which will be included in the Sacrosanct Osteological and Anatomical Department. The Holy Father would have caused the blood of St. Januarius to be added to this part of the collection, but for circumstances over which he has no control, and which lacerate his paternal heart. The Bambino of Rome. The *Casa Santa* of Loretto, provided the same means as those by which it was conveyed to its present site from Galilee can be employed to transfer it to Brompton. The Apparition of La Salette, as originally got up. An Extensive Assortment of Consecrated Wafers that bled when pricked by Jews, and on other occasions; with Affidavits attesting the Facts. Several Images, Paintings, and Statues, which rolled their Eyes, wept, and perspired, at Rome, at Ancona, in the Marches, and elsewhere in the Roman States, during the greater part of the Year 1796. Sundry Bottles filled with the Tears and Exudations of those Holy Effigies. The Depositions of Nine-hundred-and-sixty-two Eye-Witnesses, judiciously interrogated, affirmative of the Reality of the Phenomena and Genuineness of the Articles in Question. Machinery

anciently employed by the Holy Office for the Confutation of Heretics, consisting of Racks, Thumbscrews, and other Instruments applied in performing Acts of Faith. A Fac-Simile of the Original Chair of St. Peter, bearing the Mahometan Inscription, in the Cufic Character, which demonstrates the Authenticity of the Relic.

Nothing less than the wholesale conversion of England, Evangelical Alliance, LORD PALMERSTON, *Punch*, and all, is expected from the opportunity of contemplating the edifying objects whereof the above-named are a few out of many, which will be afforded next year to the British Public by the liberality of the Holy Father.

A REAL "SMACK ON THE KISSER."

Bell's Life passim.

POOR JOHN C. HEENAN seems destined to be unlucky. Neither Mars nor Venus is, evidently, the star of his fortunes. A lady, with the pretty name of Ada, claims in the first place to be his wife, and in the second place, to be released from matrimonial obligations. No man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*, and it has been said that no man is a hero to his wife. In J. C. H.'s case the malicious observation would seem to be true. This is a sad facer for the American Champion, and worse than the salutation by the left hand of MR. THOMAS SAYERS. The least the fighting world can do is to take the belt out of the avuncular clutch, and send it over for HEENAN'S consolation under what the editor of the *Life* says is an 'arder hit than a brave man ought to receive.

Not a Bad Bull.

THE following announcement is copied from a poster:—

"LYCEUM THEATRE.
To-night and every other Evening,
New and original Drama, entitled,
PEEP O' DAY; or, SAVOURNEEN DEELISH."

An Irish piece, of course. What could be more thoroughly Irish than the peep o' day every evening?



AN UNLIKELY OCCURRENCE.

COSTER. "Go! You should see how he can go when he's FULL OF CORN!"

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"I CONFESSED in my last letter that I relished a good melodrama, one of the old cut-throat blood-and-thunder school, full of mysteries and murders, and terrific broad-sword combats, and with a tremolo accompaniment of slow music all throughout. A glance at PARK his 'FAVOURITE CHARACTERS,' so dear to me in boyhood, recalls to my fond memory many a hot and happy evening, spent in sitting through a play whereof no mind might grasp the plot, and in watching Female Virtue in ringlets and short petticoats pursued by Vice in broad black belt and big brimmed yellow boots. How sadly have I sighed to see the suffering heroine ejected from her home through some foul insinuation of the villain of the piece; and how gladly have I cheered her when at some momentous crisis of her fate she has pulled a pair of pistols from her fur-topped ankle-boots, and has held one right and left at her cowardly assailants, crossing her arms usually to take the surer aim!

"Alas! one rarely gets the chance now of seeing plays like these, and if one did I doubt if one would quite so much enjoy them. At any rate our managers appear to fancy that the public have entirely lost their taste for this old-fashioned kind of melodrama, and that to please their palate nowadays a murder must be served up with the spice of splendid scenery and novel stage effects. Simply shooting down a victim, or killing him or her with a dagger in the ribs, or a bludgeon-blow behind-back, is considered much too mild and unromantic a proceeding: and now to be attractive, the murder must be done in a picturesque locality, where the loveliness of nature increases one's intensity of horror at the crime. Hence we have 'Sensation Scenes,' as they are termed, and on their attraction mainly rests the fortune of the piece.

"MR. FALCONER'S *Peep o' Day*, at which I went the other night to have a peep, is in one sense no exception to this new dramatic rule. The murder scene is certainly the most effective bit, and I liked it all the better because after all no murder is actually done, the ruffian being killed with his own uplifted weapon, while his intended victim, the heroine, escapes. I have rarely known a scene more thrillingly worked

up, or brought more neatly to a climax than this of the Old Quarry; and it would not much surprise me if it prove almost as taking as the Cave scene in the *Colleen*, to which, although no plagiarist, it may in some degree be regarded as a parallel. Your country readers who are shortly coming for the Cattle Show, may be attracted if I tell them that, in place of MR. BOUCICAULT'S far-famed 'tremendous header,' there is a twenty-feet descent by the Rescuer of Innocence, who comes down upon the Ruffian from the top brink of the quarry by means of a conveniently bending mountain ash. Perhaps their top-boots may still more be tempted to the theatre, if I add that, when the scene opens, Ruffian is discovered digging grave for Wretched Heroine, of whom, by bridge in background (only access to Old Quarry), he goes off presently in search—tremolo slow music, fiddles twiddling *pianissimo* appropriate tune, the *One Horse Shay*.* Enters Heroine over bridge, her red cloak gleaming brightly in the Bude Light moonshine—comes down craggy path where the ivy leaves hang glittering in the moonbeams of said Bude, contrasting picturesquely with the darkness down beneath—Heroine calls for brother, by forged letter from whom she has been lured to the Dark Valley (*Hibernice* Foil Dhuiv)—he not coming, she gets frightened—sees grave—starts—and shrieks—more *agitato* fiddling of the cheerful *One Horse Shay*. Enters Ruffian over bridge—Heroine hides—he sentimentally throws flowers into grave, and hints he don't much like the job—strikes a match for pipe: by its light discovers Heroine and chivies her round Quarry—being slow upon his pins, to make sure of his victim he then cuts up craggy path, and cuts off her escape by cutting down the bridge—crash!—game of hide-and-seek to tune of *One Horse Shay*, disguised by fiddles shaking as though they had the ague—Heroine caught at last and trembles in his clutch—enters Rescuer at the 'flies'—takes tree-mendous header—bonnets Ruffian, who falls—as does the act-drop:—pleased audience cries 'Brayvo!'—calls them all before the curtain—Heroine smothered with bouquets—smiling Ruffian bows his thanks to the applausive gods and pit.

"Here surely is a scene that will attract the rural mind; and still further to delight it, there's an Irish country fair, called 'Pattern' by

* A fact, MR. CONDUCTOR, though you have done your best to hide it.

the Pats with a raal ould Irish jig, and a shillelagh faction fight. This scene too is got up quite 'regardless of expense'; for, instead of having some half-score of feeble supernumeraries, who with stingy managers would pass off for a mob, MR. FALCONER crowds his stage with pretty near a hundred, all drilled to make the greatest shindy that they can. MR. FALCONER has moreover had good sense enough to use the scissors to his dialogue, and though another snip or two might well be had in the first act, the drama does not drag now, as it did when first produced, and the audience are not detained till nearly twelve o'clock. I may add that MR. FALCONER plays a virtuous Irish vagabond with a good deal of quiet humour, while MRS. BOWERS (from America) very tastefully avoids all ranting as the Heroine, and in the Murder Scene is much to be commended for her natural way of acting, and her frightened tone of voice. MR. SELBY as the Ruffian is picturesque in his make-up, and does his murderous business in a most impressive manner; but his voice is hardly deep enough to suit so base a villain, and one sighs as one remembers the sepulchral hollow tones of that lamented prince of deep-dyed ruffians, O. SMITH.

"Having had enough of melodrama for the present, I mean before my next to have a look at M. FECHTER; who, having outlived his roaring rival, MR. BROOKE, is still cramming the Princess's three cucumbers every week.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

THE LIBERTY OF UNLICENSED HAWKING.



LET us venture to say that there are numbers of poor industrious persons whose humble claims to be allowed to make a little noise in the world, ought not to be disregarded. These are the vendors of muffins, and other itinerant merchants, who are forbidden to advertise their commodities by shouting and bawling, by ringing bells, blowing horns, and employing the like sonorous means of attracting attention.

A deputation of newsvenders waited the other day on SIR RICHARD MAYNE to invoke the suppression, by means of the Police, of those nice little boys who go about crying the cheap papers—the little angels of the Catchpenny Press. The newsvenders said they were injured in their trade, they who were tax-payers, by this unlicensed street-hawking.

The Chief Commissioner of Police could not help it—did not seem to see that the news-criers came within the purview of the statute relative to hawking without falcons.

Now it is most important that the little street cherubs that continually do cry penny newspapers should be encouraged in crying them continually. "Now then, Illustrated, off that!" exclaimed a conductor, in our hearing, to one of them who got on the step of an omnibus and thrust in over the door a bundle of prints, screaming, "Illustrated News, One Penny." A country gentleman, had there been one in the omnibus, might have bought one of those things in the belief that he was buying the *Illustrated London News*. It is advantageous to the public, and good for enterprise, that mistakes of this kind should be made; therefore, the newsvenders' application to SIR RICHARD MAYNE was quite inadmissible; and if there is any doubt that he was right in refusing it, let an Act be passed, expressly authorising the newsboys to shout and yell.

But then let there be equality as well as liberty, and let all manner of persons be alike entitled to create any disturbance they please in the streets, and without a licence, to notify their respective wares. Food for the body is as much entitled to be publicly proclaimed as food for the mind, and a muffin-bell is not much more unpleasant than a shrill harsh voice with a cockney twang. Since penny papers, exempt from duty, are permitted to be announced with clamour, let bakers, pedlars, costermongers, dustmen, sweeps, and others, be all equally enfranchised and admitted to the enjoyment of Free Trade, in being suffered to ring bells, strike gongs, beat drums, blow trumpets, and occasion any kind of din whatsoever by which they may think fit to recommend their articles for sale.

REVERSE OF FORTUNE.—The Borough of Finsbury which, at every election, has hitherto been worth £8,000 to the publicans and other principal voters, has on the occasion of its last vacancy been going a-begging.

STRIKING A DOCKET.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"HAVE you such a book in your entertaining library as an *Encyclopædia Britannica*? If so, please to refer to 'DOCKETS,' and inform me precisely what they are. I am so puzzled, you can't imagine, and it is so dreadful in these days of—what do they call it—intellectual progress, for a woman, even though she can plead minority if indicted for ignorance, not to know how such a popular pastime as 'docket' is played, and how to strike it elegantly, and with effect.

"You see I take it for granted that it is a game of some kind. And yet—I have my misgivings, and I'll tell you how they arose.

"My Uncle's Aunt, MISS KAKBERED, who speaks seven languages, and is deep in analytical chemistry, many years ago—you may remember, perhaps, the fire at the Royal Exchange—it was then—met a commercial gentleman at the ruins, to which, prompted by scientific curiosity, she paid a visit of inspection. Well, I suppose they compared notes. At all events he was imprudent enough to send her a few promissory ones, and upon them she subsequently based an action for breach of promise and recovered five hundred pounds damages. I said recovered, because I believe that is the technical term usual in such cases, but, in fact, MISS K. has never recovered either her spirits or her damages, for the commercial gentleman ran off to Boulogne and opened an *Estaminet*, where my cousin, COKE LITTLETON, and some of his friends of the Bar, have played billiards frequently.

"About two months ago, however, MISS KAKBERED ascertained that the perjured one had returned to England, and had set up in business as a Mining Agent, dealing extensively in Californian and Peruvian shares. This I accidentally overheard—for MISS K. is not at all communicative—but when my cousin COKE LITTLETON, who has a very pretty Sessions-House practice, calls upon us, MISS K. generally seizes the opportunity to consult him upon certain legal points, which must be very sharp, I fancy, from the pain which they give her. I am not fond of listening, but as there was only a thin partition between us, I could not help hearing her ask COKE whether she was not in a position to 'strike a docket?' He replied, I suspect affirmatively, but enjoined caution, and suggested failure, for MISS K. in a masculine tone, which reminded me of Grandmamma's imitation of MRS. SMYDONS in *Lady Macbeth*, replied, We fail! and announced her fixed determination to 'strike,' on which COKE adopting the eloquent apostrophe of *Punch* to the builders (*vide* No. 1030), exclaimed 'Strike! but hear me.'

"Pray, pardon this intrusion on your valuable space, and believe me

"Your constant Reader,

"FANNY B. WILDERD."

"P.S. Is not 'docket' or 'docquet' merely the old-fashioned name for 'croquet,' and in striking, do you not employ a sort of crutch?"

A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

UNDER the head of *Essays and Reviews*, a contemporary publishes the subjoined statement relative to the BISHOP OF SALISBURY and DR. WILLIAMS:—

"When notice was first given to DR. WILLIAMS that proceedings would be taken against him, the bishop wrote to him to request that he would afford him facilities for disposing, without difficulty, of all preliminary technicalities, so that the whole question might be fought on its merits."

With all proper respect for the BISHOP OF SALISBURY, everybody who reads what is above related will feel compelled to ask that right reverend prelate whether he really believed that he saw any green in DR. WILLIAMS's eye? The idea of writing, as prosecutor, to a defendant, requesting him to be so kind as to give a handle for an indictment, is truly clerical in its simplicity, though it may not be deemed worthy of a very dignified, to say nothing of a very reverend, divine. It is a regular parson's trick, and one that nobody but a parson would think of playing, except a pantaloon in a pantomime, attempting to practise a similar artifice on the innocence of the clown. If DR. WILLIAMS would but make his friend SARUM the present of a stand-point, that clerical ARCHIMEDES could easily move the earth so as to bring down the Court of Arches about the ears of the Essayist and Reviewer. But no; the spot of verdure on the iris of DR. WILLIAMS exists only in the episcopal imagination; and accordingly:—

"To the letter in which this request was contained, DR. WILLIAMS replied, not by sending any admissions, but simply the name of MR. DU BOIS, his proctor."

DR. ROWLAND WILLIAMS, Vicar of Broad Chalke, Wilts, and Professor of Hebrew, St. David's College, Lampeter, look you, is a weasel that your Lordship shall not catch asleep. But that you are W. K. SARUM, and not O. SARUM, it might be said that DR. WILLIAMS has given you a Rowland for an Oliver.

A DINNER FOR A DUKE.



THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE having signified his gracious willingness to dine with the Artillery at Woolwich, the officers of course resolved to give him a good dinner, in the faith that he inherited his noble father's well known relish for the same. In pursuance of this aim, the ducal tastes were very carefully consulted; and though the *Times* informs us simply that "a banquet was prepared on an appropriate scale," that statement gives small notion of what was really done.

By details which have reached us through a culinary channel, fathomed by an active officer of the police, we may state that the *menu*, as originally framed, included every delicacy in or out

of season, and was on such a scale of luxury, as would have made LUCULLUS smack his classic lips to think of, and the shade of old VITELLUS long to dine once more on earth. But before the day arrived it was luckily remembered that the Duke had lately signified his approbation of the mess of the Military Academy, and had said that the cadets had nothing to complain of in their diet of boiled mutton, hard potatoes, and sour swipes. It was naturally supposed therefore that his Royal Highness had undergone some change in his dietary tastes, and would better like a dinner served with Spartanlike simplicity than a banquet on the model of the epicures of Rome. This notion was accordingly confided to the cook, and how skilfully that artist contrived to carry it out may be seen by a perusal of the following

BILL OF FARE.

SOUPS.

Potage de pierre.
Bouillon de mouton simple.
Potage de bélier aux turnip-tops.
Soupe noire à la Spartiate.

FISH.

Hareng saur, bouilli.
Sprats fris.
Three boiled gudgeon: one smelt.

ENTRÉES.

Queucs de mouton sautées à la sauce Crimée.
Fricandeau de chipe-squine moisi de bouts de cigarré.

Bouilli de mouton suranné à la cuir de semelle.
Haricots maigrés à l'eau de Tamise non filtrée.
Sour sweet-breads hachés à la boule-et-skouic.
Fricassée de chaussettes-laine-d'agneau.
Pieds de mouton farcis de cors et d' onions.

JOINTS.

Mouton d'ordonnance de Voulviche bouilli en chiffons.
Junk salé—Pièce de Résistance (aux machoires).

LÉGUMES.

Pommes-de terre manquées.
Tabourets de crapaud bouillis en papillotes.
Tape rouge à la Commandant-en-Chef.
Pain de munition rassis à discrétion.
Cailloux écorchés à la Duke Humphrey.

GIBIER.

Chat (neuf queues) frit.

SWEETS.

Hard dumpling à la rustaude.
Black (hole) puddings à la Cadette-qui-fume.
Confiture à la flanquez-y-leur des coups.
Squab pie soufflée.
Roley-poley pouding à la rustication.
Omelette faite sans œufs, frite avec pelures de pomme-de-terre.

FROMAGES.

Chesterre bouche-ton-nez.
Double Dutch à la tue-les-mouches-à-quinze-pas.

DESSERT.

Penny buns (stale).
Pommes dures au naturel.
A pint of nuts.

WINES.

Bière-de-gingembre éventée.
Eau de la Tamise non-sucrée.
Swipes d'Angleterre aux stomach-aches.
Thé de birch-broom maigre.

The decorations of the room and the appointments of the table were in keeping with the tempting nature of the viands, for we understand the banquet was served on a deal table uncovered by a cloth, and lighted by tallow candles in tin "regulation" sticks. Knives and two-pronged forks were furnished for the guests who were too fine to feed *au naturel* with their fingers, but to no one was extended the offeminate and foppish luxury of a napkin, nor was any one permitted all throughout the dinner to ask for a clean plate. In fact, the rough-and-tumble way in which everything was done was strictly in accordance with the Spartan code of discipline which seems to be in vogue now at the Woolwich Cadet-School; where it appears to be considered that lads grow rich in knowledge by living on poor diet, and are made good soldiers through having a bad cook. After dinner "No smoking allowed."

A FIRE-EATER FEEDING HIMSELF.

A SHORT time ago, according to the *Morning Post*, the officers of a distinguished cavalry regiment combined in inviting one of their comrades to leave the corps, because, having been insulted by a certain person, he omitted to call that person out. One day last week our fashionable contemporary, whose columns are of course duly studied by those gallant officers, published part of a letter from Warsaw, which particularly merits their attention and that of all other valiant gentlemen who wish to revive the chivalrous practice of duelling. It contains an edifying account of the death of GENERAL GERSTENZWEIG, whence duellists whom circumstances forbid to fight may learn how nevertheless to give each other all the satisfaction which offended dignity can desire. Great GENERAL GERSTENZWEIG had imprisoned some Poles in the citadel at Warsaw. Soon afterwards an insurrection was expected. If it broke out, too many prisoners in the citadel might prove troublesome. Accordingly some of the imprisoned Poles were released by the commander of the fortress with the sanction of COUNT LAMBERT; and:—

"On hearing this, GENERAL GERSTENZWEIG went in a state of great irritation to COUNT LAMBERT, reproached him with having acted from fear, and called him a coward. As several officers of the staff were present, a duel seemed inevitable; but as a hostile meeting between two such high personages at that moment might present great inconvenience, it was decided that one of the two should kill himself the same evening, and that lots should be drawn to decide which it should be. The lot fell on GENERAL GERSTENZWEIG, and he fired three times with pistols at his head, the last time inflicting a mortal wound."

The difficulty which bold GENERAL GERSTENZWEIG met with in trying to blow out his own brains is very suggestive of the strength and thickness of that skull which nature had provided to contain and defend them. He found it a hard matter to satisfy COUNT LAMBERT. The Count would doubtless have experienced as much trouble in giving himself satisfaction if the fall of the die had placed him under the necessity of indemnifying his honour by destroying his own life. Such honour is so extremely thin-skinned that it should be excessively thick-skulled.

The solo system of duelling, however, above instanced, is certainly the most rational that could be adopted in this country, where an ordinary duel, if it is not a farce, is a capital crime. The survivor would not be liable to be hanged, or forced to fly the country. Ridicule would not be brought on the "grand custom" of single combat by one of the antagonists firing in the air, or contending himself with "winging" the other. One of the two would be obliged to shoot himself dead, though it should take him a dozen shots to batter a hole in his cranium. He might, before committing *felo de se*, make over all his property to his family, which would prevent its forfeiture to the Crown. His mind, in as far as he has any, has of course been made up to "jump the life to come," and a man may as well take that leap in a simple act of suicide, as in exposing himself to be killed in an attempt to murder.

"THE WEIGH OF THE WORLD."—The Pound Sterling.



WHAT OUR VOLUNTEERS OUGHT NOT TO DO.

THEY OUGHT NOT, FOR ONE THING, TO STAGGER THROUGH QUIET STREETS, DRUMMING AND TRUMPETING LIKE SAVAGES, AT MIDNIGHT. THIS, TO THE PARTICULAR CORPS IT CONCERNS, AND WHICH MADE NIGHT SO VERY HIDEOUS ON WEDNESDAY THE 27TH ULT.

A WARNING TO JONATHAN;

OR, "DOETH HE WAG HIS TAIL?"

JONATHAN, JONATHAN, 'ware of the Lion:

He's patient, he's placable, slow to take fire:
There are tricks which in safety a puppy might try on,
But from dogs of his *own* size they waken his ire.

With your bounce and your bunkum you've pelted him often,
Good humoured he laughed as the missiles flew by,
Hard words you've employed, which he ne'er bid you soften,
As knowing your tallest of talk all my eye.

When you blustered he still was content with pooh-pooing,
When you flared up he just let the shavings burn out:
He knew you were fonder of talking than doing,
And Lions for trifles don't put themselves out.

But beware how you tempt even leonine patience,
Or presume the old strength has forsaken his paw:
He's proud to admit you and he are relations,
But even relations may take too much law.

If there's one thing he values, 'tis right of asylum;
Safe who rests 'neath the guard of the Lion would be:
In that shelter the hard-hunted fugitive whilome,
Must be able to sleep the deep sleep of the free.

Then think twice, and think well, ere from guard of the Lion
Those who seek his protection you try to withdraw:
Though STOWELL and WHEATON and KENT you rely on,
'There are points on which Lions won't listen to jaw.

Remember in time the old tale of the showman,
Who his head in the mouth of the Lion would sheath,
Till with lengthened impunity, bold as a Roman,
He seemed to forget that the Lion had teeth.

But the time came at last, when all risks madly scorning,
He went just too far down that road rough and red,
When, with only one wag of his tail for a warning,
Snap went Leo's jaws, and off went BARNUM's head!

A CULINARY WONDER WANTED.

OH, these advertising people! What *Dogberrys* they are! How constantly one finds them writing themselves down, to a level which is well nigh asinine in its stupidity! As a sample, look at this:—

WANTED, a COOK, in a small family, from 26 to 36 years of age. Must be clean, active, good-tempered, obliging, an early riser, and of the Church of England. Wages £16, with beer. Apply, &c.

Now, the advertiser surely does not mean to tell us that his family is from 26 to 36 years old, for in that case the word "small" would be clearly misapplied to it, unless indeed its members all of them were dwarfs. Yet, from his clumsy wording, this is how the sentence must properly be read; and when people address servants they cannot speak too plainly, nor expect to have had English corrected into good.

With regard to the fine qualities required in this cook, there is really such a string of them that no one but a petticoated *Crichton* could possess them, and any one who said she did would be almost wanting modesty to make the bold avowal. For instance, as for looking for good temper in a cook, one would about as soon expect to see good taste in a gorilla, or good nature in a pig. A cook, whose cheeks are always being reddened by the fire, becomes of course hot-tempered merely from the heat; and if she be hired "with beer" at indiscretion, we doubt if all her church-going will keep her temper cool.

No. 45 OUTDONE.—The impudent conduct of CAPTAIN WILKS in boarding the *Trent* is such a violation of all international propriety, that the cry is now, "WILKS and unpardonable liberty."



LOOK OUT FOR SQUALLS.

JACK BULL. "YOU DO WHAT'S RIGHT, MY SON, OR I'LL BLOW YOU OUT OF THE WATER."

EDWIN'S RESURGAM.

See the Article of the New York Times on MR. EDWIN JAMES.

A LEGAL star, in mid career,
Dropped sudden into deepest dark—
No more was EDWIN JAMES seen here,
No more was EDWIN JAMES's clerk.

We deemed both sunk in starless night,
As the sea swamps a scuttled bark,
When lo upstruggling into light,
The hand of EDWIN JAMES's clerk!

Who else could write the paragraph
That has excited such remark—
Or blow our EDWIN's trumpet half
So well as EDWIN JAMES's clerk?

Who know each brief, who knew each fee,
Knew all that's patent, all that's dark,
About that famous Ex-Q. C.
Unless 'twas EDWIN JAMES's clerk?

The outer world had never known
One half his merits and his mark—
What Bills he passed, what verdicts won,
Except for EDWIN JAMES's clerk.

We thought E. J. beneath a cloud
At once unsavoury and dark;
Not so—he soared above the crowd,
Too pure—says EDWIN JAMES's clerk.

With Bankruptcy for last resort
We deemed him prey of legal shark;
It was the Bill and not the Court
He passed, says EDWIN JAMES's clerk.

By vulgar arts we deemed he climbed,
With brazen face and blatant bark;
No—'twas by eloquence sublimed
He rose, says EDWIN JAMES's clerk.

We thought the Bar was democrat;
No—in the shadow cold and dark.
Of aristocracy he sat,
Yet won, says EDWIN JAMES's clerk.

We thought he could not linger here,
For reasons needless to remark;
'Twas but to bless another sphere
He went, says EDWIN JAMES's clerk.

We thought that other men had fames,
Others in cases made their mark;
But no—'twas JAMES and only JAMES
Did all, says EDWIN JAMES's clerk.

The New York Bar, we thought, such guest
Had met with faces cold and dark;
But lo! they strain him to their breast
With joy, says EDWIN JAMES's clerk.

Too gratified that Bar should be,
When England bids such men embark,
To seek new triumphs over sea,
And so thinks EDWIN JAMES's clerk.

Soon may the dollars' tinkling toll,
Sweeter than song of thrush or lark,
Rejoice the eyes and glad the soul,
Of EDWIN and of EDWIN's clerk.

Blow fair Favonian gales, and far
Speed gentle EDWIN's new-launched bark—
And good luck to the New York Bar,
Good luck to EDWIN JAMES's clerk.

A Threatened Improvement.

AN agitation has been commenced in the Marylebone Vestry for getting a sub-way to be made across Hyde Park connecting Paddington and Bayswater with Brompton and South Kensington. If this sub-way means a tunnel, and MR. D'IFFANGER and his colleagues will pay for it, well and good. A tunnel would be simply a bore; but a fatal mistake would be committed in making a cut through the Lungs of London.

SIR ÆSCULAPIUS PUNCH ON ALLMYEYEOPTHY.

I HAVE often been solicited to give my opinion of Allmyeyeopathy, not by Hospital Students alone, but by those more zealous advocates of medical reform who will accept of no half-and-half measures. Some members of our profession admire new lights, while others cling tenaciously to their old lamps, which shining with sanguine lustre, are so aptly symbolical of danger. For my part, knowing but little of Allmyeyeopathy, I have hitherto regarded it with an apathetic eye. Silence with most people signifies consent. It is not every minister whose reticence it would take volumes to construe. A BURLEIGH may shake empires by a nod, and cause with a wink that perplexity of nations, which was formerly supposed to originate in an eclipse. A physician is not a diplomatist, and eloquence was not given to us for a napkin. TALLEYRAND doubtless had peculiar thoughts, but I solemnly affirm that we have nothing to conceal.

It is idle to throw physic to those dumb animals whose universal medicine, judging from their accredited organs, appear to be whine and bark. I must, however, candidly own, that the practice of physic is as much like a game of speculation as a game of draughts, for we can never foresee what will be the turn-up. There is this distinction too between solid and liquid draughts—in playing with one you are *huffed* for not taking a man, while with the other you may be *huffed* for losing him.

We are warned by eminent authority not to put our trust in mixtures. Nervous patients often shudder on entering a medicated arsenal, to see the pharmaceutical forces drawn up in battle array, while their olfactory nerves remind them how rank is many a plial. You might fancy that an iron-clad *Warrior* could scarcely resist a battery of boluses, but the constitution of man is almost impregnable, and has been known to survive charges more terrible than those of Waterloo.

Allmyeyeopathy combines two opposite modes of treatment, being at once active and expectant. It acts directly on the diaphragm from whence its influence radiates to all the risible muscles. The *modus operandi* is simple, easy, and pleasant as fibbing (I use that term in its Pickwickian, not its pugilistic, sense). The practitioner when called in, first ascertains that his patient is strong enough to bear a tickle. Assured of this, he exhibits *Punch's* concentrated essence, of which he always carries enough in his recollection, to kill ten ordinary jokers. The effect is electrical. Threepenny-worth will effect a cure, unless the depression is unusually severe. A sporting barrister, revived after taking that amount, notwithstanding he had suffered most acutely from the Oaks. The same dose sufficed to rally an honourable Member who lost his seat, after a violent struggle, and fell heavily in public estimation. A poetical baronet was restored to consciousness by similar means after a shocking effusion of verse, and when he had been frightfully cut up by a Cherokee reviewer. A commodore's widow at Barbadoes, who was attacked by a curious affection during a *fête champêtre*, where her partner was a remarkably slim naval lieutenant—an earnest young orator, who met with a painful accident by throwing himself on the chair at a Debating Society, and an embarrassed Rifleman, who, in the contest for the Ladies' Challenge Cup, was himself hit in the centre before he had even made an outer, by the brilliant orbs of a patronising Peeress—all these valetudinarians were completely restored by the concentrated essence, and their sense of the absurdity is now as perfect as possible.

There is nothing novel in Allmyeyeopathy. Medical men have from the time of Hippocrates been accustomed to prescribe Placebos, but never until now with uniform success. Placebos used to be composed of flour, now they are made with fun. To secure perfect exhalation, however, the concentrated essence must be pure, and taken with regularity, for much depends upon that. *Vis comica* has succeeded to the business of *vis medicatrix nature*, or, perhaps, *medicatrix* is lawfully united to *comica*, and has consequently changed her name. DR. JOHN BROWN assures us that he has employed the essence in his practice for many years, and with most pleasurable results. No infirmity should be for one moment without the essence, and benevolent persons might do great good by purchasing a large quantity for administration to those who are too low-spirited to take it in themselves at their own residences. Every general practitioner should carry it about with him, if possible, in his glance.

AHEAD OF THE BRITISHERS.

OUR readers will derive a melancholy satisfaction from the following statements contained in a letter which the American Correspondent of the *Post* writes to that journal from Boston:—

"The Contractors continue to cheat marvellously. . . . To-day the Colonel ordered an inspection of some hard bread, or army crackers, to be made, which resulted in condemning 46 barrels out of 50. The Colonel is bound that his men shall not be swindled out of their just and appropriate fodder by any of these 'cussed sharks.' . . . The crackers we eat are stamped '1860,' and the boys say they have seen several marked 'B. C.'"

The foregoing information must be consolatory to the British public, as showing that our own Army Provision Contractors are not the greatest rogues in the world.



NO PLEASING SOME PEOPLE.

CRUSTY DRIVER (to a remark by his Fare). "Not fresh! Why they jibs a goin' up 'ill and kicks a goin' down. I ain't a goin' to gallop 'em to death on the level, 'twint likely; there's no pleasin' you."

NOTICE TO THE NORTH.

YANKEES beware! we are averse,
But not afraid to fight.
War we account the direst curse
On man that can alight;
And we will do whate'er we may
To keep that worst of plagues away.

Insults we've borne, and more can bear
To idle acts confined,
Or words, for which no more we care
Than for the noisome wind
Polluted by your skunk, which blows
Beyond the sphere of England's nose:

But, by insufferable deeds,
Throwing substantial mud,
So urge us not that we must needs
Embrace the work of blood;
Which we abhor; compelled to smite,
Shall therefore do with all our might.

For Peace we fight—as we forbear—
To keep it, patience strain;
To conquer it no efforts spare;
And conquer to retain:
As, if to war you make us go,
By Jove, we'll try to let you know!

WE HATE BRAGGING.

THERE is something, after all, in being an Englishman. MR. JOHN BULL can now go to France, to Belgium, Holland (and Denmark and Sweden will very shortly follow) without being called upon to produce his passport. There is no countryman in the world who can make a similar boast. It is true we pay a heavy Income-Tax, but then we have the option of going to other countries, and no impediments are thrown in our way. We avail ourselves of the privilege pretty often, but then it is always with renewed pleasure that we come back to the old country again. England is the freest country in the world—the freest to come to, the freest to go from, and the freest to live in; and the worst we wish other countries is for them to be as free as we are. We hate bragging, and that is the reason we never brag. The sun in shining does not brag about it, nor do we; we simply are the greatest people in the world because we cannot help it.

IMOGENE'S APOLOGY.

DEAR Cousins! No doubt you're astonished and nettled
To find little I. in a small village settled.
That one who at sixteen evinced some ambition,
At twenty, without any signs of contrition,
Should let Hymen kindle his conjugal torch
At the red lamp, which shines at a medical porch,
Is so strange,—but from love into lunacy proper,
If a girl's bent on rushing—no Atlas can stop her.
How could I decline the soft hand' of LORD PORRY?
You ask (Oh! my error be sure not to copy),
Whose face like his mind was a beautiful blank,
Who "pwidened" himself on his "wings" and his "wank,"
For his tongue's ineffectual but elegant twitches
Converts, as by magic, his wealth into "witches."
Well then! if I must be arraign'd on my trial—
All the spirit he had might be put in a phial,
And gifted with little more life than a mummy,
I called in the doctor, and rang out the dummy.
That little I.'s now link'd to mortar and pestle
Is true; but her thoughts there do lovingly nestle,
Though dealing in scruples, she's free to confess,
She dotes on the title of M. R. C. S.—
A title which does not illumine the pages
Of dreadful DERRETT, who records ladies' ages!
Which parents consult, when their child feels a dart,
To prescribe with success for complaints of the heart.
Ere long on our brass-plate I trust will appear
"DR. BROWN," as to Scotland we travel next year,
Where honours which some cultivate with much toil
By degrees, are enriching that erudite soil.

Such is my apology: but if you still
Mourn for me as one that is dead—read my Will:

"I give and bequeath to my Cousins so dear
The chain which I ought to have hung round a Peer."
And those who lament little I.'s degradation
May from that bequest sip a sweet consolation.

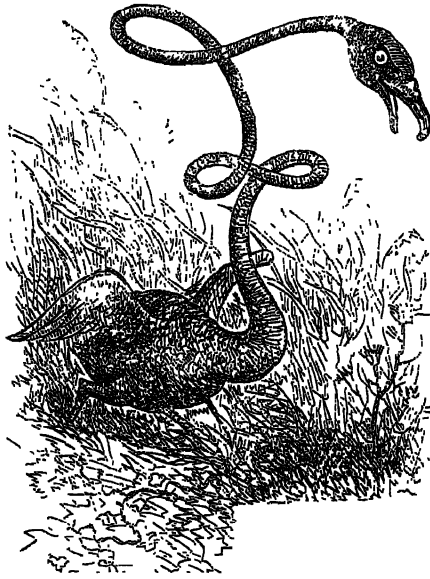
TITULAR REFINEMENTS.

PUNCH, whose pride it is to call a spade a spade, has often been pained to find how few imitate his manly candour. Streets now change their names like those who dwell in them, with a view to better their condition, and sense is often sacrificed to style. When from a "Grub"—sacred to hungry Bards and pinched Reviewers—emerged a MILTON, down *Punch's* cheek rolled silver tears—not that he loved euphony less, but that he loved old friendships better. Funerals, because mourning can be mimicked for a consideration, are licensed to be performed. Boots and shoes in days of yore were occasionally cobbled, now repairs are always neatly executed. Girls of spirit never marry, but may sometimes condescend to compose a *tableau vivant*, and so they are led to the hymeneal altar. A Member would be ashamed to rat, but he recognises the moral beauty of concession and saves his blushes. There was one title, however, which by reason of its antiquity, if nothing more, we deemed secure from the refining process, but we are mistaken. Travelling lately from Oxford in a first class, with some Anglican Divines, *Punch* was gently roused from his reverie by hearing a white cravat who had made some allusion to the Scarlet Lady, hastily beg pardon, and colouring deeply, correct himself—he meant to say the Lady of the Lake. What a sacrifice of truth to tenderness!

The Member for Carlisle and Commerce.

MR. POTTER, who was returned for Carlisle by a majority of one, is not the youngest member in the House of Commons, although he has barely attained his majority.

JUDICIAL JOKES ON COPYRIGHT.



or all the common saying, "grave as a judge," the judicial mind is prone to joke, even from the Bench—*dulce est desipere in loco*—though still the jokes of judges are generally qualified with a certain gravity. We find MR. JUSTICE BRAMWELL reported as having lately delivered at the Juridical Society, some observations which were evidently intended to be jocular. A Paper having been read on the patent laws:—

"In the course of the discussion which ensued, BARON BRAMWELL said people had got into the habit of thinking that men had a right of property in what they either invented or wrote. But no such right existed, and it was entirely a

matter of generosity that they were secured the emoluments arising from it for a certain number of years. If a man wrote a book and published it, and another bought a copy of it, the author could not prevent that man from lending it to a third, and if the purchaser had a right to lend it to be read, he had also the right of copying it and of giving the copy to others to be read by them."

What fun! If a man hire a horse from a livery stable-keeper, he may be at liberty to lend the horse to a third, for he is the purchaser of the usufruct of the horse, and, we suppose, has a right to sub-let that. No doubt he has also a perfect right to take a copy of the horse, and to give or sell the copy to others to be ridden by them, provided he procures the copy by going into the horse-market and honestly buying one. He has a right to be a horse-dealer, as he has to be a bookseller, on those terms. That is what JUDGE BRAMWELL meant to suggest, in a facetious way of putting it. Horse-stealing is highly punishable because horses are easily stolen; mental property can be stolen still more easily: literary piracy deserves proportionate punishment. This is what BARON BRAMWELL's jocosity amounts to.

MR. JUSTICE BRAMWELL pleasantly affected to approve of MR. BUCHANAN's celebrated declaration as to international copyright, that "the Americans would be very foolish to agree to any such thing, as they would then have to pay for that which they now obtained for nothing." The learned judge (with an appropriate wink, of course) said, referring to the ex-President of the ex-United States:—

"He was much laughed at, but he uttered what was perfectly correct, for it was a matter of policy that the public should get out of authors and inventors the most it could, at the smallest possible price."

Seriously, the Judge meant to lay down the law, that if the public want anything good in the line either of literature or inventive art, they ought to do that which is the least they can do, and pay a good price for it. His words above quoted are only a lively paraphrase of the maxim which declares that the labourer is worthy of his hire. If we did not take the foregoing remarks of MR. JUSTICE BRAMWELL to have been spoken in jest, but understood them literally, we should consider that they expressed notions of the difference between *meum* and *tuum* which, instead of being avowed by an ornament of the Bench, could be conceivably entertained only by an occupant, or a candidate for the occupancy, of the opposite part of an Assize-Court.

PRETTY POISON-WREATHS.

AN inquest was held the other day by MR. BRENT on the body of a young woman who poisoned herself by arsenic; and the jury returned a verdict which set forth that the deceased had died "accidentally from the effects of mortal disease in her stomach and other organs, occasioned by arsenite of copper used in her employment." Her employment was that of manufacturing artificial flower-leaves, the flower-stems being "with verdure clad" by means of that poison. It was proved by medical testimony that she had been ill from the same cause four times within the last eighteen months. Under such circumstances as these, death is evidently about as accidental as it is when resulting from a railway collision occasioned by arrangements known to be faulty.

One of the jurors remarked, that the use of arsenite of copper in

artificial flower-making was prohibited in France, as injurious to the health of the workpeople. Of course any restriction of that sort on our native manufacturer would be out of the question; incompatible with British freedom. Something, however, towards abolishing the employment of arsenic in preparing decorations for beauty might be done by humane but fast young men, in making it and its consequences the subject of conversation with any girl, or maturer party, whom they may happen to meet, and whose heads or bonnets may happen to be adorned with green flowers. To a partner in a dance it is often difficult to conceive what to say; but dress is always a safe subject; only lest the young lady should despise you for a sentimental muff and spoonery, you must take care to treat the practice of poisoning the artificial flower-makers in the way of business, with sufficient levity, not censuring it in strong or serious language, but only saying, for instance, that you think it jolly avaricious, and delightfully inhuman. She will then, perhaps, be inspired with some disgust at the idea of wearing a wreath impregnated with arsenite of copper.

LOVE-SONGS FOR LUNATICS.

THE Bedlamitish bosh that nowadays is published in the way of ballad literature is really of so senseless and lunatic a character that one would think the scribes who write it were not clothed in their right mind, but were one and all invested with strait waistcoats. Any stuff that has a metre, and occasionally rhymes, no matter how devoid of reason it may be, is deemed worthy to be dubbed a sentimental ballad; and we are sure the samples following, if only set to music by some popular composer, and sung at a few concerts by some of our first singers, would soon be warbled in our drawing-rooms and whistled in our streets:—

I.

Gaily the Tiger-cat tuned his guitar,
Serenading the magpie with feathers and tar;
Sweetly he sneezed at her, sourly he sighed,
"Lady bird, lady bird, wilt be my bride?"

She for the Elephant sadly had pined,
Ate but an ox, and then vowed she had dimed;
Carried his photograph close to her heart,
Wrapped up in lobsters, bank notes, and plum tart.

At midnight the rivals they met in the whale,
And fought by the light of the grasshopper's tail;
The Elephant stood on his trunk to take breath,
And the Tiger-cat cosily hugged him to death.

Then with a cabbage-stalk boldly he wrote,
"Come, love, and tread on the tail of my coat;
See thy own Crocodile whistling for thee."
He groaned—gave a gurgle—a cold corse was he!

II.

Lively, lovely ISALINE,
Dancing o'er the moon so green,
Freckled is thy snow-black hair,
Sparkling through the spangled air.
While their harps the dolphins play,
Lo! thou skimm'st the milky whey;
Wilt thou be the mackerel's Queen?
Lively, lovely ISALINE.

Blighted, plighted ISALINE!
Mournful croak the cats serene;
Howl the gold-fish, mew the frogs,
Weep the shrimps, and purr the dogs.
All thy pets with rapture say,
"Our lady will be wed to-day."
But canst thou love a fish so green?
Blighted, plighted ISALINE.

III.

Twinkle, twinkle, little girl,
How thy nose is out of curl!
Up above thy chin so high,
Like a lamp-post in the sky.

When the verdant sun is gone,
And the stars their hair have done,
We will hire a lawyer's dray,
And gallop o'er the sea so gay.

Then we'll feast on codling chops,
Peagreen prawns, and lollipops;
Hunt the skipper, catch the croup,
And fill our shoes with myrtle soup.



A BAD CASE OF THROWING STONES.

Mr. Bull. "NOW MIND YOU, SIR—NO SHUFFLING—AN AMPLE APOLOGY—OR I PUT THE MATTER INTO THE HANDS OF MY LAWYERS, MESSRS. WHITWORTH AND ARMSTRONG."

THE GREAT ECLIPSE.

A GENTLEMAN well known in diplomatic circles, who recently visited Florence, has sent us a graphic description of this phenomenon. He writes, "Accompanied by my friend CŒLEBS, I reached Bellevue at six on Friday evening. My friend was quite in love with Florence, and I must confess that more soft and beautiful hair (!) could scarcely be imagined or desired. A few minutes after our arrival, as we stood in the Conservatory looking out upon Florence—fairest of Italy's daughters!—a shrill cry arrested our attention, and presently a portly female entered with a very diminutive infant, wrapped in ermine, reposing on her arms. This we subsequently learnt was the celebrated *tout-les-mois Nourrice*, MADAME SARYGAMP, formerly of the Hôpital de St. Thomas à Londres. The effect was remarkable. Florence was cast completely into the shade, and CŒLEBS also, was affected by a sensible gloom. It was a great Eclipse! The beauty of Florence was lost as it were behind a cloud, and her wealth, for which Princes had sighed, and poets twanged their mercenary lyres, had become a by-word and a jest. On returning to our Hotel, my friend immediately went to bed, and clasping my hand, in a voice broken with emotion, he intimated that if his precious life was spared, he should turn friar, and enter La Trappe. Strange! that a rational being, who had so recently escaped from one trap should evince such a frantic desire to get into another.

P.S. I should have mentioned that FLORENCE is the only daughter of COUNT BERGAMOTTE, and was, till the great eclipse occurred, presumptive heiress to his immense estates. She was just seventeen—sweet seventeen—when her little brother was born. The Count, on beholding the eclipse, raised his eyes and hands with grateful rapture, exclaiming, "*E meglio tardi che mai.*"

MR. CASSELL'S TELEGRAM.—"The young Teetotaller, who, in an unway moment, allowed himself to be intoxicated with a lady's charms, has since drowned himself in the bowl."

A JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF A PAIR OF GLOVES.

In several of our extensive warehouses, where they sell everything from a doyley down to a door-mat, it takes you a rare long time sometimes to get to the end of your destination. For instance, we went into one the other day not far from Oxford-street. Our frozen digits stood in need of a warmer pair of what the Germans figuratively call "hand shoes." "Sir, would you be kind enough," said the shopman most civilly in reply to our request, "to take the first turning on your right, then walking through the Shawl-room, which is well worth your inspection, you will come to the Ladies' Paletôt and Pelisse Department, which you will leave on your left, and bear straight on for the Boa and Muff Depôt,—"

Here the poor shopman paused to take breath.

"After that, Sir," he continued, "you will come to a long passage, of which you must take no notice, as it is only a branch of our Mourning and General Grief Department, but as you pass the Widows' Private Consulting-room, you will see before you a light iron circular staircase, which you must ascend, but avoiding the Babies' Bib, Bassinette, and Berceaulette Show-room on the second landing, about half-way down the projecting gallery, you will notice a handsome mahogany counter, which is a Cane, Parasol, Parapluie, and Sun-blind Stall, and there, Sir, if you will give yourself the trouble to inquire, any one will direct you the nearest way to the *Salon des Gants.*"

But we begged to be excused, for it struck us vividly that we might go to Paris and buy our gloves in less time. Instead, therefore, of undertaking that long journey, without having as much as kissed our dear wife, or taken leave even of the blessed children, we quietly went into the first hosier's (a small sentry-box of a shop compared to the handsome palace we had just left), and promptly got what we wanted.

TOAST FOR THOROUGH CONSERVATIVES.—Simony in the Church, and Purchase in the Army.



NATURE WILL OUT AT LAST.

Well-Intentioned, but Incautious Stable-Boy (in temporary disguise), to the restive and plunging blanc-mange. "Wo-ho, there! Wo-o-o-ill!"

MUSIC WITHOUT NOISE.

A GREAT Musician, as everybody knows, composed certain "Songs without Words," but MENDELSSOHN, in producing those apparently impossible works, accomplished a difficulty less arduous than that which has been surmounted by the inventor of an instrument advertised by MR. CHAPPELL of Regent Street, as;—

"AZÉMAR'S SILENT PRACTICE DRUM."

The handbill, headed as above, informs us that:—

"For the purposes of practice, the Silent Drum possesses all the advantages of a real one; it offers the same resistance and rebound to the sticks, and admits of an equal degree of force and action in beating, unaccompanied, however, by the excessive noise which precludes the possibility of a drum being practised in-doors."

We would say that not only does the Silent Drum possess all the advantages of a real one for purposes of practice, but is also free from all the disadvantages of a drum which, when beaten, makes a noise. A solo on the drum is a musical performance to which few persons would like to listen under any circumstances; but when executed as a piece of practice, especially in-doors, it must be extremely far from agreeable to anybody within hearing.

Well, but some one will say, what is the use of a Silent Drum? Might not the drummer, for purposes of practice, as well beat the air? This question is provided with an answer in the subjoined statement:—

"The degree of correctness in the beating is accurately ascertained by a slight sound, as well as by the vibration on the leg, to which the Silent Drum is strapped; this position of the drum on the leg also corrects the fault, common to beginners, of allowing the sticks to drop towards the right. The small circumference of this instrument compels the drummer to concentrate the blows, and its rim ensures the sticks being kept at the proper height. The Silent Drum is very portable, six of them occupying less space than one ordinary side drum."

The fact that the small circumference of the instrument compels the drummer to concentrate his blows, will be apparent from the following:—

"DIRECTIONS HOW TO USE THE SILENT DRUM.—Strap it on the left leg, a little above the knee, the iron tongue resting against the inside of the same; when

standing, the left leg must rest on some slight elevation; when sitting, the left leg to be bent under, and the right one stretched out, with the right side of the drum resting on it."

When sitting, at least, the drummer, if he missed the drum, would very likely hit the leg against which it would rest, and give himself an unpleasant whack on the knee, which would forcibly remind him of the necessity of concentration in aiming his drumstick at its mark.

MR. THOMAS CARLYLE, in many of his humorous writings, takes frequent occasion to impress upon his readers the great value of the Silences. Among the Silences there are few more valuable, especially for purposes of practice, than the Silent Drum. M. AZÉMAR would confer a great boon upon society, and particularly the studious part of it, if he could contrive to invent some other Silences of the musical kind. A silent piano in the next house would be a real blessing to many a person whose auditory nerves are sensitive; so would a silent flute, a silent fiddle, or a silent cornepon. Let M. AZÉMAR consult MR. BABBAGE, who made the calculating machine, and abhors street-music; let them lay their heads together, and try if, between them, they cannot invent a silent grinding-organ, a silent brass band, and a silent bagpipe; to the use of which itinerant Italians, Germans, pseudo-Scotchmen, and other creators of public discord, should be restricted by Act of Parliament.

A Monarch is Never so Blind as When he Won't See.

M. DE VINCKE, the distinguished Prussian orator, and liberal-hearted politician, whose eloquent denunciations of wrong generally thrilled throughout Europe, is about to retire, to the extreme regret of all his admirers, from public life. It may be that he is disgusted with the conduct of the King, and his pompous feudal revivals, and absurd ravings about Divine Right. With one so short-sighted as WILLIAM THE FIRST, the Prussian GLADSTONE may feel that his presence, so valuable on most occasions, is no longer necessary, inasmuch as he cannot possibly do any good. Probably, he excuses his retirement by saying:—"A nod to a blind King is as good as a VINCKE."

GOOD NEWS FOR THE NAVY.



ACK'S ALIVE appears to be the tune just now in Portsmouth, and our other naval ports. And that Jack may be kept lively, the Admiralty very clearly seems to wish. Else we should not see such an announcement in the *Era* as that which we subjoin:—

WANTED, for the Royal Navy, a few **BANDSMEN** that can Play a Brass and String Instrument. Also, a few **FIDDLERS**, that can Play Jigs, Reels, and Hornpipes—Apply, &c.

In our joy to find that Jack is to be furnished aboard ship with some more music to enliven him, we have little wish to quarrel with the wording of this notice: or

we certainly might say that "a brass and string instrument" is a thing we never heard of, and the nearest approach to it that we can call to mind is a wretched old tin fiddle with its strings all out of tune, which was played by a blind beggar who used to haunt our neighbourhood, and weekly did his utmost to drive us into Bedlam. But jigs, reels, and hornpipes, played on any sort of instrument, from a trombone to a jew's harp, are certain to have life in them, and to impart that liveliness to any pair of legs attached to any body that hath the ears to listen. So as men always work the better when cheerful in their minds, we rejoice to see this increase to the music of the Navy, and we are not disposed to fear that any fiddler in the fleet will have to give up *Rule Britannia*, and, at an enemy's command, take to playing *Yankee Doodle*.

A MYSTERY BEYOND PRIESTCRAFT.

In a "pastoral" relative to the Feast of the Immaculate Conception just published, DR. CULLEN, the great Irish theologian and astronomer, takes occasion to denounce the Freemasons. He avers that:—

"ROBESPIERRE, DANTON, MARAT, CARRIER, and other monsters in the shape of men, who inundated France with the blood of hundreds of thousands . . . who delighted in ruin and devastation, were all adepts of masonic lodges."

Suppose they were, which is doubtful because DR. CULLEN asserts it, what then? The Brotherhood of Freemasons is a fraternity of demons, of course, according to the logic of CULLEN; and if every institution is to be judged of by members who disgrace it, what does DR. CULLEN, by parity of reasoning, make out of the community which calls him Archbishop of Dublin?

DR. CULLEN's ideas of Freemasonry seem to be rather hazy. He proceeds to say:—

"The great leaders of the revolutionary movements—MAZZINI, KOSUTH, and GARIBALDI—are looked up to as the chiefs and leaders of secret societies or masonic lodges. Who can describe the evils they have inflicted or are actually inflicting on the world? See how they assail the holy Catholic Church."

But we do not see how they assail the holy Catholic Church, or the Roman Catholic Church, which is what DR. CULLEN means, but is another thing. They seem to us to be for letting the Roman Catholic Church alone, to manage its affairs in its own way, only without the assistance of the secular arm and the aid of bayonets. They—that is, both the three liberal leaders whom DR. CULLEN names, and also the "secret societies or masonic lodges," which he speaks of as identical. Does he really not know that though a masonic lodge is a secret society, a secret society is not necessarily a masonic lodge, or does he only pretend to confound the one with the other, and to represent Freemasons as inflicting evils, when he well knows that they have conferred great benefits on the world, and whom, even in Ireland, can he expect to mystify by all that fatuous bosh?

From the Irish intelligence, whence the foregoing extracts from DR. CULLEN's nonsense about Freemasonry are derived, it appears that:—

"Many Irish Roman Catholics, despite the denunciations of DR. CULLEN and his priests, still remain Freemasons. They will not permit the inquisitive glance of the priesthood, however, to penetrate its secrets (not even in the confessional), and hence the hatred they exhibit towards the society."

The Jesuits are not so clever as they are generally supposed. They, at least, ought to be in possession of the masonic secret, if that is to be discovered through initiation into the masonic mysteries, and an affidavit of secrecy made with a mental

reservation. Or perhaps the arcana of masonry include a clairvoyance which enables a lodge of Freemasons to see through any candidate for admission to their order, and discern a disciple of IGNATIUS LOYOLA from a respectable man.

A VOICE FROM WASHINGTON.

From our Special Correspondent.

WE Yankees ain't given to brag;
JOHN BULL, we expect, has no notion
Of going to war; but his flag
If he does, we shall sweep from the ocean.
And when the old vagabond lies
In a state of teetotal prostration,
Old Ireland in glory will rise,
Independence to win as a nation.

Our breadstuffs from England kept back,
The sequel must be destitution.
Her famishing millions, in lack
Of food, will force on revolution.
VICTORIA will have to retire;
Aristocracy, friends of Secession,
Will be hurled down, and trod in the mire,
No more for to practise oppression.

Rebellion we'll bring to an end,
The slaves 'mongst our heroes dividing,
Or arms to the niggers we'll lend,
To give their darned masters a hiding.
Work up all our cotton at home,
Let not one more bale be exported,
Have the world at our feet, like old Rome,
By the kings of the airth as was courted.

Want money? I reckon not we;
A national debt we'll create,
Twice as heavy as yourn, which will be,
For SAMSONS like we air, no weight.
On Government bonds we shall borrow
Any money in Europe with ease.
Why London and Paris, to-morrow
Will lend us as much as we please.

Foreign goods we shall purchase with paper,
Which let foreign usurers hold;
The British may swagger and vapour,
At home whilst we keep all our gold.
As BELMONT to SEWARD has written,
Any stock may in Europe be "placed,"
And the chance, if the ROTHSCHILDS ain't bitten,
Will be by the BARINGS embraced.

We've twice afore whipped all creation,
We've now got to whip it again.
We air a remarkable nation
Of modest, but resolute men.
JOHN BULL, then, allow us to kick you,
And don't go resenting the act,
Or into a cocked hat we'll lick you,
Yes, Sir-ree, you old hoss, that's a fact.

A Joke Never Comes Too Late.

WE wonder that it had never occurred to us before—we, who generally think of everything, and always at the very right moment—that the Cabinet Council, which was convened after the arrival of the news of the Yankee outrage on the British flag, might appropriately be called "THE COUNCIL OF TRENT."

PUNCH'S MONEY ARTICLE.

UNLESS the armaments of France are considerably reduced, we would not advise our readers to subscribe to the loan about to be proposed by the new French Minister of Finance. It will be the old story over again of "THE ROULD and his money soon parted."

NAVAL PROMOTION.—The gallant Commander of the *Trent* Mail Packet to be *Post* Captain.

PEDALIAN v. MENTAL SUPERIORITY.

In those good old slow-coach times, when if you were sent to Bath, it took you three days to reach it, a Man's ambition was to be looked up to, his social advancement depending not on his feet, but his head. Poets, Philosophers, Prestigators, glancing skywards, climbed the unctuous pole of Fame. A queer revolution seems at length, however, to have taken place of heels over head, instead of head over heels. Celebrity is now attained *per saltum*, and the eyes of Europe are fixed in wondering admiration, not on a lofty brow, but a Deer-foot. This change in public feeling must be met by corresponding changes in our public Institutions. Oxford and Cambridge will soon be called upon to widen their curriculum, and to recognise excellence in pedestrianism as a matter of course. The Cantab then who can't clear his ten miles within an hour, may reckon himself plucked at a little go. Penmanship will naturally be confined to a running hand, and if popular education is not to be neglected, our posters must assume a bolder type, that he who runs may read. Bills in the Commons we fondly hope will pass through their different stages at a tremendous pace, and every long-minded Member will be called upon by his breathless constituents to furnish a running account weekly of his political progress.

In private life we may anticipate seeing things placed on a novel footing. Fortunes probably lost by a single step in the wrong direction! but pleasures being of a cursory nature, if a bull surprises a picnic party, just fancy what a run there will be on the banks. Every exhausted testator may complacently look forward to the time when his will shall be law, feeling how comfortable then will be his leg at ease. Whether our warranted Manchester prints will be affected by the current movement, and betray a fugitive disposition in their pigments, we cannot pause to speculate; but of this we are assured, that the colours of old England will stand fast in every clime, and prove worthy of the heroes who clasping them have died.

AMERICAN SPIRIT MERCHANTS.

THE work advertised as below would, we should think, if anybody were wise enough to take it in, return the obligation:—

"THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

"ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

"A Cosmopolitan Journal of Reform, devoted to the discovery of Truth, and its application to Physical and Spiritual Progress. Specimens sent free.

"Address, A. J. DAVIS & Co., 274, Canal Street, New York."

MR. ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS is a Medium who used to be called the Ploughkeepsie Seer, and to lecture on Cosmogony and Theology, whilst asleep in mesmeric trances. He has now, it appears, connected himself with a "Co.;" and we suppose that A. J. DAVIS and Co. are carrying on business as importers of revelations and spiritual articles in general from the other world. For importers read impostors, is a suggestion which may occur to some of our readers. To cocktail, mint-julep, sherry-cobler, timber-doodle, and such like American drinks, there is no reasonable objection; but is it possible that the Yankees can swallow such stuff as that which is sold at A. J. DAVIS and Co.'s Spirit Store?

A HEAVY FREIGHT.

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL is organising a plan for the "Emigration of Educated Women." For ourselves, we would sooner send away the uneducated women, and keep those who were educated in the country. We have not one too many. If, however, by the term "educated" is meant "Strong-minded," we will give our most cordial assent and hearty co-operation, to a scheme, at once so useful and beneficent, and one that cannot fail to be for the benefit of all parties, as well as a great relief to England. We would advise the *Great Eastern* being chartered immediately for this purpose, and we do not mind giving a large subscription in aid of it, providing the vessel sails at a very early period. However, we pity the poor colony that receives the intellectual cargo! The only chance of its escaping this blue-stocking visitation is, that the Strong-minded Women may quarrel amongst themselves on the voyage out, of which there is the most natural probability; so that when the heavily-freighted ship touches the shore, there may not be one of them alive, and nothing but their false back-hair, or magazine tales, left behind them. By all means, let so interesting an experiment be carried out, and to the greatest possible number.

Advice on the New Coinage to Cadgers.

WHEN you beg do not say, as you still continue doing, "Gentleman!—ar yer got ar a copper." Leave off saying "copper." There are no coppers now. You should ask for a "bronze."

AN IMPROPER EXPRESSION.

THE QUEEN'S English is in great danger of being permanently debased by a vile word which has lately been introduced into it—the word "Reliable." This base word was first coined in America, and thence imported into this country. It is about the worst word, not immoral, in the English language. Yet it is coming into very general use; you can hardly open a newspaper wherein it does not occur; and that even in leading articles written by educated men who ought to know better than, at this crisis especially, to employ such an illiterate Yankeeism.

As Rely is to Deny, so is Reliable to Deniable. Is it not? Deniable, that may be denied. Reliable, that may be relied. But to say that a report or an assertion may be relied, is to talk nonsense. Intelligence may be said to be capable of being relied on. But Reliable is not that may be relied on, any more than Deniable is that may be denied on.

All manner of persons are hereby commanded, in the name of the QUEEN, to cease from debasing HER MAJESTY'S English by using the spurious American solecism, Reliable; and, instead thereof, when they want an adjective to signify that this or that statement may be depended on, are advised to use the genuine English compound, Trustworthy.

GOOD NEWS FROM AUSTRIA.

WE are happy to read that:—

"The EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has contributed the sum of 105 forins to the funds of the National Life-Boat Institution."

It is true that the above Institution is a world-wide charity. All persons in distress have a claim on its generous exertions. The life-boat, before issuing on its mission of mercy, does not pause to inquire what nation the sufferers belong to. They struggle no less valiantly to rescue the life of a Russian, or an Austrian, as that of an Englishman. Still we are most grateful to both the EMPERORS OF RUSSIA and AUSTRIA for expressing their high sense of the object, no less than the value, of this glorious institution, by subscribing to its funds. May France, Sweden, Italy, and other countries, that send out ships to brave the perils of the seas, soon follow their meritorious example! It is a duty they owe to the principles of universal charity. As for FRANCIS-JOSEPH, we are so pleased with his recognition of the Institution's services, that, should the wreck of the Austrian Empire ever take place, we cannot do better than wish that one of these very life-boats may be happily close at hand to save him, and carry him to some haven of refuge half as secure and comfortable as England!

MRS. DURDEN ON THE AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

"THEM there nasty good-for-nothing Yankees!" cried old MRS. DURDEN,
"Worris me to that degree, it makes my life almost a burden. Board our mail, and seize our passengers, the ribbles! Goodness gracious!
Like their impudence to be sure; 'tis that what makes 'em so owdacious."
"What next now I wonder, Captain?" Answer CAPTAIN SKIPPER made,
"Well Ma'am, our next move, I fancy, will be breaking their blockade."
"Blockhead! Ah!" exclaimed the lady. "Truer word was never spoken.
Drat the blockheads all, says I; may every head on 'em be broken!"

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Woolwich Academy is about to change its name to the MILITARY DO-THE-BOYS' HALL, since that title has been found infinitely more in consonance with the Spartan fare and Draconian discipline that are rigorously crammed down there. The Government is, we are also informed, in treaty with a well-known Russian General, who has governed in Siberia, and had some little experience in Poland, to undertake the responsible duties of the military *Wackford Squeers*. By those, who best know him, he is described as a regular "knout-and-knouter." Part of the new regimen to be introduced will be Brin'stone and Treacle twice a week. The Cadets will not be expected to bring their own towels, as for the future there is to be an inexhaustible supply of towelling on the premises, to be dealt out in the most liberal manner, as occasion requires.

AN ESCAPE FROM THE FIX.—The obvious way out of the American difficulty is to set MR. SLIDELL with his companions at liberty forthwith, and to make MR. MASON a Free-Mason.



FOR-RAD—FOR-RAD—AWAY!

Mr. Wuzzel (who the last time he weighed was Nineteen Stone, a Sack of Guano, and a Barrowful of Bricks). "FOR-RAD—AWAY! OH, YES! THAT'S ALL VERY WELL—BUT NOT WITH THE COUNTRY (!) AS HEAVY AS THIS!"

WAITING FOR AN ANSWER.

BRITANNIA waits an answer. Sad and stern,
Her weapons ready, but unsheathed they lie :
In her deep eye, suppressed, the lightnings burn,
Still the war-signal waits her word to fly.

Wrong has been done that flag whose stainless folds
Have carried freedom wheresoe'er they flew :
She knows sharp words fit slaves and shrewish scolds,
She but bids those who can, that wrong undo !

She *has* been patient : will be patient still.
Who more than she knows war, its curse and woe ?
Harsh words, scant courtesy, loud-mouthed ill-will
She meets, as rocks meet ocean's fretful flow.

All war she knows drags horrors in its train,
Whate'er the foes, the cause for which they stand ;
But worst of all the war, that leaves the stain
Of brother's blood upon a brother's hand.

The war that brings two mighty powers in shock,
Powers, 'tween whom fair commerce shared her crown :
By kinship knit, and interest's golden lock,
One blood, one speech, one past, of old renown.

All this she feels, and therefore, sad of cheer,
She waits an answer from across the sea :
Yet hath her sadness no alloy of fear,
No thought to count the cost, what it may be.

Dishonour hath no equipoise in gold,
No equipoise in blood, in loss, in pain :
Till they whom force has ta'en from 'neath the fold
Of her proud flag, stand 'neath its fold, again.

She waits in arms ; and in her cause is safe ;
Not fearing war, yet hoping peace the end,
Nor heeding those her mood who'd check or chafe ;
THE RIGHT SHE SEEKS : THE RIGHT GOD WILL DEFEND !

MEMORANDUM FOR MANAGERS.

"MR. PUNCH, You would do the playgoing public some service if you would request the managers of theatres to supply playbills, which, not those who run, but those who sit, can read. I am not a very old foggy, and I can read your print easily enough without spectacles, but to read a playbill bought in a theatre, with any comfort, I want a bull's-eye held close to it, and the light turned on. The type is not only wretchedly small, but also miserably pale, and must to many in the audience be quite invisible. This is a great discouragement to that class of playgoers which includes your humble servant, and others who have charge of children that they might occasionally take to the play.

"The present form of playbill is the extreme which has been run into from its opposite, which the boxkeepers used to sell at one shilling, calling it bill of the 'ouse, or 'ousebill. That was a nasty flimsy double sheet of something like tissue-paper, printed in great black letters, with ink that came off in the hands of the holder, and discoloured white kid gloves. In that particular, however, its disadvantage did not signify much to me, as I always wore, and still wear, black cloth ; and, in my opinion, that old bill which anyhow was legible, is preferable to the new one, which has only the negative merit of not being dirty, and is no manner of use to

"PATERFAMILIAS."



WAITING FOR AN ANSWER.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



EAR PUNCH,

"I HAVE been to see *Othello* in the house that HAMLET built. This may at first hearing sound a little odd, but of course in your omniscience you are aware there were two HAMLETS: the one a prince who lived in Denmark, and the other an English jeweller in Coventry Street, London, who sank his fortune in the raising of the Princess's Theatre.

"Even if I'd had no willingness to go, I should have been socially compelled to pay the visit. At almost every party I've attended for these six weeks, people have been asking of me 'Have you seen FECHTER?' or else they have been taking it for granted that I have, and so inquiring whether I like him in *Othello*, and if I consider it equal to his *Hamlet*. I can say 'yes' now to the two first of these questions, but to the third I certainly must utter a flat

negative. *Hamlet*, as a dreamy meditative character, M. FECHTER to my mind most admirably rendered. But the delicate bye-play which he there used with such effect is of very little service in a part such as *Othello*. The brave and fiery Moor, a soldier not a scholar, is not the man to mark his varying emotions by the shrugging of a shoulder, or the curling of a lip. Moreover, he is not a man of intellect but action; and the subtleties employed by M. FECHTER in the part are scarcely natural to the nature which he would represent.

"I think too that his French peculiarities of utterance fell still more harshly on my English ears when I heard him t'other night than when I heard him in the summer. The dialogue in *Hamlet* is frequently colloquial, and here the foreign accent is more readily disguised than in the impassioned language of *Othello*, who, throughout the play almost is speaking under the influence of either rage or grief. The undulating cadence which M. FECHTER uses grows somewhat wearying to unaccustomed ears: and his habit of prolonging the sound of certain vowels has all the bad effect of an affected kind of drawing, and often quite destroys the proper rhythm of a line. If M. FECHTER would remember that our English 'a' and 'o' are rightly diphthongs to the French, and that no one but a swell now dreams of drawing out his words, I think he might do much to improve his faulty speech, and thereby immensely add to the attractions his performances undoubtedly possess. As it is, all SHAKSPEARE-lovers must feel pained to hear his poetry robbed of half its beauties by mis-pronunciation, which not the finest acting can make them shut their ears to, or be willing to condone. MR. PHILIPS, though apt at times to be heavy and monotonous, yet speaks poetry with feeling, and always gives a proper accent to his words; and when, in *Othello*, he bids a sad farewell to his soldier's occupation, one's soul is stirred by listening to the fine melodious lines. But as M. FECHTER speaks them they quite fail of their effect, and one is rather glad than sorry when the speech is done.

"In other points than those of mere articulation, I consider MR. PHILIPS's the best rendering of the character, whatever be the praise (and it is great) I give the other. His *Othello* is more dignified and stately in his bearing, more manly in his pathos, more fearful in his wrath. M. FECHTER's is too sentimental for a soldier, too pettish in his gestures when his jealousy is awakened, and too placid, cool, and logical for the fiery-blooded Moor. He first listens to *Iago* more with curious wonder than with angry indignation; and when reason, as he thinks, has been shown him for suspicion, he fails to give due force to his torture at the blow. His delivery of the words 'not a jot—not a jot,' expressive as it is, did not seem to me so touching as that of MR. PHILIPS; who sobs them forth with painful difficulty, while he struggles hard to hide the agony he feels. Then in the scenes that follow, M. FECHTER vents his passion more in gesture than in voice, and though his gestures, I admit, are graceful and expressive, still such constant play of hands, however well directed, becomes a little tiresome—at least to English eyes.

"But it is in the fifth act that I am most disposed to quarrel with his reading. True, he has had the good sense to listen to advice, and no longer drags his wife across the stage before he smothers her. Still the smothering is too much *coram populo* to please me, and seems vastly more a 'murder' than it is a 'sacrifice.' I prefer the old adherence to the '*Ne Medea*' principle, of doing the dark deed behind curtain at the back. The murder in *Macbeth* is all the more effective because it is

not seen, and I think the classic rule applies as fitly to *Othello*. I must protest too against such an alteration of the text as taking out of *Desdemona*'s mouth the lovely 'Willow' song, and making a street ballad of it, chorussed, one may fancy, by a company of Waits. This prelude sadly mars the silent terror of the scene, and gives an air of *melodrame* to a most deeply tragic act. M. FECHTER is a clever man, but he is not a SHAKSPEARE; and even if he were, he would have no right so to alter what another SHAKSPEARE wrote. Nor is he justified, I think, in his misreading of the text in the first sentence of this scene, and addressing to a looking-glass that he finds lying on the bed the words which are intended to satisfy his soul that the act he has resolved upon is needful, right, and just. The words, as I should construe them, mean that his wife's adultery is a sufficient cause for him to take away her life. M. FECHTER misinterprets them as meaning that his face is 'the cause' of her disliking him, and consequent false faith. I think if SHAKSPEARE had intended this idea to be conveyed, he would not have made *Othello* apostrophise his 'soul' about the colour of his cheeks, nor have appended to the stars the epithet of 'chaste.' What, pray, has their chastity to do with his complexion? and why need they be shocked to hear his face is black? I am bound to add, however, that minds, doubtless wise as mine, think otherwise than I do in this matter of the mirror; and one writer calls a 'marvel of critical sagacity' what I incline to view as a most puerile conceit.

"It may be thought from what I've said, that I find less to praise than blame in M. FECHTER's new *Othello*, but this is by no means what I would wish to be inferred. His merits are so much more clearly patent than his faults, that there is scarcely any need in me to point them out; and as M. FECHTER in his good sense and intelligence is so apt at self-correction, I am the more inclined by my great reverence for his talent to hint at his defects. Surely nobody can fail to notice the fine touches that embellish every scene, and so much enhance the naturalness of everything he does. It is in the tender passages that his chief triumphs are achieved, and by what delicate detail he brings forward into prominence *Othello*'s loving nature, I can only briefly summarise, but shall not soon forget. Especially shall I remember the downcast look of shame with which he turns away his face when he bids *Iago* 'set his wife on to observe;' and his glad start of love when *Desdemona* shows her handkerchief, subsiding sadly into coldness when he sees that it is not the one of which he is in quest. Nor can I fail to recollect the second scene in the fourth act, where, as he sits with *Desdemona* at his feet, her face between his hands, he endeavours for a while to stifle his fell jealousy, and speaks with touching mournfulness and tenderness of love.

"Nor is it merely as an actor that he commands my praise. The play, as now produced, is instinct with his intelligence, and (with the exceptions I have noticed) there is evidence of careful thought and taste in every scene. The senators no longer sit in solemn semi-circle of immovable red baize, with their eyes all fixed on vacancy as though they were all waiting to have their beards shaved off; nor do *Iago* and the others follow the old rule of always standing at the footlights to deliver their set speeches, and never opening their lips until the attitudes prescribed by old traditions have been struck. By having exits at the back, and chairs to sit upon, and posts to lean against when talking, the scenes are nicely varied, and the action made more natural and less heavily monotonous than in our tragedies, I fear, too often is the case. Without making the appointments the chief magnet to attract, M. FECHTER pays due care to the minutest detail, and with his manager's assistance has 'revived' a play of SHAKSPEARE in a very lifelike way. I think he feels the public have no right to be satisfied with scenery alone, nor with the exhibition of one good actor only, supported by mere sticks. He has therefore done his best, as I believe, to drill the forces entrusted to his hands; and although there still is room for much improvement, on the whole there is no doubt he has achieved a marked success. By turning his thoughts thus to other parts besides his own (how MR. RYDER has been tamed by him 'tis wonderful to see!) he has aimed a deadly blow at the odious 'Star' system; for 'stars' too often fear to see a spark of intellect in others, lest it may eclipse a single gleam of their own light. M. FECHTER shows, however, that the small parts may be strengthened and the stage business well cared for, without diminishing the interest in the central figure; and while I am sanguine in my hopes that he'll do more, in the drama's name I thank him for the good work he has done.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

A Papal Bull.

AN Irish paper, rabidly addicted to Papacy, as many Irish papers are, states that "CAPTAIN VESBY's battery will leave Bristol by special train *yesterday* morning for Woolwich." It may be presumed that this is intended as a hint to the pantomimists, who are busy arranging their materials for the forthcoming merry season. Such a sentence as the above would certainly make an agreeable change for the Clown's worn-out interrogatory, "How are you to-morrow?"

AMERICA'S REAL DIFFICULTY.—To do as she would be done by.



ENCOURAGEMENT.

ADJUTANT. "Fall in; and let me see a little of that 'Superior Intelligence' we hear so much about."

MODEL OF THE DISUNITED STATES.

Among the objects of interest which America, whether we are to have peace or war with the Yankees, is to contribute to the Exhibition of 1862, will be a Model of the Model Republic. It has been made to take to pieces, so as to exhibit not only the joinings of the several States, and the separation between the North and the South, but also the split which may at any time divide the West also from the Federation.

The Model of the Model Republic will be marked with black over the parts of it corresponding to those territories in which the Domestic Institution is maintained. The Irish element will be indicated by spots of mingled green and blood-red, and the German by patches of dirty whity-brown. In the Model will be comprised plans of the Senate and Congress, with a fight going on on the floor of both. The action of a Caucus and the working of the Ballot will be displayed, together with a specimen of a bogus Legislature. Fac-similes of Hard Shells, Soft Shells, Hunkers, Barn Burners, and other statesmen of the principal political denominations will also be included.

The Battle of Bull's Run will be faithfully rendered, even to the cocked hat, into which the fugitives from that memorable engagement said they were licked.

Among the many interesting features of the model will be accurate representations of Spiritual Circles, Tables for Spirit Rapping, and Spirits under the Tables, painting pictures of flowers and other objects in a few seconds; cigars and spittoons being provided for the use of the Medium, the Spectators, and the Spirits.

The American Bar will also be shown, together with Mr. EDWIN JAMES, as he appeared when he was called to it; and all manner of genuine American drinks will be at hand, that any of those who are viewing the Model of the Model Republic with a suitable disposition, may liquor.

THE TWO GREAT WONDERS OF 1861.—DISRAELI holding forth on the Church! and BRIGHT on Education!!

THEY MANAGE THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE.

WHAT'S this?

In the *Moniteur* we read that the Chinese Indemnity for the French victims of Chinese brutality, or their families, having been converted into French money, and expenses deducted, the remainder has been distributed in certain proportions duly set out in the Report of the Ministers of War and Foreign Affairs.

Was it a little bird that sung in *Mr. Punch's* ear that the Indemnity for the English victims of Chinese cruelty had long ago been paid into the Treasury—but that no farthing of that money had yet reached a victim, or the family of a victim?

I am afraid the little bird sung to that tune, and that he repeats his song; and moreover, that he adds to it a burden to this tune:—

"The Indemnity is with the Delhi prize money;
The bees of our hives when they've made, taste the honey;
But not so the bees of our Army and Navy—
Their share is the bones, moins the meat and the gravy."

Oh, why isn't *Mr. Punch's* little bird in the House of Commons? If he had only £6,000 to spare, wouldn't he perch in Finsbury, and ask the sweet voices of that pure constituency to utter themselves through his little bill.

Unfortunately the Finsbury Electors would rather present their little bill to their candidate, than see him offer his to them. So *Mr. Punch's* little bird will have to whistle for a seat—till something offers at a lower figure than Finsbury.

North and South.

It seems the Northerners have hopes, by blockade of the ports, to starve the South into subjection. But we think it will be long ere the Secessionists are forced to cry out "*Fecodus!*" which in that case might be translated "Feed us;" and we shall about as soon expect to see them entering the workhouse as re-entering the Union.

JOHN BRIGHT.

AIR—"John Todd."

YOU'RE a comical man, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT,
 YOU'RE a comical man, JOHN BRIGHT;
 When the road it is cleft,
 You still turn to the left,
 When your countrymen turn to the right, JOHN BRIGHT—
 When your countrymen turn to the right.

YOU deprecate war, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT,
 YOU deprecate war, JOHN BRIGHT;
 But who doesn't do so?
 From the high to the low,
 We're none of us anxious to fight, JOHN BRIGHT—
 We're none of us anxious to fight.

YOU've good words for the North, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT,
 YOU've good words for the North, JOHN BRIGHT;
 When the law they o'er-ride,
 In their wrath and their pride,
 You find that it's reasonable quite, JOHN BRIGHT—
 You find that it's reasonable quite.

YOU would have us be neutral, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT,
 YOU would have us be neutral, JOHN BRIGHT;
 Yet abuse us as slack
 To pat North on the back—
 But in neutrals would that be polite, JOHN BRIGHT?—
 In neutrals would that be polite?

THE States you've still praised, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT,
 THE States you've still praised, JOHN BRIGHT;
 Their suffrage for all,
 And taxation so small,
 That your envy it seemed to excite, JOHN BRIGHT—
 Your envy it seemed to excite.

WHAT'S now to admire there, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT?
 WHAT'S now to admire there, JOHN BRIGHT?
 Is 't their feathers and tar?
 Or their horror of war?
 Or their candle at both ends alight, JOHN BRIGHT?—
 Their candle at both ends alight?

IS 't their bull'tins or bullets, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT?
 IS 't their bull'tins or bullets, JOHN BRIGHT?
 Or their bunkum and brag,
 Or the starr'd and striped flag,
 That at Bull's Run still showed in first fight, JOHN BRIGHT?—
 That at Bull's Run still showed in first fight?

IS 't their freedom of speech, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT?
 IS 't their freedom of speech, JOHN BRIGHT,
 When the fact is quite clear,
 If you talked there, as here,
 You would ride on a rail shoulder-height, JOHN BRIGHT—
 You would ride on a rail shoulder-height?

YOU still cry "out on war," JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT,
 YOU still cry "out on war," JOHN BRIGHT;
 Well, war is a curse;
 But there's one thing that's worse,
 That's dishonour, of which you make light, JOHN BRIGHT—
 Dishonour, of which you make light.

LAW of nations you sneer at, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT,
 LAW of nations you sneer at, JOHN BRIGHT;
 If that law had you call,
 Would you have none at all,
 Or the two Yankee laws, Mob and Might, JOHN BRIGHT—
 The two Yankee laws, Mob and Might?

BUT we don't urge on war, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT,
 WE don't urge on war, JOHN BRIGHT;
 Law by force has been floored,
 We'd but see law restored;
 Sure that prayer shouldn't kindle your spite, JOHN BRIGHT—
 Sure that prayer shouldn't kindle your spite.

WE've a flag we are proud of, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT,
 WE've a flag we are proud of, JOHN BRIGHT;
 All beneath it are free,
 On the land or the sea,
 And that flag never stooped to a slight, JOHN BRIGHT—
 That flag never stooped to a slight.

Then there's National Honour, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT,
 There's National Honour, JOHN BRIGHT;
 Though the thing cannot be
 Writ in plain £ s. d.—
 Your favourite measure of right, JOHN BRIGHT—
 Your favourite measure of right.

Still that Honour's a fact, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT,
 That Honour's a fact, JOHN BRIGHT,
 And that war is good war,
 When it is foughten therefor,
 Says your heart, in your speech's despite, JOHN BRIGHT—
 Says your heart, in your speech's despite.

YOU've heard of that Quaker, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT,
 YOU've heard of that Quaker, JOHN BRIGHT,
 Who once on ship-board,
 A French enemy floored,
 With a hit from the shoulder outright, JOHN BRIGHT—
 With a hit from the shoulder outright.

QUOTH he, "I love peace" (like JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT),
 QUOTH he, "I love peace" (like JOHN BRIGHT),
 "Still thou'dst better remain,
 Or I'll floor thee again"—
 Sure the name of that Quaker was BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT—
 Yes, quite convinced that his name it was BRIGHT.

WHEN 'gainst fighting you thunder, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT,
 WHEN 'gainst fighting you thunder, JOHN BRIGHT;
 One feels all along,
 You've few motives so strong,
 As your heart and your soul love a fight, JOHN BRIGHT—
 Your heart and your soul love a fight.

TURN your bellicose nature, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT,
 TURN your bellicose nature, JOHN BRIGHT;
 If you will cut and thrust,
 If pummel you must,
 WHY our foes, for your countrymen slight, JOHN BRIGHT?—
 WHY our foes for your countrymen slight?

KEEP some fight for the Yankees, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT,
 KEEP some fight for the Yankees, JOHN BRIGHT;
 To their wrong if they stand,
 And reject our demand,
 AND declare CAPTAIN WILKS in the right, JOHN BRIGHT—
 If they vote CAPTAIN WILKS in the right.

A RECEIPT FOR ENAMELLING LADIES' FACES.

A FRENCH COMTE, of well-known gallantry in the fashionable circles of both capitals, says that, after all, the best enamel for a lady's face is a delicate compliment, one that has an artistic touch of truth, or poetry, in it. The application, he says, most successfully raises a beautiful roseate blush—nature's own colour—which no artificial composition, or the vulgar hand of imitation, can possibly approach, or surpass. Moreover, it does no injury to the complexion, but on the contrary rather improves it. Of course, the compliment must be laid on with a light hand—for instance, the hand of a true-born gentleman; for if any black-guard, or *ce que vous appelez* SNOB, should venture to attempt it, he is sure to do it so clumsily—*avec une telle gaucheerie*—that the failure becomes, not only ludicrous, but most painful. In such a case, the roseate blush instantly turns to crimson indignation. To make an unpoetic comparison, it is all the difference, he says, between a rose-leaf and pickled cabbage. Our gallant Comte, who has evidently studied in the best schools of Fashion, is pained to confess, however, that this charming experiment, which rarely fails on the cheeks of fair *demoiselles*, meets but seldom with gratifying success, when tried on the sallow *teint* of ladies who have passed a certain age. The conclusion he comes to on this latter point is, we must admit, for one of his refined taste, slightly tinged with harshness:—"Vellum (he says), to be illuminated properly, requires the strongest colours."

A Great Bore in an Omnibus.

AT this wet and dirty season of the year, men sitting in an omnibus frequently sustain some little inconvenience, in having every now and then their knees brushed, by a lady who gets into the vehicle, with her enormous skirts, on which she has swept up a lot of mud in the streets, and necessarily wipes it off upon their trousers. It is high time that omnibuses should be made four times as broad as they are now, in order that the extravagant apparel of the female passengers may be consistent with the comfort and cleanliness of the others, who may be unwilling to ride outside to oblige a lady, or unable to do so even with the view of avoiding a nuisance.

A GREAT TIME FOR IRELAND!

We copy the following paragraph from an article in the *Nation* Irish newspaper, written in anticipation of a war between this country and America:—

"Yes, then will the forces of England find in their front such desperate men as crushed their ranks at Fontenoy to the cry of 'Remember Limerick.' Yes, the men crowded out of their homes in Ireland; the men oppressed, insulted, scoffed at, and, wherever they went, pursued by English slander, scorn, and hate—those men will be in the van of the fight, and then will woe come to England! And what of Ireland in this great time? What will Irishmen do when comes this supreme opportunity, the like of which can only come once in many ages? We can tell what they may do, what they will be able to do, if they act well their part as brave men,—they can, most certainly, establish the independence of Ireland."

And here is a portrait of the Author,



MR. G-O'RILLA, THE YOUNG IRELAND PARTY, EXULTING OVER THE INSULT TO THE BRITISH FLAG. SHOULDN'T HE BE EXTINGUISHED AT ONCE?

JUSTICE IN A SCOTCH REEL.

ENGLISH law jargon is bad enough, but Scotch law jargon beats it all to nothing.

Who, on the other side the Tweed, can make head or tail of the YELVERTON business now in the Scotch Court of Session—before one of the Ordinaries; and what is an Ordinary to begin with? He must be an extraordinary, if he can understand the proceedings of his own Court.

There is a "Suit of Declaration" at the instance of MRS. TERESA LONGWORTH or YELVERTON; and an action of "Freedom or putting to silence," on the part of MAJOR YELVERTON. We should have fancied this gentleman, if he was ever to be put to silence, must have been put to silence by the revelations of the Dublin trial. Can anybody tell us who is to be made to declare what, or who is to be put to silence, and why and when and how? Will nobody put the proceedings into intelligible English for us? We should be glad to pay for the explanation at our usual handsome rate of one pound per line; but we doubt if the man exists who can decipher the legal hieroglyphics of Scotch procedure. All we can see is, that there is a Suit which affects two poor ladies vitally, and that it has been dragging its slow course along for years, in forms that bewilder the memory, and in language that defies the understanding.

Everybody has seen a reel in a bottle. This case seems a Scotch reel in a bottle of smoke.

A FINSBURY VOTER'S LAMENT.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR," DEEPLY as I sympathise with Belgravian Mothers, I cannot but feel that there are woes more deserving of public commiseration than those of which they so eloquently complain. I have, Sir, at my command seven able and aspiring orators. They have all sown their radical oats, and are anxious to settle down as Representative Men, if they can form a suitable political alliance, but unhappily the balance at their bankers does not exceed £2,800 each. They assure me that an union with the daughter of the late General Reform (Lady Finsbury) would ensure their unqualified happiness for years (barring Ministerial accidents). Borne down, however, by a painful recollection of their monetary unworthiness, they dare not so much as look the gorgeous widow in the face. She, Sir, who has not girlish gaiety to plead in her defence, meantime coquettes with a group of timid and adoring admirers in a manner that makes my blood tingle—now smiling on one, now beckoning to another—now shaking her fan at a third—anon sighing with well simulated affection for a fourth. Sir, as an old and consistent Reformer, I ask is there no cure for this crying grievance? Is political as well as nuptial felicity to be bound up in a banker's book? Are the amiable three per cents to be consulted before our sense of legislative responsibility? Is the balance of power insignificant compared with the power of the pence? Is access to the House barred by gold and silver sticks in waiting, and is the best seat reserved for the man who carries an air-cushion, and can raise the wind to fill it? These, Sir, are solemn questions, and I earnestly commend them to your consideration as our Country's Guide, Philosopher, and Friend. Let me, Sir, in conclusion, remind you that old Sarum, for her iniquities, was cast into Schedule A; and though I should regret to see Lady F. with her peculiar fascinations similarly treated, I do not hesitate to say that her seclusion would inadequately atone for the poignant sufferings of those who love her. I fear not wisely but too well.

"I am, Sir, &c.,

"VINDEXT SCRUTATOR."

"P.S. PLUTUS dangling his purse may boast of his conquests; but he will find that BRITANNIA is not to be trifled with if she is put on her metal."

Indignation Always Takes a Selfish Turn.

THERE is an old gentleman of our acquaintance who, though repeatedly told that the name of the Commander of the *San Jacinto* is WILKS, will insist upon calling him WHEELKS. Accordingly, he will go on raving in this manner for hours together:—

"No wonder, Sir, that such a piratical son of a gun should be popular with the New York mob, for if you notice, Sir, the populace always had a low taste for WHEELKS! For myself, I don't care for such things. For one pin, Sir, I would take his head off in a minute."

THE SMALLEST MAN IN AMERICA.

WE see there is a GENERAL WOOL in the American army. If measured by the illimitable bravado of the Yankee troops, the General cannot be much more than a dwarf—that is to say, if we are to place any reliance on the truth of the old saying: "Great cry, little Wool."

Albert.

DECEMBER FOURTEENTH, 1861.

How should the Princes die ?

With red spur deep in maddening charger's flank,
Leading the rush that cleaves the foeman's rank,
And shouting some time-famous battle-cry ?

Ending a pleasure day,

Joy's painted goblet fully drained, and out,
While wearied vassals coldly stand about,
And con new homage which they long to pay ?

So have the Princes died.

Nobler and happier far the fate that falls
On Him who 'mid yon aged Castle walls,
Hears, as he goes, the splash of Thames's tide.

Gallant, high-natured, brave,

O, had his lot been cast in warrior days,
No nobler knight had won the minstrel's praise,
Than he, for whom the half-reared banners wave.

Or, graced with gentler powers,

The song, the pencil, and the lyre his own,
Deigned he to live fair pleasure's thrall alone,
None had more lightly sped the laughing hours.

When with a kind relief.

Those eyes rain tears, O might this thought employ !
Him whom she loved we loved. We shared her joy,
And will not be denied to share her grief.

Better and nobler fate

His, whom we claimed but yesterday,
His, ours no more, his, round whose sacred clay,
The death-mute pages and the heralds wait.

It was too soon to die.

Yet, might we count his years by triumphs won,
By wise, and bold, and Christian duties done,
It were no brief eventless history.

This was his princely thought :

With all his varied wisdom to repay
Our trust and love, which on that Bridal Day
The Daughter of the Isles for dowry brought.

For that he loved our QUEEN,

And, for her sake, the people of her love,
Few and far distant names shall rank above
His own, where England's cherished names are seen.

Could there be closer tie

Twixt us, who, sorrowing, own a nation's debt
And Her, our own dear Lady, who as yet
Must meet her sudden woe with tearless eye :

THE IRISH YAHOO.

A GRAND Meeting of Yahoos was held yesterday at the Pope's Head, for the purpose of expressing joy and exultation at the prospect of the war which England is thought likely to be involved in with America. The Chair was taken by the O'DONOGHYAHO, one of the principal representatives of the Yahoos in Parliament.

The O'DONOGHYAHO, on rising, was received with much grinning, gibbering, chattering, and other demonstrations of applause. When the noise had subsided, he began raving, and continued for nearly an hour, pouring forth torrents of foul but almost inarticulate abuse of the Saxon, as he was understood, as well as his sputtering and slavering enabled him to be, to style the object of his malignant invective, meaning England and the English. His discourse terminated with a succession of shrieks and yells resembling those of a hyena impatient for his carrion, and he sat down foaming at the mouth. The conclusion of the honourable Yahoo's address was hailed with frantic howling and peals of convulsive laughter, like that of a multitude of violent idiots.

Orations in a similar tone and spirit, full of sound and fury, were delivered by MR. O'RANGOUTANG, MR. G. O'RILLA, MR. FITZCALIBAN, and other eminent Yahoos, who gloated on the calamities which they anticipated for England, and expressed, as far as they were intelligible, the most truculent animosity to the British Sovereign and people. MR. O'RANGOUTANG created an immense sensation by brandishing a dagger, to indicate how he would like to serve the alien oppressor, in which performance he nearly cut his own throat, to the great diversion of the assembly.

After giving several rounds of hurroos for the POPE and CAPTAIN WILKS, and of shouts and yells for LORD PALMERSTON and JOHN BULL, the concourse of Yahoos separated gnashing their teeth, and retired to their dens, whooping, shrieking, and uttering the most blood-thirsty execrations. Going home, many of them, in the frenzy of their malice, threw themselves down in the dirt and rolled in it like dogs, yelping, whining, and howling, after the manner of the lower orders of the canine species, to which the Yahoo is nearly allied, being a creature between the mongrel and the baboon.

WHAT THE UNITED STATES PARTICULARLY WANT JUST NOW.—A Short Cut to the Pacific.

SOMETHING LIKE MANNERS.

AN Irishman, in the old days of Protestant Ascendancy, was run over by a bishop's carriage, and merely inquired, in a humble manner, as he sat rubbing himself, "What's that for." We feared that his docile race had become extinct, but the following advertisement, which *Mr. Punch* cuts from a provincial newspaper, shows that there are still persons who know how to behave respectfully under aggravating circumstances:—

GENTLEMAN RUN OVER IN CLAYTON SQUARE. If the Ladies who were in the Carriage when it was driven over an old Gentleman in Clayton Square, on Monday last, between the hours of Twelve and One, desire to know how he is, they are invited to send to No. 84, Seymour Street.

Nothing can be more polite than this old gentleman, and his delicate way of informing the ladies of his address savours of the manners of the old school. We do not—no—we will not do such wrong to human nature as to suppose that he inserts the advertisement under the advice of some fiendlike attorney, who has failed to find out the address of the ladies, and hopes to catch them this way with a view to legal damages. No, we repudiate the thought. The affair is a bit of the manners of the high-bred school of other days. There was to be a splendid masked ball, at the court of the excellent Louis XIV., and all the world worth mentioning was wrapped up in the costumes, and dying for the splendid *fête*. A young Count, from Provence, was to be one of the most brilliant of the maskers. Three hours before the *fête*, comes to him, dustily, a servant from the provincial *château*, and informs him that his Lordship's father is deceased. "You are a vulgar fellow, FRANCOIS," blandly replies the young nobleman, "and you judge the nobility by the standard of the *canaille*. My father is too much of a gentleman to die at such a moment. Come to me in the morning." The old gentleman of Clayton Square must surely be a descendant of the high-bred young Count. We hope he wasn't much hurt.

English and American Bulls.

AN English Bull's run calls aloud to beware
Of his horns, ever prompt to assail,
But a Yankee Bull's Run is another affair ;
And creates most alarm by his tail.



GREAT WESTERN, 3 A.M.

"Why the deuce do you always YAWN when you look at me, Sir, Hay?"

"Why the deuce do you always LOOK at me, Sir, when I'm YAW—HAW—HAWNING!"

PATIENCE AND PREPARATION.

"LET us be calm," say you, JOHN BRIGHT?
Oh yes, we will be calm;
But that we may not have to fight,
We'll show that we can arm.

By meek submission to a blow
You make a bully brave;
But if a ready fist you show,
Your pardon he will crave.

Yes, life *is* precious, useful gold,
Nor idly to be lost;
But if we would our honour hold,
We must not count the cost.

We seek no quarrel: but, if war
Be foully on us thrust,
Unnerved it shall not find us, nor
With sword made blunt by rust.

We wait their answer calmly, but
With hand upon the hilt:
If they the gate of peace would shut,
Be theirs alone the guilt.

The Fellow for Finsbury.

THE Electors of Finsbury have not as yet found a Liberal candidate to their mind. The sort of Liberal that the free and independent electors of that incorruptible borough would like to get hold of, is one that would be willing to stand a contested election, and spend £6,000.

A CAUTION TO SINNERS.—According to a popular saying, the Evil One looks over LINCOLN. Yes, and he seems also to have his eye on SEWARD.

ENLARGING THE AREA OF A POLICEMAN'S DUTIES.

A DEPUTATION of Berkshire Magistrates waited on SIR GEORGE GREY last Thursday for the purpose of obtaining information respecting the views of Government on the question of agricultural statistics. The general feeling of the meeting was opposed to the Police being employed to collect the latter. MR. WALTER, M.P., said:—

"If the Police were only to be employed to deliver the notices and to collect them when filled up, some persons asked why should not that be done through the Post-office or the overseers. People suspected some mystery when the agency of the Police was used."

We can easily imagine what the "mystery" in the minds of most persons would be. It would take the form (if nothing worse) of an inquisitorial inquiry into the provisional government of the establishment. No Englishman's castle would ever be safe. It would be liable at all times to an invasion from the Police—the part of the Castle that would command his best attention being, of course, "the keep."

In fact, if a gentleman were to find a Policeman in his kitchen, and the latter were to excuse himself by saying, "Please, Sir, I've called to collect agricultural statistics," we do not see what the master of the house could say against it, even though the *débris* of the enjoyed love-feast were still lying on the table to protest against the truth of his story. The above handy excuse will be as good as a latch-key to a Policeman to let himself in to a country gentleman's house as often as he pleases. The reports he will make afterwards will be most amusing of their kind. They will be as pleasant as the reports of squibs that boys scatter amongst each other for their amusement. We can imagine a party of these large blue-coat boys bounding with pleasure over the explosion of one. How they would laugh, and jump, and go through a "perfect cure" of delight!

We can conceive the report taking some such form as the following: "This 'ere is to testify that I have been to SQUIRE BROADACRE'S farm, and these are the agricultural statistics that I have been able to collect there. He keeps three servants, of which one is a Cook. She is about twenty-five, and has two chins, besides a strawberry mark on her right harm. The beer is uncommon good. There are hot joints twice a week. The housemaid has the making of the toast. The best day for calling is Sunday, as they mostly always has company up-stairs. The lady's made wears false hare. Cheese only good for Welsh rabids. Missus locks up tea and sugar, pickles and spirits. Family goes to bed

at eleven. Beware of the big dog in the yard let lose always at the same time. Cooks wages is ten lbs. a-year, and a bottle of gin on Christmas day with missuses' hold close. Examined the larder, and this is what I found inn side. Breast of wheel, very low. Dish of cold potatoes, 10 and a bit. Likewise of melted butter with parsley. Small nuckel of am, in very bad cut. Side of baking. 2 Ropes of unnions, 1 loaf of bread, 1 plate of salt butter, 3 red earrings, and box of onn-Chovy paste. The family also keeps a gig, a cat, a 3 day clock, a pony, a boy in the stable, a parrot, a pig, and a peramblehater. They dines at four o'clk ck—broken scraps only on the Saturday. They washes at home, takes the plate basket up to bed with them, ill-treats the servants, never pays until their maid to pay, and goes to church twice on the Sunday."

We have slightly altered the above report, so as to make it commonly intelligible, for the Police are not always distinguished men of letters. However, it says quite enough, we contend, to prove the expediency of keeping Commissioner MAXNE'S busy corps of blue-bottles out of our larders and households. A Policeman is a wolf that every Englishman should struggle to keep from his door.

The Police were instituted to apprehend persons and not facts. Only let this prowling agricultural commission be established in their favour, and we shall soon be requiring a companion to M. MICHELET'S fulminating book of "*Priests, Women, and Families*," to be written in order to denounce the paul-prying evil; and a not inappropriate title for such a counterblast against the encroachments of Scotland Yard would be "*POLICEMEN, SERVANTS, AND FAMILIES*." We don't want the Peeler to perform in England the character the *Pvêtre* is supposed to fill in France.

High Church and Low Language.

LATELY has been published the fourth edition of a work entitled *Crispin Ken*, by the author of *Marian May*, with a New Chapter, A Word to Churchmen. It is to be feared that *Crispin Ken* is more likely to suggest a new phrase to costermongers. "Ken," in the language of the lower orders, is an abode, and "Crispin" everybody knows to be a name for a shoemaker. *Crispin Ken* is a title which will most likely be borrowed by vulgar persons from a genteel Church novel, and appropriated to a cobbler's stall.

A CONTRAST.—English character personified is JOHN BULL. That of America is embodied in JONATHAN BULLY.

PROFESSOR SAYERS AT OXFORD.



They are sorry to see that, the other day, when the circus of MR. THOMAS SAYERS was at Oxford, the University authorities took occasion to forbid the undergraduates attending that instructive entertainment,—instructive, because we have reason to suppose that the exhibition would have included a little sparring, calculated to impart to the collegians some notion of the art of

self-defence, and stimulate many of them to apply themselves to its acquisition. The cultivation of that noble art is not incompatible with the study of the liberal sciences; its students would not beat Latin and Greek out of each other's knowledge-boxes, nor is it to be feared that they would proceed to punch the Heads of Houses. Such consequences will be apprehended by no one who understands the logic of a Mill.

Some of the Oxford students will have, one of these days, to stand up for the Thirty-Nine Articles, and other important stakes. Some divines are heavy; but, heavy weights or light weights, they will be none the worse for knowing the use of their hands; and besides, in learning to box they would be schooled in fighting with temper: a point too much neglected in theological education.

We regret to see that in the edict prohibiting the resort of the young Oxonians to MR. SAYERS'S establishment, that gentleman was described as "a person named SAYERS." What would be thought of any one who should talk of a person named PUSEY? The Anglican champion is a celebrated clergyman; but his renown is not greater than that of the Champion of England; and the antagonist of HEENAN deserves to be spoken of with respect, as MR. SAYERS, or MR. THOMAS SAYERS; or if "MR. SAYERS" be accounted as absurd as "MR. CÆSAR," then let reverend gentlemen, as they say JULIUS CÆSAR, so with becoming consideration, speak of TOM SAYERS.

A SMASH FOR A SENSATIONIST.

AN amiable and truth-loving correspondent of the *Standard*, who dates his letters from New York and signs himself "MANHATTAN," has been giving such a rose-coloured description of America, that one sighs to think that one has not the great happiness of living there. Among other things to tempt one to emigrate as soon as one can get the chance, is this attractive hint as to the power of the President, which "MANHATTAN" may of course be trusted in divulging:—

"Those prisoners committed to the great prisons will die in them. It rests entirely with the President whether they are ever brought to trial or not. If he thinks it better for the public interest that such traitors as MASON and SLIDELL should be imprisoned for life, he can have it so. This will be the fate probably of most of the leading traitors. The successors of LINCOLN will probably take the same view of it. GENERAL JACKSON, when President, kept a man, who had annoyed him, in prison for eight years, by merely ordering the district attorney not to bring him to trial."

We hope a copy of the paper which contains this precious statement will be sent to GENERAL JACKSON as soon as may be possible, for we cannot but believe that it will be a bit of news to him to hear of the nice conduct of which he is accused. Were we disposed to view "MANHATTAN" as otherwise than one who is a stranger to veracity, we might lift our eyes in wonder that the head of a republic so free and fond of liberty as that of the United—or rather United-States should be invested with a power over people who "annoy him" as complete as any despot ever wielded with the bowstring, the knout, or the Bastille.

With a boastful word or two about the kidnapping of MESSIEURS MASON and SLIDELL, and delicately stating that it "quickly took the starch out of them," and that "when they came in sight of the fort that was to be their future prison and probable tomb, the chin of MASON dropped and the knees of both gave way," the amiable "MANHATTAN" gives us some advice as well as news about our Consuls, which LORD PALMERSTON will doubtless be thankful for and profit by:—

"The English Government ought to remove all its Consuls from the Southern

ports. They have been the great promoters of the rebellion, and as fast as they are caught, they will be locked up. Government has enormous quantities of proof against every one of them. It will keep; but the fact that these men are agents of England only makes their crime the greater. There will be a great quantity of fun before long."

The amiable "MANHATTAN" has grim notions of a joke. What sort of "fun" he is expecting may be easily inferred from the paragraph that follows:—

"W. J. YANCEY has written to a female friend who has the ear of the President, requesting her to sound the latter, and see what terms the President would grant him. The President refused to read the letter or hold any conversation on the subject, except to say the only officer of this Government who will hold speech with that traitor will be the United States Marshal that hangs him. You can rest assured of one thing, within six months a demand will be made upon every Government in Europe that harbours criminals to give them up. LORD PALMERSTON will have the pleasure of delivering up YANCEY and MASON, if they do not escape from London."

Of course we need not say that we believe that every syllable of this is strictly true. In confirmation of its verity we may add, that we have learned, through a source quite as reliable, that when the hint dropped by the President was brought to the States hangman, that "officer of the Government" expectorated twice with a marked gaiety of manner, and after liquoring up a Sling, a Stone Wall, and a Corpse-Reviver, he merrily danced forth into the middle of the room, and sang a pleasant little song with this agreeable refrain:—

"I would I were with Yancey! oh! oh!
On a nice black floor,
With a small trap-door,
What joy to be with Yancey!"

While one is about it, one may as well be fully circumstantial in one's lies; and we feel somewhat surprised that the amiable "MANHATTAN" should give such bare and meagre details of the facts (!) which he relates. But what we wonder at still more is that such ribald, lying letters as those which he indites should be inserted in large type in any English journal, and that, in spite of them, that journal should continue to be old.

THE AMERICAN DILEMMA.

YOUR passion and arrogance, JONATHAN, bridle,
And let me know what you call MASON and SLIDELL.
Are they rebels? What right, if you take that position,
Had you, boarding the *Trent*, to demand extradition?

Had MITCHELL and MEAGHER been SLIDELL and MASON,
We you, and you we, would you think no disgrace on
Your flag had been cast, its protection from under
If we those two traitors had taken, I wonder?

Belligerents call you the men you laid hand on,
And the charge of high treason against them abandon?
Were we fighting the French, then you'd have no objection
To our seizing French envoys beneath your protection.

Moreover, as prisoners of war if you take them,
And therefore their country's ambassadors make them,
You put yourselves then into this situation;
You are first to acknowledge the Confederation.

THE POPE'S BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

THE British Public is requested to take notice that MR. LAIRD, Derbyite, has been returned for Birkenhead, in preference to the Liberal candidate MR. BRASSEY; by what influence will appear from the subjoined paragraphs of election intelligence:—

"Notwithstanding the most arduous efforts on the part of the Liberal party, they were unable to recover the lost ground, and the poll closed, giving MR. LAIRD a majority of 328.

"There was considerable excitement, owing to the religious element being largely introduced, the Roman Catholics of Birkenhead, with the REV. CANON CHAPMAN at their head, actively supporting the Tory candidate, MR. LAIRD, and his return is undoubtedly attributable to the course taken by this section of the electors."

Elsewhere it is stated that:—

"At the polling a body of two hundred Roman Catholics, headed by CANON CHAPMAN, were ostentatiously paraded in support of MR. LAIRD. This demonstration was, no doubt, intended as a rebuke to the supporters of Her Majesty's Ministers, for the Liberal policy pursued in regard to Italy, and as a proof of practical concurrence with the lacerations of the BISHOPS OF ORLÉANS and POITIERS, and other supporters of the temporal power of the POPE."

So MR. LAIRD owes his election to voters who send him to the House of Commons in the hope that he will support the government of the POPE and oppose that of LORD PALMERSTON. The government of LORD DERBY and that of his HOLINESS are much the same thing according to the papists of Birkenhead. Let this be remembered, when a vacancy occurs elsewhere, by electors who value the liberty of Italy and the honour and interest of England.



BOOKING A CUSTOMER.

Messrs. Cutts and Longstick, who have suffered much from the difficulty attending the Identification of "Clients" on their return from a lengthened Tour, resort to the accompanying Device. Whilst the Captain is being measured by the Foreman, the Junior Partner adjusts the Camera for his Photograph.

A GOD-SPEED TO THE CANADA-BOUND.

God speed you, Guards and Rifles, Line-regiments and Artillery,
Punch flings his old shoe after you, and drains his glass of Sillery,
 And here's his toast, "May boiled and roast, and drink and clothes and
 firing,
 Ne'er fail your pluck, and here's good luck, stout arms and legs
 untiring."

The St. Lawrence has its sleet and fogs, its ice-wind keen and frore ;
 On sea there's storm before you, and frost upon the shore ;
 In the long, long march, through pine and larch, along the trampled
 snow,
 With the icy breath of a sleepy death about you as you go.

But JOHN BULL clothes your bellies and your backs with food and
 furs,
 And in your own brave veins the blood of manhood cheerly stirs ;
 So if there's pith in meat and drink, and manly hearts beside,
 All safe you'll land, and to arms you'll stand, where rolls St. Law-
 rence's tide.

And the blessing of your countrymen, and countrywomen too,
 Will cling and close about you, as hearty blessings do,
 Surpassing warmth of food and fire, from heart to heart they'll run—
 And England's wide and watchful arms will clasp her every son.

There are beardless chins among you, there are heads all grizzly-grey,
 There are lads of tender nurture, and rough slips that none would stay ;
 There's gentle blood and simple, there's nobleman and clown,
 For suffering and for danger by common duty bound.

The fopling Guardsman flings his crust of foppery away,
 And sets to work as lightly as e'er he set to play ;
 From club, boudoir, and drawing-room, and hunting-field, he's there,
 To face the lot that others face, and fare as others fare.

And some leave wives and children, sweet-hearts, and parents dear,
 Warm hearths for joy darkness, full cups for sorry cheer :
 From the general to the private, not one among them all,
 But blithely makes his sacrifice, be it great or be it small.

And shall we grudge them a comfort, that purse of ours can pay,
 A God-speed and a greeting, as they sail upon their way ?
 Blow fair, ye winds ; be merciful, grim winter, to our brave,
 May our blessing serve to strengthen, our prayer have power to save !

COMMERCIAL SLANG.

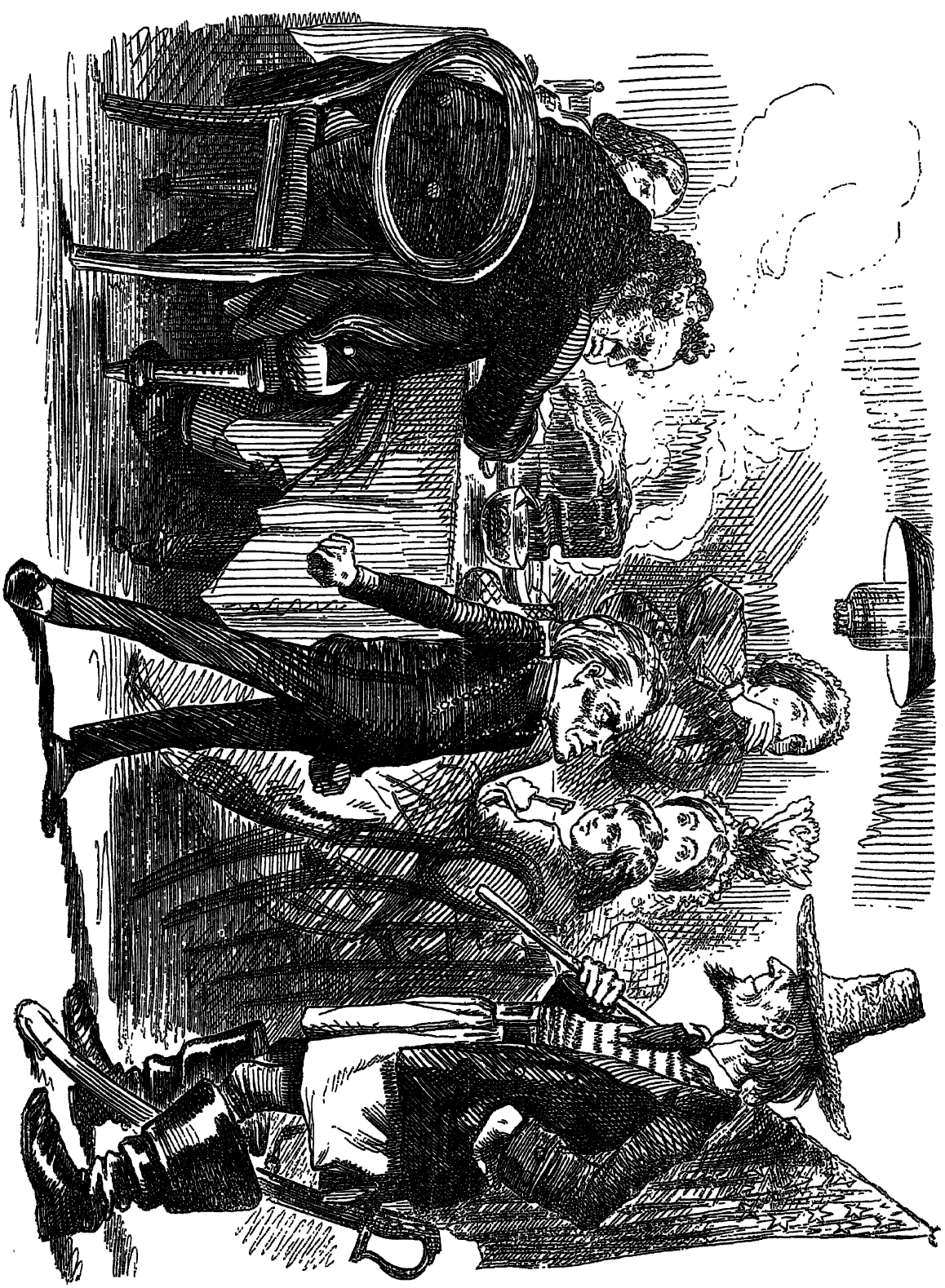
In a trade report, dated from Melbourne, we find the following extra-
 ordinary entry :—

"Bass's ale dull."

The statement, made in the face of the known fact that Bass's ale is
 brisk, cannot but be considered most unscrupulous. According to
 commercial intelligence from Foochow, also, "Tea" is "active" and
 Congou is likewise represented as "active" by advices from Shanghai.
 What is the activity of tea ? Is it similar to that of physic ? Tea used
 to be denounced as a slow poison by some people ; for slow the wags
 sometimes wrote sloe. If tea is stained for the British market with
 mineral colouring matter, it may well be poisonous ; perhaps intensely
 so, operating not slowly but with great rapidity. Do the latest accounts
 from China suggest no fear that the tea which they describe as active
 may be an active poison ?

Notes on the Cattle Show.

In Class 4, that of Devon Cows, a prize of £5 was awarded to Mr.
 E. POPE. How came his Holiness not to win a prize for a Bull ?
 The pigs were said to be marked by admirable breeding. On this
 occasion, then, they negated the old saying :—"What can you expect
 from a hog but a grunt ?"



A LIKELY STORY.

CAPTAIN JONATHAN, F.N. "JIST LOOK'D IN 'TO SEE IF THAR'S ANY REBBIS HE-ARR."
MR. BOTT. "OH, INDEED I—JOHN! LOOK AFTER THE PLATE-BASKET, AND THEN FETCH A POLICEMAN."

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



EAR PUNCH,

"I HAVE to thank MISS PYNNE, MR. BALFE, and MR. HARRISON for a very pleasant evening with *The Puritan's Daughter*. The night when I attended was the first one of the Cattle Show, but I cannot say the audience presented any symptoms of a marked bucolic character. There were neither beefy faces nor thick top boots in the pit, nor did the audience in general betray a rural origin by applauding in wrong places, and so putting the actors out. The rustic mind, I fancy, receives much more enjoyment from the song-

sters or the supper-room than the singers of the Opera, and the Wondrous LÉOTARD is far more likely to attract it than the melodies of BALFE and the scenery of CALCOTT.

"Not being (thank goodness!) a musical critic, and in consequence obliged to keep my ears upon the stretch to catch all failings and defects, I enjoyed the opera much, and need not hesitate to say so, for I've no character for critical acerbity to lose. Without quite endorsing the opinion of one writer, that the name of BALFE stands first of all English composers, whether of the past or of the present time, I always take a pleasure in listening to his music, and his latest work is even more than usually pleasant to me. If I am wrong in ranking it as his best composition (not even excepting the ever-green *Bohemian Girl*), I would ascribe my error to the care of MR. MELLON in getting up the opera, and the generally efficient way in which it is performed. They who recollect how English Opera was treated in the days of MR. BUNN, should go to Covent Garden and hear MR. MELLON'S orchestra, and notice with what taste the accompaniments are played. Another thing, too, they may notice is, that now-a-days some pains are taken with librettos, and that the ballads MR. BALFE has now to set to music are not such Bedlamitish bosh as they were in the old time, when 'hollow hearts' were nightly said to 'wear a mask,' though how on earth they did so nobody could guess. Despite inane stupid words, and though the street-organs have done their worst to make me hate it, I still retain a lingering love for the *Bohémienne* aforesaid; but for the freshness of its melodies, the *Daughter of the Puritan* is quite worthy to be named with it, and they have the further charm of not being quite so whistleable, so that our butcher-boys, one hopes, will not so easily get hold of them. Clever critics may object that the melodies, though pretty, are all cast in the same mould, and may exercise their memories by humming a chance phrase and recalling a twin-brother in some other Balfeian work; but for myself, I am quite satisfied with simply listening to the music in my unenlightened way, and not attempting to determine whether MR. BALFE repeats himself (as most writers have done), or in what precise degree he falls short of the composers of the continental schools.

"But whatever be the doubt as to the merits of the opera, there surely can be none as to the manner of its production. The band is so well drilled that one might almost shut one's eyes, and think that Apollo was conducting it; and the singers one and all do their best to win success, and deservedly secure it. MISS PYNNE'S delicious voice is heard to full advantage in a part exactly suited to her, and her extremely graceful gestures are a study which our choristers would do well to try and imitate, instead of singing as they mostly do with arms stuck to their sides like the dolls in a Noah's-ark. MR. HARRISON moreover, as the rakish *Earl of Rochester*, played a rollicking drunken part in a manner that surprised, not less than it pleased me. His song in praise of punch all punch-lovers should hear. The minor key redeems it from all shade of vulgarity; and indeed his acting, no less than his singing, is so free from any coarseness, while yet so droll and funny, that many a 'comic' actor might well receive a lesson from it. As for MR. SANTLEY, the prettiest air in all the opera is put into his mouth, and he sings it with such taste (as he does all his other music) that, much as I hate, detest, and execrate *encores*, I really was not sorry when the pitites re-demanded it. Besides having the merit of a plot which is

original and yet easily intelligible (a merit which most operas of late have been without), the new work has the novelty of a lover who sings bass; and one might well incline to wish the precedent were followed, if one were always certain of a voice like MR. SANTLEY'S in parts wherein a 'tender tenor' usually is heard.

"What is going on at the Strand and the St. James's and Olympic and elsewhere, I may have occasion to speak of in my next. Doubtless all these theatres have been profiting by the Cattle Show, but I question if their takings equalled those at the Adelphi. Here, as I am told, the old familiar *Colleen Bawn* notification of 'HOUSE CRAMMED' has been displayed throughout the week, in consequence of the revival (though it seems a 'bull' to call it so) of that immortal drama. MR. and MRS. BOUCCAVULT have had a hard week's work in playing the *Colleen* and *Octoroon* together, but one really can't much pity them when one recollects the pay they have been earning. One would almost undertake the labours of Hercules upon such good terms.

"By the way, I must just add that in her history of the week, the Clio of the stage ought certainly to note that, in obedient compliance with the wishes of the public, expressed through 'hourly' waggou-loads of letters to the author, the last act of the *Octoroon* has partly been re-written, and the drama is now brought to a felicitous conclusion. Poor MR. BOUCCAVULT! It must have cost him a sad struggle so to mutilate his offspring, and, to please a fickle public, destroy the moral aim and teaching of the play. I drop a tear as I remember his letter to the *Times*, and think what pangs he must have suffered in altering his work. Yet, much as I applaud his wish to give our playgoers a lesson in morality, I must say I rejoice that he has bowed to their opinion that they'd rather be without it. Suicide is always an unpleasant and immoral act to contemplate; and I shall go and see the *Octoroon* with vastly greater willingness, now that a marriage peal is substituted for a cup of poison, and by a few strokes of the goose-quill the fair heroine is saved from the task of nightly suffering a very painful death.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

PHOTOGRAPHIC CARICATURES AT ROME.

In a letter from Rome it is stated that—

"The official journal of yesterday contains an edict from the Cardinal Vicar announcing that no one will be allowed to exercise the art of photography without authorisation from the Rev. Master of the Sacred Palace, from the Cardinal Vicar, and from the police, under penalty of 50 dollars fine. Amateur Photographers are liable to the same regulation."

A maternal government imposes this restriction on the personal liberty of its subjects, because some of them abuse the photographic art. Provision for the punishment of offenders in that kind, one would think, would suffice to meet the case; and their correction has been tolerably well provided for by the arrangements thus specified:—

"The producers and distributors of indecent photographic plates are to lose their instruments, to be fined 100 dollars, and to be sent to the galleys for a year; the same penalty to be inflicted on the models who may have served for such productions."

Serve them right. But what cause has the Roman public to thank the papal Government for giving it the benefit of an improvement on LORD CAMPBELL'S Act? We further read that—

"It is stated that this edict . . . was absolutely called for by the recent clandestine publication of some very scandalous photographic representations in which the heads of the POPE, CARDINAL ANTONELLI, the QUEEN OF NAPLES, and other persons of high rank, were placed on the bodies of other individuals in such a skilful manner as to deceive any spectator, and with such a disregard not only to delicacy, but also to decency, as fully justifies the measures adopted by the Cardinal Vicar."

Would his Eminence have interfered with the licentious photographers if they had placed the heads of GARIBALDI, VICTOR-EMMANUEL, the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, LORD PALMERSTON, JOHN BULL, and MR. PUNCH, in the same vile relations as those in which they put the upper storeys of ANTONELLI, the QUEEN OF NAPLES, and his Holiness, or in any relations however vile? And if the head of the POPE were put on the body of a figure in pontificals blessing a Neapolitan brigand, that of the QUEEN OF NAPLES on the shoulders of *Moll Flagon*, and ANTONELLI'S on those of *Era Diavolo*, would not the Cardinal Vicar consider the photographs so composed as exhibiting a grievous disregard to decency as well as to delicacy? It is no doubt sacrilege as well as high treason at Rome anyhow to take off the head of the Church. What a wonder the Sun lends himself to such an enormity! Cannot PRUS excommunicate PNEBUS?

A Queer Sort of Cow.

A "GARDENER" in the *Times* wanting a place, advertises that he would "Not object to a cow if single-handed." Who would? Who would object to a cow with two hands, for the matter of that? Indeed two hands would be better than one for a cow to have,—and such a cow, instead of being at all objectionable, would be far preferable to any other; if her hands enabled her owner to dispense with a milkman.



RESULT OF THE CATTLE SHOW.

FARMER SLEMBODY TO FARMER FULLBODY. "Well, I'm dead agin' High Feedin'.
What's the use of a Great Fat Brute that's half Tallor!"

A DISH OF LAVA.

We are disappointed with Vesuvius. We had hoped better things from that old and respectable, if rather fiery party, than that at a moment like this he should be so excited by the state of affairs in Italy as to lend himself to the general perturbation. But he has burst out into a furious eruption, and is frightening away the people, and swallowing up villages, just as the Dragon of Wantley used to do. It is inconsiderate, and what is worse, it is self-humiliating. We would apologise for the old mountain, but hardly know what to say. Does he recollect the days when SPARTACUS, with a band of slaves and gladiators, took possession of his fastnesses? and does he think the Italian brigands of our day unworthy to fill the place of men who fought for freedom? Does he remember that in 472 he sent his ashes as far as Constantinople, according to the historians, and does he want to give the SULTAN ABDUL-AZIZ a hint that he will have to put other ashes on his head if he does not mind what he is about? We are not in the old crater's confidence, and cannot say; but unless he can give a very good reason for his inflammatory conduct, we do not think that he is behaving well to Italy. He has destroyed that unlucky Torre del Greco exactly twenty-five times, and there is a monotony, arguing aridity of intellect, about his proceedings. We scorn to hint to him that there are several quacks in England who advertise remedies against all eruptions, and that we should have no objection to throw such remedies, and the advertisers, into his chasms, though such is our feeling. His years and history entitle him to reverence—Shakespeareally speaking,

"Respect for thy great place, and let the — Mountain
Be sometime honoured for his burning throne.

But if Vesvius, *alias* Vesevus, *alias* Vesuvius, has any good feeling in his inwards, he will be quiet for the present. We suspect the old rebel does not like good sovereigns: his first break-out was under TRUVS, the Delight of Mankind, and his

last is under VICTOR-EMMANUEL, who may not be perfect but is far and away the best king Italy has had for many a century. We fear the Mountain has the revolutionary tendencies of its French namesake.

SAVING THE OCTOROON.

Upon the couch she lies so pale—
'Tis but a graceful swoon;
What? Poison?—nay—'tis sure a tale,
He'll never thus our hearts assail,
And kill the *Octoroon*!

Say, BOUCICAULT, that she survives!
Grant us this public boon;
If cats are blessed with nine-fold lives,
Give two to her, this pearl of wives,
Don't kill the *Octoroon*!

There still is time: that negress might
By the uncertain moon,
A phial give, which though to sight
The same, would operate different quite,
Nor kill the *Octoroon*!

McClosky fall'n by Indian blow,
(Or to fall very soon)
Cannot appear to bid her go,
Then why that fact not let her know,
And save the *Octoroon*.

True *Peyton* has another flame,
Is somewhat of a spoon;
But give him up, Miss What's-your-name,
You must admit 'twould be a shame
To kill the *Octoroon*.

So say I, and the public voice
Sings to the self-same tune,
It's not as if you had no choice—
Why break the hearts you can rejoice?
Why kill the *Octoroon*?

Don't tell us that the thing must be,
You're far too 'cute a 'coon;
To be so reg'lar up a tree,
You can't find a catastrophe
That saves the *Octoroon*.

Of law supreme, fate, and such rot,
Preach on from this to June;
I say—necessity or not—
Poor *Zoe* must not go to pot—
Don't kill the *Octoroon*!

What if your logic comes to grief,
When thus your play you prune?
I still insist on the relief,
Both to my nerves and handkerchief—
Don't kill the *Octoroon*!

Untruth to manners I'll admit,
Though clear as sun at noon;
"Anything else we'll stand or sit,
But this," cry boxes, gallery, pit,
"Don't kill the *Octoroon*."

The author heard; he rubbed his chin;
"They'll call me a poltroon.
But, if her death the houses thin,
Perhaps 'tis time I should begin
To save the *Octoroon*.

"Tragic necessity, good-bye—
And manners change your tune;
The public voice I'll ratify—
My pretty *Zoe* shall not die—
I'll save the *Octoroon*."

'Tis said; 'tis done; and now the play
Goes blithe as songs of June:
Miss What's-her-name's put out o' way,
Zoe weds *George*. Hip! hip! Hooray!
We've saved the *Octoroon*!



THE NEW PAGE HONESTLY ACCOUNTS FOR HIS HONESTY.

"I am glad to perceive, Dicky, that you are a good boy, and do not make free with the Almonds and Raisins."

"Halmonds and Raisings, Mum? No, Mum, not if I knows it! Why they caught me once, Mum, they did! They'd Counted 'em, they 'ad!"

LOVE AND ARSENIC.

A PAINTED Indian and a Sparkling Flirt. Companion pictures—both bent upon and armed for conquest. Through tangled forests he pursues his enemy—in mazy dance she watches for her opportunity. Their aims are different—their means not widely so; for if he relies on his arrow tipped with bane, has she not equal faith in her wreath with arsenious verdure clad?

If that will kill an eagle on the cliff, will this not charm a Captain in the Guards?

BURKE was mistaken. Chivalry is not dead, but has changed her residence and vocation. The stout knight has doffed his burnished casque, and pants not for glory but prize pigs. The enchantress of May Fair, however, still exacts that homage suit and service which were characteristic of feudal times. The knight had his squire, who attended him to the battle-field—carried his shield round as the moon—fought, fell, and with his failing vision proudly saw his patron crowned with laurels. So the imperious beauty has her trusty flower-maker, who having stained the deadly leaves which render conquest certain, draws her last breath of poison-dust as BELINDA, the invincible, smiles on the captive kneeling at her feet.

Does the parallel halt here? Oh! no. The grateful knight, in honour of his squire, placed an humble tablet to his memory. In like manner we read with feelings of serious satisfaction that a cenotaph is being raised at Dripping Well or Moonlight Glen, to commemorate the devotion of the flower-maker. The inscription and design are striking. In bas-relief is a sick girl, bending over a green wreath, and within the green wreath, are these touching truthful lines—

She died—

For CONSTANCE, Love and Beauty.

THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION.

MR. PUNCH has great pleasure in announcing, in the most officious manner, that the directors of the International Exhibition have not forgotten the possibility of the absence of Voluntary Contributions from the Northern States of America. The subject has been taken into grave consideration, and negotiations have been entered into with the Lords of the Admiralty and the Commander-in-Chief, in order to the adoption of means for supplying this deficiency, should it unfortunately occur. Without entering into details, (as the whole arrangement may be rendered unnecessary by the arrival of MESSRS. MASON and SIDDELL about the 28th December) Mr. Punch begs to say, that in the event of the Federals declining to send contributions to the Exhibition, the space now appropriated to such articles will be supplied through the exertions of gentlemen connected with our naval and military service, and that among the Involuntary Contributions from the North will be the following articles:—

1. *The Falls of Niagara* (American portion)—by the kind permission of the Canadian authorities, and to be returned when done with.
2. *The American Eagle*.—The interesting animal will be provided with a large supply of its natural food, namely, Bunkum, to be obtained from the offices of the New York newspapers.
3. Several bottles of *Hail of Columbia*.
4. Curious assortment of *Stumps*, on which patriotic oratory has been delivered for some years, with the happy consequences now before the world.
5. Several *Platforms*, forming a further portion of the Stump machinery.
6. *The White House*—name of "LINCOLN" on the brass-plate.
7. The coat in which MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, editor of the *New York Herald*, was whipped by ELIAZAR P. GROWKY.
8. The coat in which MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, editor of the *New York Herald*, was cowhided by PHINEAS X. BLAZER.
9. The coat in which MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, editor of the *New York Herald*, was thrashed by EBENEZER V. WHOEPL.
10. A collection of nineteen whips with which MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, editor of the *New York Herald*, was at various times flogged by nineteen slandered citizens.
11. The boots with which MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, editor of the *New York Herald*, was kicked by EPAMINONDAS J. BUFFER.

12. Six pairs of highlows, and five pairs of shoes, with which eleven other slandered citizens have at various times annotated the editorial labours of MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, editor of the *New York Herald*.

13. Remains of the brandy-smash in which MR. SEWARD pledged himself to insult England on the earliest opportunity, and the glasses from which his sixteen previous brandy-smashes had been imbibed by that statesman.

14. *Flags of the Southern Confederacy*, captured by the Armies of the North. (Promised conditionally only, in the event of such flags being discoverable.)

15. *The Declaration of Independence*.—To be reverently preserved, and returned to the North when a statesman, worthy to fill the place of GEORGE WASHINGTON, shall demand it.

16. Specimens of *Jerusalem Snakes*, *Ringtailed Roarers*, *Regular Opossums*, and other curiosities of American natural history.

17. *A Boy*.—It will be interesting to compare this animal with his superior, but a member of the same genus, the Gorilla.

18. Specimens of American Editorial Writings. (Disinfecting fluid will be found in the same case, and labelled "Common Sense.")

19. *Secret Treaty for the Partition of England* between the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, MR. SEWARD, and the KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

20. *Mr. Brigham Young*, the latest ally of the North, and model of his Seraglio.

21. The original *Book of Mormon*, as about the only original work which America has produced since *Knickerbocker's History*.

22. Specimens of *American Apes*, and *Naturalised Irishmen*, stuffed.

A Safe Delivery and a Wise Deliverance from War.

WITHIN the last few weeks there has been a General Guol Delivery in England. We should like to see the same thing take place in America. For instance, if the Washington Government would only open the door of the prison in which MESSRS. MASON and SIDDELL are confined, and set them free, what a fearful difficulty would be overcome! War may be said to lunge on the portal of that very prison-door. It is a kind of modern Temple of Janus, expressing Peace or War, either as it is opened, or closed. Let us hope that the friendship of two such great nations as England and America will never be buried in those odious "Tombs!"



A PERFECT CURE.

OUR CABBY. "Stonishing to me there ain't more Accidents along o' these 'ere Fountains. Always carry a Flask of Old Tom or what not about yer, and yer can't come to no harm."

THE MAIDEN ELECTION.

A NEW Constituency may be excused a little excitement at the first exercise of its privilege; and if Birkenhead did make a riot, it chose a respectable man, and shall not be called the borough of Brokenhead. Nothing was broken at MR. LAIRD'S return, except some promises and the peace, and altogether the maiden election has passed off creditably. Now, MR. LAIRD must distinguish himself in Parliament, and not be a King Log, as we have a young man from Scotland quite ready with a parody on "O Loggie the Laird," which we assure MR. L. we had much rather not use.

WHAT A RHYME!

WHEN Yule logs are roasting,
And Englishmen toasting,
One toast will be drunk univ'er-
sally:
"May excitable Italy
Behave herself prettily,
And luck to bold BARON RI-
CASOLI."

Unlearned Figs.

A SCIENTIFIC agriculturist, during the Cattle Show, was met in the street, exhibiting an aspect of deep dejection. On being asked what was the matter with him, he replied that his pigs had been plucked.

A QUESTIONABLE READING.

THE following item of fashionable intelligence may suggest a doubt to some of our country readers, and others who are not duly aware who is who:—

"EDWARDS'S HOTEL.—Arrivals: MR. THURLOW WEED and MISS WEED, from Paris."

It may be readily apprehended that the WEED family is as ancient as any that ever flourished on a landed estate, or in Spring Gardens, or any other aristocratic territory. The *planta genista* belonged to this family indeed—the PLANTAGENETS were originally Weeds. There is no difficulty in numbering the WEEDS among the flowers of fashion, and including them within the higher classes and orders. But when a certain fashionable peculiarity of speech is considered, the way in which many members of the aristocracy are accustomed to pronounce a certain consonant, some doubt will arise whether WEED, in the above announcement, really means WEED, or another surname. May not EDWARDS'S waiter, it will be surmised, have booked the name of WEED as he heard it uttered, without taking the precaution to look and see how it was spelt on the trunks of the guests newly arrived? Had he made that inspection, might he not have discovered that the initial letter of the name given him orally—by the footman perhaps—as beginning with W, was really R? Why, no, rustic and uninformed friends. The WEEDS, we believe, have grown among an Upper Ten Thousand that can at least pronounce their own names.

MR. THURLOW WEED, in sort, is a Weed imported from America, of decidedly Northern produce. He is not a rank Yankee Weed, but, on the contrary, quite a mild one; mild, however, as this WEED is, he is not too mild for us to smoke him.

Good Advice.

COLUMBIA'S stars said to Columbia's stripes,
"Eleven of us out Secession wipes."
Columbia's stripes said to Columbia's stars,
"To put 'em in again, don't call on Mars:
No Union's possible, where he shows face,
Our stripes he'll double, not our stars replace."

JACK TRUNNION ON THE AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

"MY DEAR OLD PUNCH,—i ave jest cum ashore arfter a 3 years crews and bin hovorhawlin l of them penny goose papers Wich reminds Me of a Die-all as i wunce bort of a Jarman klockmaker in Humburg Wich had neither Mane-spring nor reglater.—Well in this 4s^d. goose paper i sees a hartikl kaul'd the 'Merican Difficulty.' It may Be a merican but i beg 'spectfuly 2 say that there never wass sich a word In the Dick Shun hairy of a english Sailor as that Land luberly ski blue milk and water l a difficulty and i d'woutly ope and bleeve has there never Will be wile hold England as got A shot in Her locker. and i beg hallso spectfuly 2 say That iff the penny goose editor Who my old arnt betsey (bless Her iis) woodnt ave aloud 2 Wipe Her specktakels shows his Face Aboord of H. M. S. 'Flip' me and mi mates ave Sworn on hour baccy Box's, that We'll *Shave* im as we old It harnt rite nor proper that A indiwidyal Should show sich airs wen he sees the Beard of the british Lyon pull'd by a tarnashun yanky and kauls It a Difficulty!

"JACK TRUNNION, a B.

"H. M. S. *Flip*."

"N.B. if captin winkles and is Merry men will Honor H. M. S. 'Flip' With a wiset we shall Feel no Difficulty in in our lit'l account with him. But i don't ann tis a pate he wil axept This hinwitashun seem that the hods in his Favor so far has numbers goes Wood be rayther Less than 10—2—1."

"J. R."

The Fate of Peacemakers in America.

WERE PEASE in Yankeeland, is he aware
How he would, probably, be treated there?
His plans and preachments as peacemaker foiled,
PEASE would be tarred and feather'd—nay p'raps *boi'd*.

TWO GOOD REASONS.

THE ever-green PALMERSTON, of Dover, has challenged the Indian DEERFOOT to a foot-race. The Indian shirks the challenge: first, because he is afraid of being beaten by the light-hearted and active Premier; and secondly, because DEERFOOT is very fond of money, and if he won, would be outrunning the Constable.



OUR ARTIST WAS ON THE SPOT.

MR. PUNCH'S APOLOGY.

Magna culpa nostra! Cox is in for Finsbury! We did it—it was our fault, and we frankly and humbly confess it. We neglected our duty. We stopped Cox last time, shut him out, shut him up, and could have done so this time with a single paragraph. And we didn't write that paragraph. We admit our *laches*, we avow our guilt. But be not hard upon us. Everybody must look a little after his own interests in these days, and—come, the truth must be told—we wanted Cox. We wanted him in Parliament. SIBTHORP is gone, and WILLIAMS has turned sensible, and SCULLY is such very small game. We wanted Cox, and there is an end of the matter. Please, generous and kind world, please to forgive us that we let him in for Finsbury. We'll make it up to you one way or another. The great APULEIUS himself had a similar need, and see how cleverly he treated the subject.

Come, it is Christmas time, and we must insist on being forgiven. You don't know what fun there is in Cox? Come, shake hands, and absolve us. That is right, hooray, let's liquor!

The Best Christmas Box.

THE Despatch-Box, which is expected to arrive from America a little after Christmas, will turn out to be without comparison the very best Christmas Box this year, if it is found to contain an honourable submission to England's demands, and a hearty profession of peace and good will, as becoming the season, from JONATHAN towards his old friend JOHN BULL.

A SORRY CHRISTMAS.

I COME again—your hoary King!
My crown of ivy green and beaded holly,—
My wonted crown—behold I bring,
My wonted Christmas-Carol sing,
Wooing to joy e'en blackest melancholy;
I lift my wassail-cup
With spiced drink mantling up—
But ah, my crown looks sere,
My Carols grate upon the ear,
My wassail-healths sound wantonness and folly.

A blight lies on the iron earth,
A dark cloud hides the lowering heaven:
'Tis not the thought of winter-dearth,
Huddled beside a fireless hearth,
Hushing its thin brood till the bread is given:
To woes and wants like these
I can bring ready ease,
With good-will and good-cheer
Can warm and raise the dying year,
But this is gloom not all my mirth can leaven.

"PEACE UPON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MAN,"
My charter who among you but remembers?
I that should bless, how shall I ban?
I that the fires of love should fan,
How shall I stir to flame hate's smouldering embers?
How dye with deeper red
The holly round my head,
How change my carol sweet
To war-cry, for my throat unmeet,
How bid war's horror wed with drear December's?

"PEACE UPON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO ALL,"
And if good will to *all*, what to *our brother*?
Oh, may the lifted weapons fall,
And Peace's gentle call
Pierce through the trumpets that her pleading smother?
May better thoughts ensue,
Wrong-doers wrongs undo,
Till breaks the war-cloud dun,
And bursts God's blessed winter sun,
To show two hands, disarm'd, clasping each other.

The Prussian Crown and Cushion.

THE *Kreuz Zeitung* reports a speech made the other day by the KING OF PRUSSIA, in which his MAJESTY said:—"My basis will, however, be the same, and will be inviolable. I have received my crown from the altar." What has KING WILLIAM's receipt of his crown from the altar to do with the inviolability of his basis? What relation does his basis bear to his crown? Is not the one the direct opposite to the other? If the KING OF PRUSSIA puts his crown upon his basis, what, we should like to know, does he put his hat upon?

Lincoln's Brag.

Adapted from *Macbeth*.

Lincoln. We've got three million.
John Bull. Geese, villain?
Lincoln. Soldiers, Sir!

HAVE YOU SEEN BLONDIN? Well, we really don't much care whether you have or not. The question of the day in which we feel most interest is—Have you purchased *Punch's Almanack*? and unless you can say "Yes, Pussy," we hereby authorise your wife to pull your whiskers well for you.

"IN STATU PUPILLARI."



APTAIN F— visiting an aristocratic boarding-school in Paris, where a young lady, according to public report, had lost an eye, writes:—

"I have the happiness to state that I found all the scholars perfectly sound of eye, and not one wanting at roll-call."

It is something new, though scarcely according to the usages of French gallantry, to speak of young ladies, as one would of a team of horses; but it is nevertheless gratifying to find that, after a diligent inspection of a French seminary, an eye-

witness could "covenant" every pupil sound; and it is, moreover, satisfactory to know that the dear little creatures all answered to the "roll-call." We were well aware that a bell is always rung at meal-times in large schools, but it is a matter of surprise to us to learn that there is a special call for French "rolls."

A REMINDER TO THE POPE.

DEAR PIUS,

THE Bashan Week being now over, and all the Fat Farmers who stuck in the bogs about Baker Street being remitted to their native mud, we are ready to receive the Bulls your HOLINESS has promised for the Exhibition at Brompton. Come with them, if you like, for though only a gentle Shepherd, you have shown that you know the use of the goad. Come over Westminster Bridge, and don't let the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster do you into stopping at St. George's in the way (you'll see his place, it is close to Bedlam), but drive on straight. We'll put you up comfortably at the Mitre, the Kings and Keys, or where you like. Come along—you'll not find us nearly so black as we are painted by that humbug, ANTONELLI. You'll be popular here in a week, and you never will be so in Rome. Come. *Bibimus papaliter.* But, anyhow, send the Bulls.

Ever your HOLINESS'S
Devoted Servant,

St. Nicholas's Day.

1861.12.28

NO VENT PEG REQUIRED by those who purchase *Punch's Almanack*, for so fine a spirit of wit is there infused in all its jokes that exposure to the air will never make them flat, and no stopper is required to prevent them from evaporating. Its contents are all well warranted to keep in any climate, and may be safely recommended not merely for home use, but for general exportation. As they form a very strengthening and wholesome mental diet, no family or single person ought to be without them.

STRANGE TRANSFORMATION IN THE AMERICAN CABINET.
—LINCOLN is looking Sea-ward.

"WHERE IS LORD STANLEY QUARTERED, DO YOU KNOW?"—Richard III.

SUGGESTED BY RECENT DISCUSSIONS, AND VERY SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM MR. WILLIAM COWPER, OF OLNEY.

BETWEEN Noes and Ayes a strange contest arose,
LORD STANLEY had set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which that young nobleman ought to belong.

The Press was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill and elaborate learning;
While Chief Baron PUNCH sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Noes it will quickly be clear,
And your Lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find,
That a STANLEY must be a Conservative peer,
And if radical, held to be out of his mind."

Then, holding a pedigree up to the Court,
"To doubt it were treating his eminent Dad ill.
A son of PRINCE ROBERT, my Lord is, in short,
A true Cavalier, in the senate or saddle."

Again, would your Lordship a moment suppose,
('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again),
If his father should trip up his Government foes,
He must surely have him for an *aide-de-camp* then?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows
With a reasoning that won't make your Lordship look grim,
That LORD STANLEY was certainly made for the Noes,
And the Noes were as plainly intended for him.

Then, shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Ayes,
That LORD STANLEY was not of the Past, but the Now,
And for cant and conventional humbug too wise.

Then his Judgeship decreed, in a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one If or But,
That whenever the Noes set that nobleman on
To speak Tory, DISRAELI'S mouth should be shut.]

A MINUTE BORE.—What a deal of fuss has been made about the Education Minute. The discussion of the arrangements proposed in this one minute appears to have uselessly occupied a great deal of time.

A LOOSENESS IN A GOVERNMENT OFFICE.

In the annual report of the Postmaster-General, issued two or three weeks ago, we read that—

"The carelessness of the public in posting letters is best shown by the fact that no less than 50,000 postage stamps were found loose in letter boxes and mail-bags."

It is very well to put the above down to the "carelessness of the public." It may be owing to the carelessness of the Post-Office. A short time ago, the authorities of St. Martin's-le-Grand were so sparing of their gum, that it was as difficult to find a postage stamp stick to its letters as one of LORD MALMESBURY'S clerks. Like deserters, they displayed a too willing alacrity in running away from their posts. Admirably as the Post-Office is conducted in most of its branches, we must say that it was in the above respect anything but what an actor would call "letter-perfect," in its delivery. Whose gain we should like to know was the treasure-trove of those 50,000 stamps? We conclude they became the perquisite of the Post-Office; so that they had an actual gain in a want of adhesiveness to their proper duties. They benefited by their "carelessness" to the extent of £203 6s. 8d.; and if these 50,000 stamps were sold again, and fell off again, as such a slippery article undoubtedly would, they would realise the same profit every time they repeated the transaction. It is not turning "an honest penny" to sell an article that will not fulfill the promise with which it has been backed. The dodge may be exceedingly clever, and may succeed in increasing the sale of stamps to a very large extent, but we decidedly should prefer in such matters from Government a little less gumption and a little more gum.

DISSENTIFUGAL FORCE.

"The general body of Protestant Dissenting Ministers of the three denominations, met at the Congregational Library, Blomfield Street, to take into consideration the present relations of this country with the United States of America.—REV. PROFESSOR HOPFUS, D.D., in the chair. Resolutions were unanimously adopted deprecating war with America."

You holy HOPFUS,
You shall not stop us,
But what odd fish your friends must be!
They hate a Bishop,
Yet send a wish up,
For tyranny in every *Seu*.

A Modern Greek Chorus.

A TELEGRAM from Constantinople lately announced that:—

"The Turkish lira has risen from 200 to 270 piastres."

Private letters afford us the additional information that all the Greek stockjobbers at Galata were singing "Lira la!"

HIGH ART ON A LOW ROPE.



ERILLY the pleasure-seeking public is most strangely inconsistent. To see the *Octoroon* pretend to die upon the stage is too much for its tender heart and tear-filled eyes to witness: but to see M. BLONDIN risk his life in grim reality, brings no sort of sickening qualm, or compassionating fear to it. At least, if it feel fright at all, the very terror is attractive; and the more danger there is, the more the public flocks to see it. Take away the chance of neck-breaking, and who would stir a foot to see a man

walk on a high rope? It is the peril that so pleases the tender-hearted public. It is the chance of witnessing a real act of suicide that makes it flock in crowds, like Spaniards to a bull-fight: while it turns away its eyes in well-affected horror at the simulated death before the footlights of the *Octoroon*.

To see M. BLONDIN appear on his high rope, the Crystal Palace each day gathered about twenty thousand people: whereas a daily average of not above three thousand have been attracted lately to see him on his low rope, which latter, if judged simply by its acrobatic merits, ought to prove by far the more attractive exhibition. As dancing, rightly practised, is more elegant than walking, so M. BLONDIN's tight-rope dancing is superior and more worth seeing than his tight-rope walking, albeit in this last there is the charming chance of seeing him fall off and break his neck. Though at a lower elevation, the former is by far the higher style of art: and by descending to within six or eight feet of the floor, M. BLONDIN has much raised himself in *Mr. Punch's* estimation.

Let not people rashly think themselves quite qualified to answer the world-wide-posted question, "Have you seen Blondin?" by the fact that they have seen him simply on the high rope. BLONDIN on the high rope and BLONDIN on the low, are, except in never failing in what is undertaken, scarcely to be recognised as being the same performer. BLONDIN eight feet from the ground performs such feats of skill and strength as at two hundred feet above it of course he would not dare to do. Using the rope either as a spring-board, floor or sofa, as his fancy seems to take him, he hops, skips, dances, jumps, turns summersaults in *sabots*, in fetters, or on stilts, and over rows of lighted candles without whisking ever a wick out, lies flat upon his back as snug as in a hammock, bounds up high into the air and swings his legs from side to side as though they were but tied to him, plays the fiddle or the drum, now firm upon one leg as if a model for a statue, next jumping up and down as though in training for the *Cure*, appearing all the while as much at home and at his ease as if he had in fact been born upon the rope, and had lived all his life on it. BLONDIN is in fact as much at ease upon the tight-rope as would a Gorilla be in doing the *trapèze*, and there is a poetry of motion in his movements that one would scarce expect to see in so prosaic a performance as dancing on the tight-rope usually is.

A hundred years ago the art of rope-dancing ranked higher among the arts and sciences than it happens to do now, and, being better patronised, was doubtless better cultivated. Performers then, may be, did just the feats that BLONDIN does: but they who are not centenarians will hardly recollect a performer who has equalled him. *Punch* abstained from praising BLONDIN for his skill on the high rope, for *Punch* had no wish to tempt people to the chance of seeing suicide. But now that BLONDIN is performing without danger to his neck, *Punch* would recommend all sight-seers forthwith to go and see him.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIOUS WHISKERS? If so, go at once and purchase *Punch's Almanack*: wherein, among ten thousand useful bits of information, you will meet with no directions how to make

The merry brown hairs come leaping,
Leaping out, you will see:
Till the girls cry, prettily peeping,
"What beautiful whiskers has he!"

—simply because *Punch* is very much too wise to waste his time in writing that which nobody but simpletons would read.

MEN AND MONKEYS.

IF M. DU CHAILLU be believed, and (in spite of DR. GRAY) we do not see why he should not, he must have lived in queer society in Africa. And yet many of the brutes, both animal and human, that he found himself among, bear no little resemblance to people who are found in far more civilised localities. For instance, the Fan cannibals eat up their relations whenever they have the chance; and this is certainly a custom not less common in Central England than it is in Central Africa. We have all known uncle-hunters, who have done their best to worry those rich relatives to death, having bled them (through their bankers) as much as well was possible; while many a devourer of the substance of his aunt holds his head erect, and walks at large among us, as though cannibalism had ceased to be regarded as a crime.

Again, take the *Nshiego-Mbouvé*, or large nest-building ape, which M. DU CHAILLU claims the merit of discovering. This monkey is a bald one, and, as the art of wig-making in ape-land is unknown, he builds himself a nest or thatch to keep his head warm, and prevent the wind from whistling in his ears. And do not many men make nests, and know well how to feather them? The practice is as usual here as with the *Nshiego-Mbouvés*, and the industry and skill with which it is achieved are every whit as wondrous with the men as with the monkeys. As another very marked peculiarity of theirs, these apes are spoken of as being pretty often up a tree, in fact, as passing in that manner a full half of their existence. But this is not a habit special to the simious creation. Our poor friend MR. HARDUPPE has for years been "up a tree," to quote his own confession; and the chances are, we think, from our knowledge of his character, that he will end his days in that uncomfortable position.

Thus we find in Central England and in civilised society precisely the same habits and eccentric ways of living as those which have been noted in the wilds of Central Africa. In fact, the customs of Gorilla Land and parts thereto adjacent, although in haste we call them savage, brutal, and inhuman, not merely have existence, but are actually applauded, when pursued in our (so called) more civilised community. Many think it a neat dodge to live on one's relations, and when a rich man dies the first thing his friends ask is—how will he "cut up?" Instances occur almost daily here among us of people being hunted down and eaten up by fellow men, who pursue with cruel eagerness all the helpless victims who may chance to cross their path. Indeed, much as we may boast of our superior intelligence, customs the most cannibalic prevail still in this country: and many who are looked upon as Educated Englishmen, behave themselves in no way better than Gorillas.

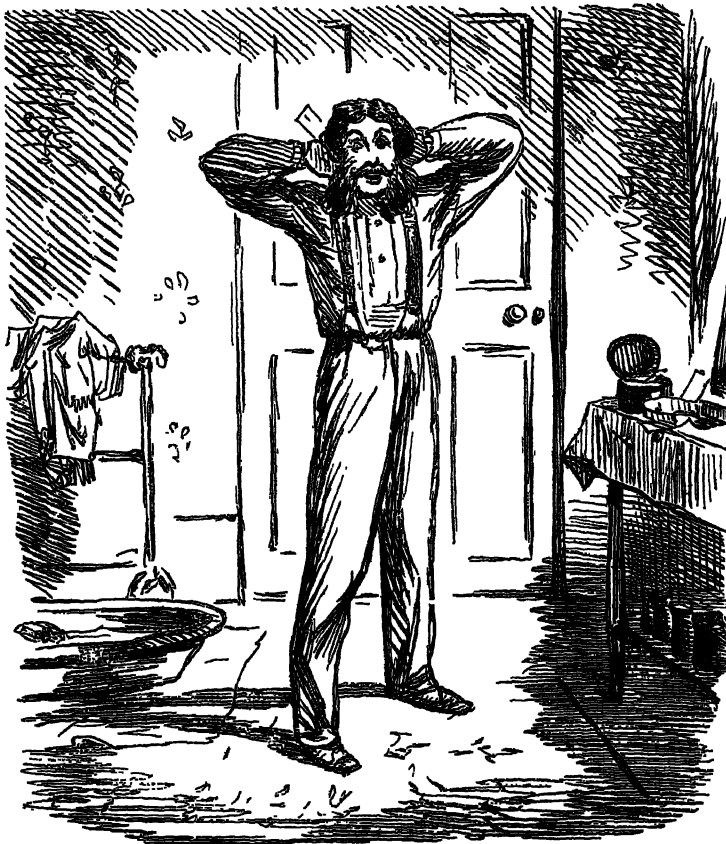


AGITATED TAILOR (to foreign-looking gentleman), "Y-you're rather L-long in the arm, S-sir, b-b-but I'll d-d-do my b-b-best to fit you!"

WRITING ON THE WALL OF CONGRESS.

THEM as dares to misbehave,
Ven they're whopped, 'll have to "cave."

DO YOU BRUISE YOUR OATS YET, AND HAVE YOU CUT YOUR CORNS? If you think these questions imprudent, we don't want you to answer them. But be sure at any rate to purchase KELLY'S *Post-Office Directory*, or else be prepared to answer for your negligence. Ha! Ha! Sold you, MR. READER.



UNEXPECTED BLISS.

Swell (dressing). "HURRAH!! BY JOVE, THERE'S A BUTTON AT THE BACK OF MY SHIRT!!!"

CALUMNY ON CRACK CORPS.

THE feelings of every man who wishes to respect his species, and is accustomed to ride in London omnibuses, must often have been outraged by a certain coloured print which is stuck up inside most of those vehicles on the part facing the door. This picture represents two degraded beings of opposite sexes, fashionably attired, the hair and whiskers of the man half grey, half black, and the tresses of the other black on one side and red on the other. Both the gent and his counter-part are represented with a countenance in which a ridiculous ruelfulness combines with a disgusting love of approbation. The title of this work of art, printed in large type, is "No more Gray Hair;" and the two snobs, male and female, whose portraits illustrate that inscription, are supposed to have resorted to staining their hair, and to have allowed their likenesses to be taken when that process was half done, in order to exhibit the contrast between its results on the one side, and the state of nature on the other. They look very much as if they had been paid to sit, and felt rather ashamed of themselves in so doing.

What then will be the sentiments with which the elect of the British Army will read the following, picked out of a column of other advertisements of cosmetics?—

SAUNDERS' GUARDS' HAIR DYE is the cheapest and best; has no smell, and is perfectly harmless, and instantly changes red or grey hair to the most natural brown or black.

The Guards' Hair Dye! What next? The Guards' Kalydor, perhaps, or the Guards' Milk of Roses, or the Guards' Enamel. In the meantime an officer of the Coldstream—or Coldcream—will have to do omnibus-duty pictorially for the wretch who now figures as the exemplification of "No more Gray Hair." The print which is now simply disgusting will become libellous when it exhibits an officer and a gentleman disgracing himself by colouring his hair. We know well that our gallant Guardsmen have no notion of dying, unless either from natural causes, or for their country, and their *Punch*.

A FRIAR TUCK FOR JONATHAN.—If the Yankees invade Canada, they will get into a scrape with the Governor, LORD MONOX. This MONOX, we hope, will show them that he belongs to one of the Flagellant orders by giving them a sound whipping.

THE TWO MESSENGERS.

COLUMBIA.

I HAVE a message must cross the sea,
But I doubt what message it shall be:
And be it Peace, or be it War,
A fitting post I would choose therefor.
So say, you bonny birds of mine,
Around which neck shall I tie the twine?

THE EAGLE.

Round mine, round mine, my mistress sweet,
My wings are broad and my flight is fleet:
And I have a beak to rend the prey,
And talons for all my course would stay:
And I can swoop over land and sea—
Then "War," and your message send by me!

THE DOVE.

Round mine, O mistress sweet, round mine:
I'm swift as arrow, and true as line:
Nor talons sharp, nor beak have I,
But a soft sweet voice and a pleading eye;
And none will harm me, on land or sea—
Then "Peace," and send your message by me.

THE EAGLE.

The Lion stands in act to spring,
Her glove BRITANNIA lifts to fling:
A haughty claim asks haught reply,
He half has conquered, who dares defy:
With the Lion the Eagle should parly hold—
Then give *me* the message, brief and bold.

THE DOVE.

The dugs of the Lioness suckled thee,
When first thou camest over sea.
Better I ween than BRITANNIA's glove,
Is the hand of BRITANNIA, clasped in love.
"Twixt Dove and Lion calm speech may be—
Then the message of Peace send thou by me!

THE EAGLE.

Thou hast boasted and blustered and talked of fight,
Hast set a bold face in lieu of right:
If breath thou bate, or back thou draw,
Or instead of battle offer law,
Oh, scornful the Lion's laugh will be—
Then the message of *War* send thou by me!

THE DOVE.

If thou hast boasted, boast no more:
If war thou hast challenged, repent it sore:
The devil's wickedest whisper to man
Is, "Let wrong end, since wrong began."
Oh, glad the Lion's great heart will be,
If a message of Peace thou send by me.

And still in doubt doth COLUMBIA stand,
A bird and an answer on either hand;
For War,—the Eagle with eyes a-glow;
For Peace,—the Dove, with her plumes of snow.
But Peace or War should the message be,
'Twill find them ready across the sea.

Conspicuous by its Absence.

THE American organ, the *Morning Star*, alone of all the London journals, appeared on the sixteenth without the signs of respect usual when a national affliction occurs. It was subsequently shamed into a shambling kind of apology. But why not have told the truth; namely, that it had been so industriously smearing the English flag, and cleaning MR. SEWARD's dirty shoes, that it had no blacking to spare for decorous observances?

RAILWAY TRAVELLERS! INSURE YOURSELVES
a lot of hearty laughs by buying *Punch's Almanack*. The best travelling companion ever yet produced. Kills blue devils and black care, that often sits behind the engine-driver as well as the stage coachman. Makes the longest journey short, and enables one to undergo a travel even by the Eastern Counties Railway without losing one's temper.



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